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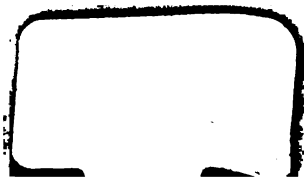


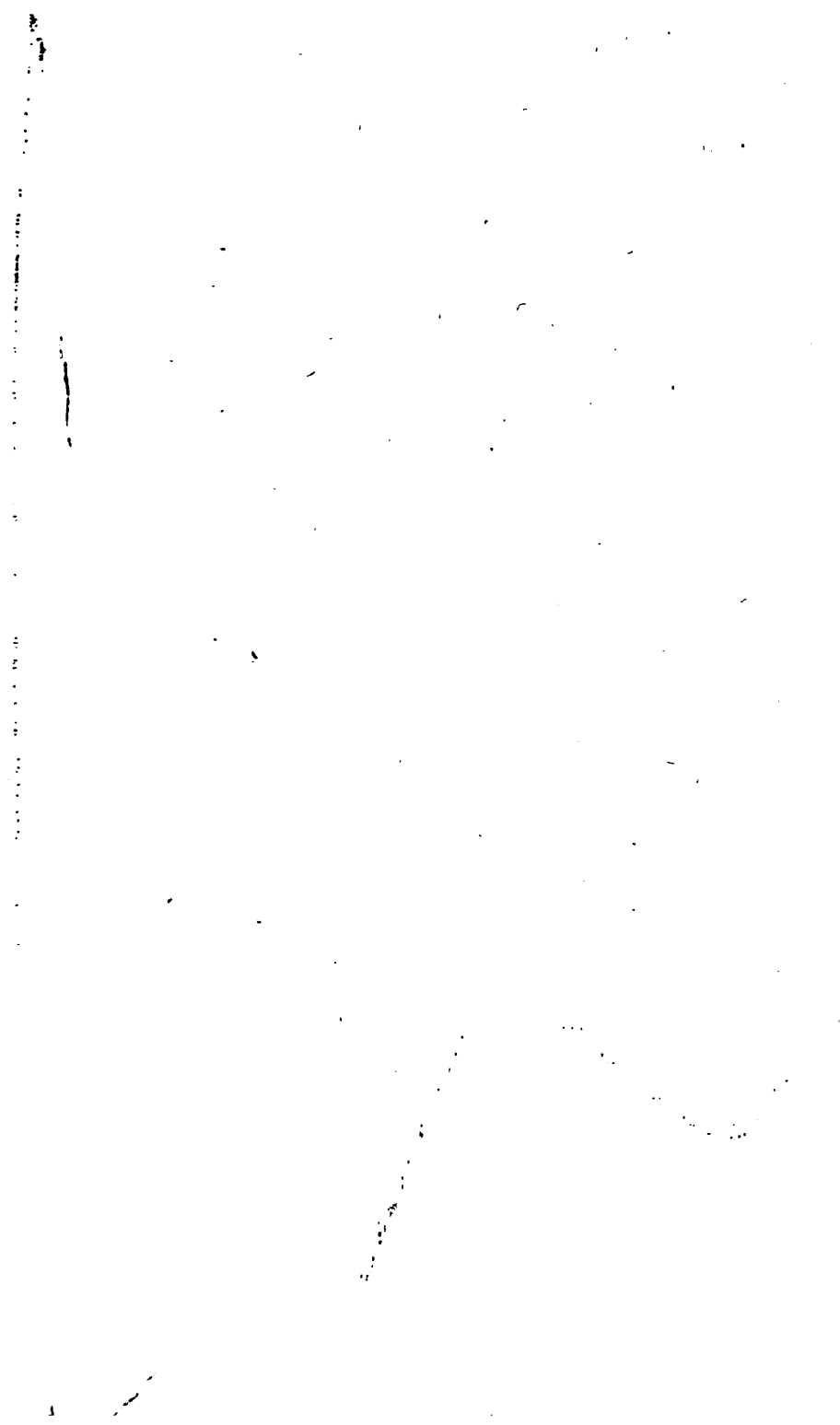


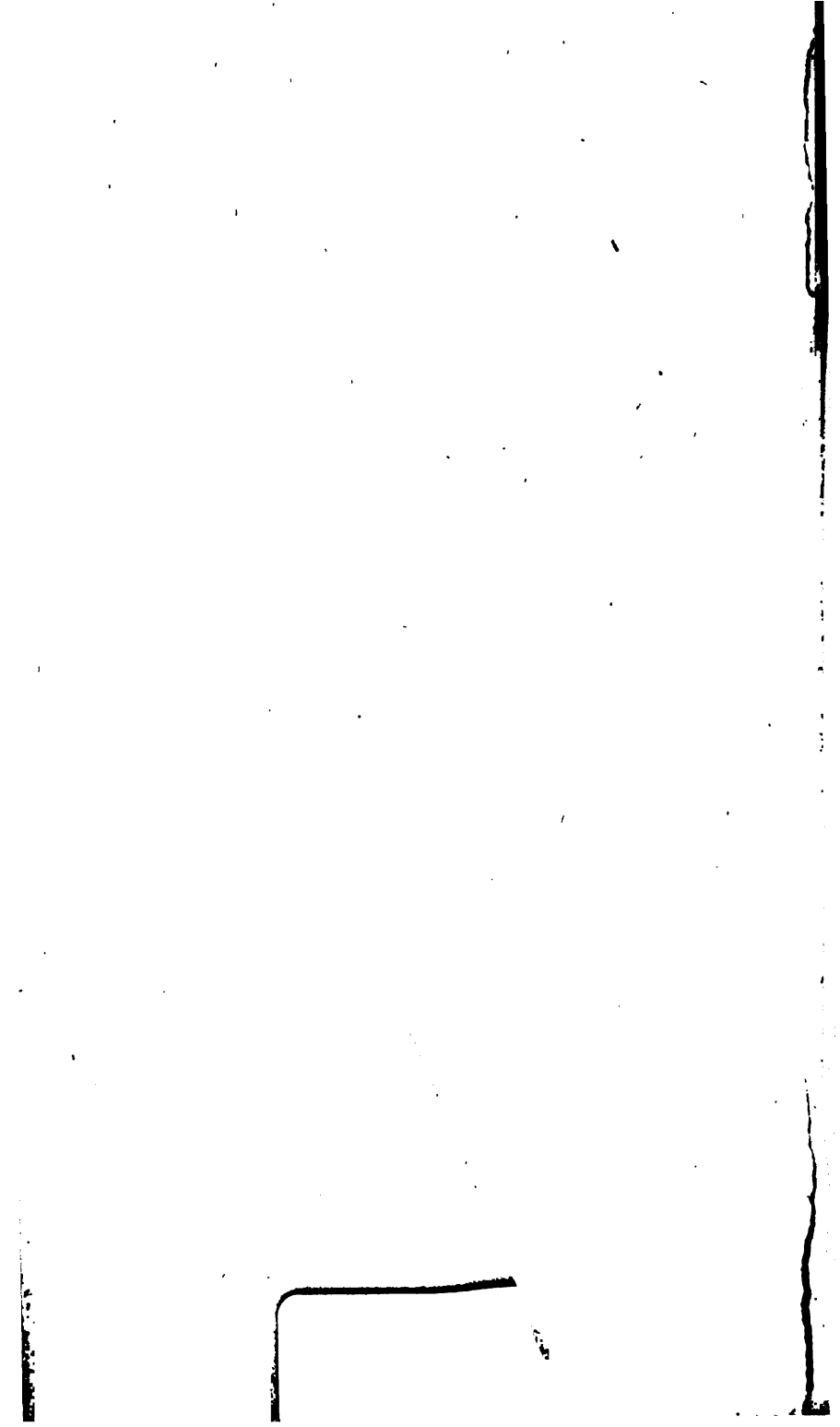
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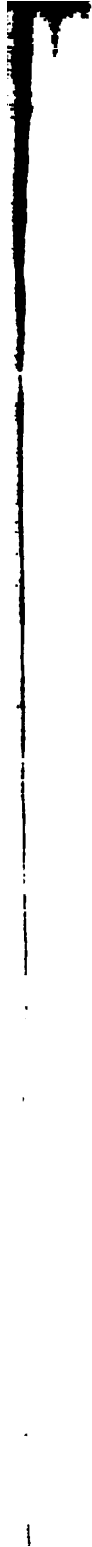


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THE  
**MONTHLY REVIEW.**

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE,

**1827.**

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**VOL. VI.**

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THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1827.

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ART. I.—*The Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and Dr. French Laurence. Published from the Original Manuscripts.* 8vo. pp. 305. 8s. 6d. London: Rivingtons. 1827.

It will be a sufficient recommendation of this volume, that its contents offer some few interesting additions to the published stock of materials for the biography of Burke. Nothing can be received with indifference that in any degree improves our acquaintance with the true character of a man, who, whether we consider him as an author, an orator, or a statesman, was unquestionably one of the most extraordinary, and of the very greatest persons, of the eventful times wherein he moved. And especially whatever has come from the pen of Burke himself, to explain his own feelings and conduct, must ever be perused with curiosity and attention. His letters, which are here printed, seem to have been composed in the most unreserved spirit of communication; and the sentiments which they profess, deserve to have all the weight that usually attaches to declarations, uttered in the unrestrained confidence and sincerity of the most intimate friendship. Not, indeed, that these letters of Burke at all increase our knowledge of the details of his active life; because by far the larger number of them were written only after his secession from public affairs. But they are valuable as recording the real motives and principles by which he had been swayed, in parts of his parliamentary career, as well as the opinions which he entertained at his latest hours, on some of the great questions of government and politics.

Of Burke himself, the anonymous editor of these letters has prudently abstained from attempting any biographical or other notice: having evidently had no other unpublished materials than these letters to contribute, and therefore nothing to add to the memoir which Mr. Prior has furnished. Within the narrow limits of an introduction to the letters, it would, of course, have been utterly hopeless to render justice to such a subject; nor was there, for the mere purpose of publishing his correspondence, any neces-

sity or demand for the more elaborate undertaking of a new life of Burke. But with the history and character of Dr. Laurence, though distinguished by the bosom friendship and signal estimation of his illustrious correspondent, the world were little acquainted; and the editor has therefore very properly occupied his preface with a brief and modest 'memoir of a scholar and a statesman, whom through life' he declares himself to have 'loved and admired, and with whom he was connected by the closest ties of friendship and affection.'

French Laurence was the son of a highly respectable tradesman and member of the corporation at Bath. He was educated at Winchester College under Dr. Joseph Warton, who seems to have formed a very favourable opinion of his early ability from some of his school exercises. Of his juvenile pieces, his biographer has here printed two: the one an "Ode on the Fairies and Witches of Shakspeare;" which certainly is a composition offering some youthful promise of poetical genius; the other, an "Elegy on the Death of his Father," which seems to us, notwithstanding the partial estimate of the editor, much more remarkable for affected expression, than real depth of feeling. From Winchester young Laurence was sent in the usual course to Oxford; and from thence, destining himself for the bar, he removed to the metropolis, and took chambers in the Temple. It was at this period that, embarking in politics and connecting himself with the friends of Mr. Fox, he employed his poetical talents in the service of that party, and became a principal contributor to the *Rolliad* and other fugitive productions of the day. But it was the impeachment of Warren Hastings which first brought him into public notice: for having now addicted himself to the civil law, and taken his degree of Doctor, he was one of the civilians chosen for counsel to the managers of the impeachment: a distinction produced, as his biographer declares, by 'the high reputation in which his talents were held,' but in which his connection with his party may fairly be presumed to have had its full share. He appears, however, to have discharged his office with zeal and ability, and so entirely to the satisfaction of the managers at least, as to have won the full measure of their confidence.

From the trial of Hastings, also, is to be dated the commencement of that intimate friendship between Burke and Laurence, which ever after continued. It is evident that Burke soon conceived a very high opinion of the other's judgment; and from the period at which their friendship was rapidly cemented, he never took any literary or political step without consulting him. This reliance on his mental qualities as well as on his personal integrity, as coming from such a man as Burke, contains in itself a just presumption of excellence; and it is the highest distinction which has remained for the memory of Laurence. He, some time after the retirement of Burke from public life, himself obtained a seat in

parliament : but he seems not to have made any very conspicuous figure as a debater in the legislature ; and though enjoying extensive employment and honourable reputation at the civil law bar, he never rose to any extraordinary degree of professional eminence. He survived Burke about twelve years, and died suddenly in the beginning of 1809.

The biographer of Laurence judiciously expresses a persuasion that no higher eulogy can be conferred upon his character, than by recording that he was 'the last and dearest friend of Edmund Burke.' That the progressive warmth and unbroken harmony of this friendship was mainly occasioned and secured by the perfect similarity of their political tenets, and especially on the subject of the French revolution, there can, we think, be no manner of doubt. So ardent and exclusive were Burke's political views, so tenacious and jealous was his intolerance of dissent; and so completely in his latter years did his public detestation of the French jacobin principles colour the whole temper of his private feelings, that cordial intercourse between him and any man of other opinions than his own would have been altogether impracticable. But Laurence and he had been Whigs in common ; they had been associated in the trial of Hastings : and in common also they had separated from their party on the great question of the French revolution, with a prophetic conception of the real tendency of that struggle. Whether Laurence indeed saw the danger as early as Burke, may reasonably admit of some doubt : but at all events he wholly coincided in the opinions, and ranged himself under the standard, of his illustrious friend ; and thenceforth entered into all his undertakings with zeal and sincerity. Burke's famous work, the "*Reflexions on the Revolution in France*," was communicated to Laurence, and submitted to his correction, from time to time as it was composed. His similar revision of another work, the masterly *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* (not the *Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs*, as our editor, p. iv, has oddly mistaken the title) was publicly acknowledged by Burke in the advertisement to a second edition :—"There are some corrections in this edition which tend to render the sense less obscure in two or three places. The order of the two last numbers is also changed, and I believe for the better. This change was made on the suggestion of a very learned person, to the partiality of whose friendship I owe much ; to the severity of whose judgment I owe more."

This is high praise, and of the most honourable kind : a testimony to the candour of Laurence's strictures, where, in literary friendships, candour is of all qualities the most ungrateful to exercise. But it is plainly to be seen in this correspondence that, if Laurence sometimes presumed to criticise, his objections were conveyed in an habitual tone of respectful deference to the intellectual majesty of Burke. Perhaps a very fastidious delicacy might even detect something too like the grossness of flattery in

the Doctor's direct and broad homage to his great friend. His earlier letters are full of the studied forms of respect; and in his style of subscribing himself, he is 'at all times and places, together or asunder, ever most devotedly Mr. Burke's.' He acquaints the other to his face with his exalted opinion of him as 'a man of exemplary life, various information, and pre-eminent talents;' nor does he scruple to tell him of his 'gigantic powers.' To Burke, indeed, if to any man, this panegyrical language, not of compliment but of truth, might, without impropriety, be applied: but even his virtues and genius could scarcely with decency permit his correspondent to tell him, 'I begin again to have strong hopes that Providence will yet spare you to us. I consider you (like the emigrant clergy and nobility of France) as a sort of pledge of mercy to us from the Divine Disposer of all!'

Before we condemn too nicely, however, the extravagance of such language, or the apparent subserviency of other expressions of admiration and respect, it is fair to remark that Burke, besides the immeasurable distance at which his genius placed him above his correspondent, was full twenty years Laurence's senior, and that the latter, professing and doubtless feeling towards him the reverence of a son, speaks with great earnestness of his filial duty and 'that implied adoption which is the honour of his life.' The letters of Burke himself also breathe towards Laurence the most affectionate regard, which, we are told, was extended to the Doctor by all the Burke family, with whom he usually spent his intervals of leisure at Beaconsfield; and he appears to have repaid their attachment with faithful friendship, and a warm and grateful solicitude for their common happiness.

In proceeding to make two or three selections and extracts from the letters before us, we shall just dip into those parts of the volume which seem to throw most illustration upon the character and opinions of Burke, without at all caring to follow the order of time in the correspondence. Of all the letters, the most important in our eyes are those which relate to the trial of Warren Hastings. We believe that, to every dispassionate observer of Burke's public life, his conduct in the origin and progress of that famous impeachment has formed the most questionable part of all his career. Upon the merits of Hastings himself, in his Indian administration, opinions are still, and probably will ever remain, at issue: his name seems destined to go down to posterity with the dubious reputation of either a "great criminal," or a signal benefactor, of our eastern empire. But, however oppositely the character of Hastings may be regarded, the motives of the men who impeached him have not the less been assailed by a thousand dark imputations of factious and personal malice; and Burke, in particular, by his demeanour throughout the protracted trial, rendered himself obnoxious to the suspicion of being urged by designs more vindictive than those which were natural to a mere public prosecutor. The stern parti-

acity with which he seemed resolved to dog Hastings through every act of his government to destruction—the violence with which he followed up his charges—the withering invective in which he poured out the whole terrific strength of his electrical eloquence—have all seemed to common minds the evidence of feelings far more powerful than a disinterested zeal for the common good. Even to the warmest admirers of Burke, and to those who most approved the general tenor of his political life, there was something in all this fierce and merciless spirit, in which he conducted the charges against Hastings, that could not fail to appear in a very unamiable light. It was calculated to beget uncomfortable doubts of the uprightness of his intentions in the impeachment; it was the only point in which those might hesitate in forming their conviction of his integrity, who were prepared to admit it upon all other points. Nor, until the appearance of the correspondence before us, do we think that any evidence entirely conclusive on the unalloyed purity of Burke's motives in the prosecution, has ever been produced. But we have here a letter written a few months only before the close of his life, upon the occasion of Hastings' acquittal, which has all the solemnity of a death-bed declaration and injunction; and looking at its harmony with the general virtues of his character, we really do not see how, after reading this affecting and impressive exhortation, it is possible to retain the shadow of a doubt that, in the prosecution, he had been actuated only, whether mistaken or not, by the most sincere and high-minded sense of public duty, and that he retained to the last the same earnest conviction of Hastings' delinquency with which he had set out:—

‘MY DEAR LAURENCE,

‘*Bath, July 28th, 1796.*

‘I THANK you for employing the short moment you were able to snatch from being useful, in being kind and compassionate. Here I am in the last retreat of hunted infirmity. I am indeed *aux abois*: but, as through the whole of a various and long life I have been more indebted than thankful to Providence, so I am now singularly so, in being dismissed, as hitherto I appear to be, so gently from life, and sent to follow those who in course ought to have followed me, whom, I trust, I shall yet, in some inconceivable manner, see and know; and by whom I shall be seen and known. But enough of this.

‘However, as it is possible that my stay on this side of the grave, may be yet shorter, than I compute it, let me now beg to call to your recollection, the solemn charge and trust I gave you on my departure from the public stage. I fancy I must make you the sole operator, in a work in which, even if I were enabled to undertake it, you must have been ever the assistance on which alone I could rely. Let not this cruel, daring, unexampled act of public corruption, guilt and meanness, go down to a posterity, perhaps as careless as the present race, without its due animadversion, which will be best found in its own acts and monuments. Let my endeavours to save the nation from that shame and guilt, be my monument; the only one I ever will have. Let every thing I have done, said, or written, be for-

gotten, but this. I have struggled with the great and the little on this point during the greater part of my active life; and I wish after death, to have my defiance of the judgments of those, who consider the dominion of the glorious empire given by an incomprehensible dispensation of the Divine Providence into our hands, as nothing more than an opportunity of gratifying, for the lowest of their purposes, the lowest of their passions—and that for such poor rewards, and for the most part indirect and silly bribes, as indicate even more the folly than the corruption of these infamous and contemptible wretches. I blame myself exceedingly for not having employed the last year in this work, and beg forgiveness of God for such a neglect. I had strength enough for it, if I had not wasted some of it in compromising grief with drowsiness and forgetfulness; and employing some of the moments in which I have been roused to mental exertion in feeble endeavours to rescue this dull and thoughtless people from the punishments which their neglect and stupidity will bring upon them for their systematic iniquity and oppression. But you are made to continue all that is good of me; and to augment it with the various resources of a mind fertile in virtues, and cultivated with every sort of talent, and of knowledge. Above all make out the cruelty of this pretended acquittal, but in reality this barbarous and inhuman condemnation of whole tribes and nations, and of all the classes they contain. If ever Europe recovers its civilization, that work will be useful. Remember! Remember! Remember!

‘It is not that I want you to sacrifice yourself blindly and unfruitfully, at this instant. But there will be a season for the appearance of such a record; and it ought to be in store for that season. Get every thing that Troward has.

‘Your kindness will make you wish to hear more particulars of me. To compare my state with that of the three first days after my arrival, I feel on the whole less uneasiness. But my flesh is wasted in a manner which in so short a time no one could imagine. My limbs look about to find the rags that cover them. My strength is declined in the full proportion; and at my time of life new flesh is never supplied; and lost strength is never recovered. If God has any thing to do for me here, here he will keep me. If not, I am tolerably resigned to his divine pleasure. I have not been yet more than a day in condition to drink the waters; but they seem rather to compose than to disorder my stomach. My illness has not suffered Mrs. Burke to profit as she ought of this situation. But she will bathe to-night. Give Woodford a thousand kind remembrances. Please God, I shall write to him to-morrow. Adieu.

‘Your ever true friend,

‘EDMUND BURKE.

‘Mrs. Burke never forgets you, nor what remains of poor William.’—pp. 53—56.

It is not unworthy of remark that Laurence himself, in his capacity of counsel to the managers, seems to have received an unfeigned private conviction of Hastings’ guilt. ‘In the year 1786,’ says his biographer, ‘he sent a letter to a relation, which contained the following postscript:—“By my brother I send you a copy of the charges against Mr. Hastings, and his defence. The last charge, No. xxii., was wholly drawn up by me. I assure you, on the word of a man of honour, there is not a syllable of any

importance in any of the charges which I do not, on the most mature information and reflection, believe to be strictly true; nor is there a point in the defence which is not either *fallacious* or *false*. These are very strong assertions, but very deliberately and conscientiously formed." The two following letters from the correspondence should be adduced as the sequel to the same subject:

*Feb. 9th, 1797.*

"O Rem ridiculam, Cato, et jocosam,  
Dignamq; auribus, et tuo caehinno!  
Ride, quicquid amas, Cato, Catullum.

'And yet I doubt whether I should so begin, for there is one tragical incident in my story. You may have heard that a great Dutch house in the city, that of Muilman, Nantes and Co., has failed. The occasion is now the talk of the Exchange. They had in their hands 44,000*l.* received from Holland on account of *Mrs. Hastings*. This was confidentially entrusted to them during the trial. Now *Mrs. Hastings* (I suppose wholly without the knowledge of that innocent and persecuted man her husband) began to enquire a little too pressingly, when it would be convenient for Messrs. Muilman and Co. to transfer into her own name (I know not whether *Imhoff* or *Hastings*) the stock which she supposed to have been purchased with her money. It was all gone. I am sorry to add, Mr. Muilman, finding an exposure of his affairs unavoidable, shot himself; his partner has disappeared, and the house has broken to pieces. Very few annas in the rupee are expected to be recovered.

'Remember me to *Mrs. Burke*. I am just returned from arguing on seven different sides, and have a noble lord just come to me as a client on another interest in the same cause. I scrawl in very great haste. Believe me to be,

'My dear Sir,

'Ever most gratefully and

'affectionately yours,

'FRENCH LAURENCE.'

'MY DEAR LAURENCE,

'*Bath, Feb. 10th, 1797.*

'I HAVE been very weak for some days past, and so giddy that I am hardly able to walk across the room. At the first coming on of this bad symptom I was not able to do so much—so that I am not without hopes that it may go off, though take me on the whole, I am without all comparison worse than when I came hither, but yet the violent flatu's have not been quite so troublesome to me since the complaint in my head is come on. They have taken the town, and are now attacking the citadel. But enough of this. The affair of *Mrs. Hastings* has something in it that might might move a third Cato to a horse-laugh, though the means, I am afraid, by which she and her paramour have made that and all the sums which they have got by their own dishonesty, or lost by the dishonesty of others, or the confusion of the times [might cause] the laughing Democritus to weep as much as his opponent: but let whoever laugh or weep, nothing plaintive will make Mr. Pitt or Mr. Dundas blush for having rewarded the criminal whom they prosecuted, and sent me and nineteen members of parliament to prosecute, for every mode of speculation and oppression, with a greater sum of money than ever yet was paid to any one British subject, except the Duke of Marlbro', for the much acknowledged public

services; and not to him if you take Blenheim, which was an expense and not a charge, out of the account. All this and ten times more will not hinder them from adding the peerage, to make up the insufficiency of his pecuniary rewards. My illness, which came the more heavily and suddenly upon me by this flagitious act, whilst I was preparing a representation upon it, has hindered me, as you know, from doing justice to that act, to Mr. Hastings, to myself, to the House of Lords, to the House of Commons, and to the unhappy people of India, on that subject. It has made me leave the letters that I was writing to my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Dundas, as well as my petition to the House of Commons, unfinished. But you remember, likewise, that when I came hither at the beginning of last summer, I repeated to you that dying request which I now reiterate, that if at any time, without the danger of ruin to yourself, or over distracting you from your professional and parliamentary duties, you can place in a short point of view, and support by the documents in print and writing which exist with me, or with Mr. Troward, or yourself, the general merits of this transaction, you will erect a cenotaph most grateful to my shade, and will clear my memory from that load, which the East India Company, king, lords, and commons, and in a manner the whole British nation, (God forgive them) have been pleased to lay as a monument upon my ashes. I am as conscious as any person can be of the little value of the good or evil opinion of mankind to the part of me that shall remain, but I believe it is of some moment not to leave the fame of an evil example, of the expenditure of fourteen years' labour, and of not less (taking the expense of the suit, and the costs paid to Mr. Hastings, and the parliamentary charges) than near 300,000*l*. This is a terrible example, and it is not acquittance at all to a public man, who, with all the means of undeceiving himself if he was wrong, has thus with such incredible pains both of himself and others, persevered in the persecution of innocence and merit. It is, I say, no excuse at all to urge in his apology, that he has had enthusiastic good intentions. In reality, you know that I am no enthusiast, but [according] to the powers that God has given me, a sober and reflecting man. I have not even the other very bad excuse, of acting from personal resentment, or from the sense of private injury—never having received any; nor can I plead ignorance, no man ever having taken more pains to be informed. Therefore, I say *Remember*." &c. &c.—pp. 114—118.

It is obvious that the great point of internal evidence contained in these strong dying declarations, is the sincerity of Burke's principles, in the prosecution of Hastings:—a quality, indeed; which was one of the most distinguishing and honorable features of his character under every vicissitude of fortune. Observing the uncontrollable ardour of his spirit, as exhibited equally throughout his career, we believe it to have been impossible for him to have restrained the torrent of his feelings sufficiently to adopt any cause in opposition to their dictates. He was ever the impetuous creature of his own convictions; and nothing appears to us more absurd as well as malignant, than the denial of his political honesty, sometimes echoed even in these days by the successors of the party, whose inextinguishable hatred he provoked by his memorable



opposition to the principles of the French revolution. That the dangers which he alone foresaw from that tremendous moral convulsion were imaginary, no man of sober and candid reflection will be found at this hour to maintain: that, anticipating the appalling effects of the new opinions, he should conscientiously combat their progress with fierce and vehement energy, was only consistent with his uncompromising and impassioned character. The usual error of Burke lay, not in the original unsoundness of his opinions, but in the excesses to which, in inculcating them, he sometimes suffered himself to be carried by his fervid temperament. For, in the profundity and benevolence of his views, as well as in his admirable practical application of the science of government, few men have vied with him for the appellation of a philosophical statesman: in that intuitive political foresight, that "prophetic sagacity" which has become a proverb for his name, he was perhaps never equalled. But after the first calm perceptions of judgment had embarked him in a cause, his nature forbade him to pursue it with indifference; and the tone of exaggeration in which his splendid oratory delighted, was but the type of a mind too susceptible of being overheated, and (although he disclaims it), wrought to enthusiasm by intensity of thought. A reproach of visionary extravagance was thus reflected upon the character of Burke, which, from the practical utility of his political services, he of all his great contemporaries least deserved. His reforms in the public offices and expenditure of the state, his exposure of Indian abuses, his share in curtailing the corrupt influence of the crown, in mitigating the evils of negro slavery, and in promoting the cause of civil and religious liberty in America and in Ireland, all mark him for the true champion of freedom, and entitle him to the gratitude of posterity. That throughout his public life he was actuated—as far as the infirmity of human motives is ever actuated—by a sincere spirit of patriotism, we firmly believe; and that he consistently retained this spirit to his latest hour, after his retreat from the stage, and while his heart was torn with agony by domestic sorrows, and his frame worn out by continual suffering, is evident from every line in this correspondence. To whatever extent of prejudice or delusion, he may be accused, of having latterly carried his hatred of the French revolution, upon all other questions it is apparent that he was sane enough, and firm to the principles which he had ever maintained. Of this his anxious interest in the affairs of Ireland is a signal proof:

*' Friday Night, 10 o'clock,  
18th, Nov. 1796.*

*' MY DEAR LAURENCE,*

*' I HAVE been out of sorts for several days past, but have not been so much weakened by that circumstance as I might have feared. I don't desire long letters from you, but, I confess, I wish a line now and then; I mean very near literally, a line. The present state of things, both here and in Ireland, as well as abroad, seems to me to grow every moment*

more critical. In Ireland it is plain they have thrown off all sort of political management, and even the decorous appearance of it.

They have fomented a spirit of discord upon principle in that unhappy country. They have set the Protestants, in the only part of the country in which the Protestants have any degree of strength, to massacre the Catholics. The consequence will be this, if it is not the case already, that instead of dividing these two factions, the Catholics, finding themselves outlawed by their government, which has not only employed the arm of abused authority against them, but the violence of lawless insurrection, will use the only means that is left for their protection, in a league with those persons who have been encouraged to fall upon them, and who are as well disposed to rebel against all government, as to persecute their unoffending fellow citizens. The parliament, encouraged by the lord lieutenant's secretary, has refused so much as to enquire into these troubles. The only appearance of any enquiry which has been, is that put into the hands of a person, I mean the Attorney General, one of the avowed enemies and persecutors of the suffering people, and in the closest connection with them. I see that the affections of the people are not so much as looked to, as any one of the resources for the defence of Ireland against the invasion which the enemy will make upon that country, if they have force enough to do it consistently with their other views; but, I confess, that from the least reflection I am able to make in the intervals of pain and sorrow, I do not think that the invasion of either of these countries is a primary object in their present plan of policy—their views seem to me to be directed elsewhere, and their object is, to disable this country from any effectual resistance to them, by alarming us with fears for our domestic safety. They have gained their ends completely.' &c. &c.—pp. 72—74.

*'Beaconsfield, Wednesday Morning, 11 o'clock,*

*'MY DEAR LAURENCE,*

*'Nov. 1796*

*'I HAVE had a bad night, and am very faint and feeble. I do not know where the abstract you mention is in the chaos of my papers, but if I get a little stronger this day I shall look for it; but I send you the printed papers, which Nagle has just found. You know that the far greater and the most oppressive part of those laws has been repealed. The only remaining grievance which the Catholics suffer from the law, consists in certain incapacities relative to franchises. The ill will of the governing powers is their great grievance, who do not suffer them to have the benefit of those capacities to which they are restored, nominally, by the law. The franchises which they desire are to remove the stigma from them which is not branded on any description whatever of dissenters in Ireland, who take no test, and are subject to no incapacity; though they [are] of the old, long established, religion of the country, and who cannot be accused of perverseness, or any factious purpose in their opinions, since they remain only where they have always been, and are, the far greater majority of the inhabitants. They give as good proofs of their loyalty and affection to Government, at least, as any other people. Tests have been contrived for them, to purge them from any suspicious political principles, supposed to have some connection with their religion. These tests they take; whereas, the persons called Protestants, which Protestantism, as*

things stand, is no description of a religion at all, or of any principle, religious, moral, or political, but is a mere negation, take no tests at all. So that here is a persecution, as far as it goes, of the only people in Ireland, who make any positive profession of the Christian faith; for even the clergy of the established church do not sign the thirty-nine articles. The heavy load that lies upon them is, that they are treated like enemies, and as long as they are under any incapacities, their persecutors are furnished with a legal pretence of scourging them upon all occasions, and they never fail to make use of it. If this stigma were taken off, and that, like their other fellow citizens, they were to be judged by their conduct, it would go a great way in giving quiet to the country. The fear that if they had capacities to sit in Parliament they might become the majority, and persecute in their turn, is a most impudent and flagitious pretence, which those, who make use of it, know to be false.—pp. 84, 85.

But Burke well knew what hopes might be entertained of justice for that unhappy country from the flagitious faction, in its own bosom, which was then suffered to oppress it, from the apathy and ungenerous policy of the British ministry, and from the bigotry and intolerance of the Anti-Catholic party in England. Let the experience of the last thirty years declare how truly the prophetic spirit of the dying statesman shone out in the following passage, written only a short month before his dissolution.

*‘ Beaconsfield, 5th of June, 1797.*

*‘ MY DEAR LAURENCE,*

*‘ I AM* satisfied that there is nothing like a fixed intention of making a real change of system in Ireland; but that they vary, from day to day, as their hopes are more or less sanguine from the Luttrellade. The system of military government is mad in the extreme—merely as a system, but still worse in the mad hands in which it is placed. But my opinion is, that if Windham has not been brought into an absolute relish of this scheme, he has been brought off from any systematical dislike to it. When I object to the scheme of any military government, you do not imagine that I object to the use of the military arm in its proper place and order; but I am sure that so long as this is looked upon as principal, it will become the sole reliance of Government; and that from its apparent facility, every thing whatsoever belonging to real civil policy in the management of a people will be postponed, if not totally set aside. The truth is, the Government of Ireland grows every day more and more difficult; and, consequently, the incapacity of the jobbers there, every day more and more evident; but as long as they can draw upon England for indefinite aids of men, and sums of money, they will go on with more resolution than ever in their jobbing system. Things must take their course.’—236, 237.

Among Burke's remarks on public men and affairs in these letters, there is no feeling more observable than the mean and distrustful estimation in which he held Mr. Pitt and his ministry. There was something in the cold calculating selfishness of Pitt's ambition, narrowed as it was by the mere love of personal power, which was peculiarly repugnant to the generous

warmth of Burke's enthusiastic aspirations. Above all things, the conduct of Pitt's government on Irish affairs seems to have moved his indignation.

In one letter (p. 83), he says: 'On this point, I verily begin to believe, that Mr. Pitt is stark mad; but that he is in the *cold* fit of this phrenetick fever. I agree with you, and it was long the opinion of our dear departed friend, that Mr. Pitt, keeping an underhand and direct influence in Ireland, to screen himself from all responsibility, does resolve on the actual dissolution of the empire; and having settled for himself, as he thinks, a faction there, puts every thing into the hands of that faction, and leaves the monarchy and the superintendency of Great Britain to shift for themselves as they may.' And in another place, commenting on the hostility of some public man to the minister, he observes: 'He is influenced too much so in my opinion, though very naturally and very excusably, by a rooted animosity against Mr. Pitt, and, indeed, *what he has not in particular to himself*, an incurable suspicion of his sincerity.' Pitt's conduct in the management of the French war, he seems to have liked as little as his domestic politics; fearing (p. 99), that 'he would rather be defeated on the Rhine or Po, than suffer a badgering every day in the House of Commons,' and stigmatizing our feeble and perfidious government, for some of their negotiations with the enemy. Mr. Pitt was 'actually taking every means to divest this country of any alliance, or possibility of alliance, and determined that no spirit should arise within this country, not knowing what course that spirit might take.' And in replying, in somewhat too querulous a strain, to a letter from Mr. Keogh, the Irish Catholic delegate, he sums up his opinion of the state of the government in these words. 'I cannot conceive how you or any body can think that any sentiments of mine are called for, or even admitted, when it is notorious that there is nothing at home, or abroad, in war, or in peace, that I have the good fortune to be at all pleased with. I ought to presume, that they who have a great public trust, who are of distinguished abilities, and who are in the vigour of their life, behold things in a juster point of view than I am able to see them, however my self partiality may make me too tenacious of my own opinion. I am in no degree of confidence with the great leader, either of ministry or opposition.' Perhaps the motives with which Burke had supported a government, of whose members and measures he held so contemptuous an opinion, are best explained—not exactly in his own words—but in the declaration of Dr. Laurence, whose sentiments were so entirely congenial with his own, and who observed in a letter to Lord Fitzwilliam. 'With the power of Mr. Pitt, I never wish to have any connexion. So far from it, my Lord, that I some little time since, voluntarily resolved (and signified my resolution), to forego my claims to the first rank of my profession, should a vacancy

happen. My motives, not material here, were in part private, in part public. I should endeavour to maintain him in power, merely from a conviction, that in consequence of the ground taken by opposition, and the distemper of the times, the cause of government in the abstract, and our excellent constitution in particular, cannot be supported, but by supporting the actual minister.'

The light which this correspondence throws upon the private character and feelings of Burke, confirms all our previous impressions of the beautiful virtues, the kindness, the tenderness, the piety, of his heart. His affectionate solicitude for his wife, for Laurence, and for a few other friends, is always breaking out. There are also constant traces of that incurable wound which the death of his son inflicted on his too sensitive spirit. The following scrap of a letter, written shortly before that event, will not be read without emotion :

*' Cromwell's Lodge, 1794.*

*' MY DEAREST LAURENCE,*

*' Things are bad enough ; but the doctors bid me not think them desperate. His stomach is continually on the turn—nothing rests on it, owing to the irritation caused by the inflammation of the trachea towards the bottom. The fever continues much as it was—he sleeps in a very uneasy way from time to time—but his strength decays visibly, and his voice is in a manner gone. But God is all-sufficient ; and surely his goodness and his mother's prayers may do much. As to me, I feel dried up. Don't talk too much of the matter—only to the Chancellor—and merely in civility to him. Whether I am to have any objects depends on his recovery,'—pp. 30, 31.*

Here the pious reliance upon Providence—the self-humility of the belief, that his son's goodness and his mother's prayers, not any intercession of his own, might avail to save him—the deep anguish expressed in a few syllables,—all this is perfectly characteristic of the man. So also is his subsequent spirit of resignation, "when the hand of God had lain heavy upon him."—"Alas! the times have been, when you would have found a more full and cheerful family, but I was unworthy of it—I have lost it by my own fault. Learn from me never to trifle with such blessings as God may give you." But perhaps the most painful feature in the correspondence is, the proof betrayed by a part of it, of the pecuniary difficulties which were needlessly added to the mental and bodily sufferings of Burke's last years. Who that remembers his eminent public services can read unconcernedly such expressions as these?—"As for me, I believe my affair is out of the question. He has delayed it so long, that he is partly ashamed, partly afraid, and partly unwilling to bring it on. But in that, too, submission is my duty and my policy. It signifies little how these last days are spent ; and on my death—I think they will pay my debts." Or this more indignant burst of feeling?—"But it signifies nothing : what I wrote was to discharge a debt I thought [due] to

my own and my son's memory, and to those who ought not to be considered as guilty of prodigality in giving me what is beyond my merits, but not beyond my debts, as you know. The public—I won't dispute longer about it—has overpaid me: I wish I could overpay my creditors. They eat deep on what was designed to maintain me." All this relates to his pension, the sole, and the totally inadequate recompense which he ever received for a life of unwearied and upright exertion; and when we consider, that he had closed his public career, not with accumulated fortune, but in absolute poverty, and was oppressed by difficulties, the consequence, not of extravagance, but of a generous forgetfulness of his private interests, it will be felt that he had a right to claim the public assistance much rather as a debt than a favour. On this subject, it is difficult to listen, without impatience and disgust, to the grovelling and unworthy insinuations which the ungenerous portion of Burke's political enemies have reiterated against his acceptance of a pension. These persons choose to forget that, after he began to support Mr. Pitt's ministry on the great question of the French Revolution, and in the midst of his pecuniary embarrassments, he obstinately persisted in refusing to share any of the emoluments of government, as long as his motives for quitting his party could be misconstrued by his taking office; and that he did not accept a pension until his final retirement from parliament had placed the character of the grant beyond the possibility of misinterpretation by any candid mind. It was neither the hire nor the pledge of political adherence, for he had abandoned the ranks of all party, and had no farther services to render; it was designed only for supporting the remnant of that existence, which had been worn out and well nigh consumed in the service of the state. And yet this miserable object has been characterised as the occasion and the reward of a "mercenary apostacy!"

ART. II. *A Treatise on English Versification.* By the Rev. William Crowe, Public Orator of the University of Oxford. pp. 334. 8vo. London: Murray. 1827.

As all the world is now becoming poetical—from the shop-board to the peerage—from the dairy to the boudoir, it might naturally be expected, that critical theory should go hand in hand with practical assiduity—especially in what may be regarded as the mechanism of the art:—that the nature and sources of the charm of poetic numbers should be minutely analysed, and the circumstances that heighten or diminish that charm in the productions of the respective artists, should be illustrated and explained:—in short, that some rational and intelligible code of prosody and rhythms should be digested for the guidance of the daily increasing throng of rhymesters and versifiers of all denominations, and the equally numerous host of critics, who, in their quarterly, monthly, weekly,

and diurnal courts, sit in judgment on their respective pretensions or demerits. For the benefit of the rhyming and rhyme-reading generation, something of this kind seems, at this time, to be particularly desirable, so that, at least, it may be defined and known, by something more than the mere arrangement of the types upon the page, what it is, and what it is not, that constitutes a verse: for though, with certain qualifications and exceptions, we may agree with Mr. Crowe (introd. p. 2), that 'our English writers of the present age are seldom deficient greatly in the art of versification,' and may yield a ready assent to the suggestion he throws out in another place, that some of our more recent poets have even improved, in this respect, upon the polished models of what has been usually regarded as the Augustan age of our poetry, we shall certainly not less agree with him, that 'there are certain popular works in circulation, which, though, in other respects, of great merit, are composed in verse of so loose a structure, and with such unwarrantable licenses, that if they should obtain many imitators, we might relapse again into ignorance of true poetical measures, and the art "to build the lofty rhyme" might be forgotten.'

Of this danger to our national taste and poetry, we are certainly not less apprehensive than the author of the treatise before us; nor, if we were disposed to exemplify the causes of our alarm, by particular instances, should we confine our animadversions to the more than ballad-like irregularities of the "Marmion," and other epic themes of Sir Walter Scott, and the rhythmical chaos that so fantastically degrades the Poet Laureate's otherwise fine poem, "The Curse of Kehamah." Poems, besides (and not a few), we have afloat, some of which "we have heard others praise, and that highly," in which the crude elements of verse and prose are found struggling together like the huddled elements of creation, before the voice of order had separated light from darkness, and given the greater luminary to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night. The very boundaries of distinction between verse and prose, are, indeed, not unfrequently broken down by the writers of the present day; and while our prose is occasionally so rhythmical that it might be sung to the harp, our verse is sometimes so hobblingly prosaic, that it cannot, without some difficulty, be either sung or said. It is verse only to the eye: or, if it is to be rendered so to the ear, it is only by the jingle of the rhyme, or the assistance of an arbitrary and unauthorised pronunciation.

The temporary prevalence of this anarchy of rhythm is not perhaps very difficult to be accounted for. It is one of those reactions to which the tastes and faculties of mankind are as liable in matters of literature as in morals and politics. Our poets, for more than a century, had been so fettered and trammelled, and the muses so strait-laced by the monotonous mechanism of the epigrammatic couplet, where line reflected line, and equidistant pause and emphasis crippled the sense, and kept up eternally the same tune,

that they no sooner took the courage to break their chains, than many of them ran riot with their new liberty ; and to avoid the tyranny of too strict a law, rushed into as tyrannous a confusion—careless of all method, or studious of irregularity. Finding that some of our elder poets had glimpses, occasionally, of a richer and more diversified melody than the later school prescribed or admitted, they leaped to the conclusion, that all that was antiquated in this respect was to be revived and imitated—while some “ strove hard to better the example,” and perpetrated, of *malice prepense* a more incongruous irregularity than our minstrels of old had been betrayed into, in the ruder necessities of our language, and the want of better models.

To restrain within due limits this innovating mania of our popular rhythmus, without actually recurring to all the chilling restraints of the Twickenham school ; and properly to define how far, according to the genius and idiom of our language, the principles of numerical proportion, and the liberties of harmonic variety may be consistently reconciled ; it might perhaps be desirable, in the first instance, to inquire whether the prescriptive dogmas and monotonising tendencies of the more formal scheme, and the prosaic licenses of the more irregular, have not alike resulted from the want of a due comprehension of those genuine and fundamental principles of universal prosody—or, in other words, of those organic necessities, to which the metrical arrangements of every language (if its prosodial system is to be any thing more than a mere pedantic theory), must, in essential principles, conform. Without this, every attempt to meliorate our rhythmical system, or improve the expressive harmony of our language and versification, can be, on the one hand, but random and fantastic experiment ; or on the other, but the blindness of a dogmatic pedantry, which, seeking (as, with reference to the classical models, our scholastic prosodists in general have sought), for analogies that have no existence, overlooks those other analogies, that not only do, but in the very nature of things must, inevitably exist. Thus in the constituent principle of a metrical foot, for example, if by the term metrical foot, any definite meaning is to be conveyed, all languages do and must accord, however they may differ in the arrangement or selection of its component parts ; and perhaps it may be found, that from the nature and process of human language, the same actual and primitive varieties of such feet do actually exist in all languages, ancient and modern, however the selection and arrangement of those varieties may differ, in the construction of their respective metres.

The treatise before us does not, however, proceed upon any such original and philosophical principle ; nor did the title-page lead us to expect it. The public orator of the University of Oxford was not likely to innovate, in any considerable degree, upon scholastic theories. He had looked of course into his subject through the



spectacles of established systems; and it would be much more reasonable to congratulate him upon those occasional instances, in which he has ventured to think for himself, than to wonder that he has not rejected more of the opinions—or, to speak more correctly, of the prescriptive dogmas of those who had preceded him. Fully satisfied that ‘the art of English poetry has been long and diligently cultivated, in every species of composition, and every kind of measure that our language will admit’; and that, ‘in contemplating the wide-extended field of English versification, the poet may perceive a multitude of objects for his attention, but not a single spot for experiment;’ he is of course equally satisfied, that however desirable a ‘complete treatise of English prosody, or account of the nature of our verse, as existing among us’ may be, there is nothing essentially wrong in the scholastic theories upon the subject; and that his business is rather to digest than to confute or discover.

According to the view, however, which Mr. Crowe has taken of the subject, he has treated it systematically enough, and with due attention to methodical order. Having in his introduction taken a general survey (though with some important omissions, and very slight and negligent regards where the authorities were inimical to his system\*) of the several authors who have treated upon the subject,—from “William Webb, who published a Discourse on English Poetry, in 1586,” to Mitford (apparently a great favourite with him), and others of the present day,—he proceeds to treat, Chap. I. Of the Elementary Parts of Verse:—of Letters, of Syllables, and of the feet employed in English Verse—Chap. II. Of the Kinds of English Verse—Chap. III. Of Licences in Poetic Measures—Chap. IV. Of the Combinations of Verses—Chap. V. Of Rhyme—In the five succeeding chapters—of Faults in Rhyming; of Double Rhymes; the Assemblage of Rhymes; the Arrangement of Rhymes; and the Species of Poetry which admit of Rhyme; in Chap. XI. Of the Cæsura, or Pause in Verse—Chap. XII. Of imitative Harmony and Expression—XIII. Of Alliteration—XIV.

\* Among the omissions, may be particularised, Mason on “the Harmony of Speech,” (the date and exact title of which, not having the book before us, we have forgotten, though of its contents and merits we have a due remembrance); Herries, on “the Elements of Speech,” 1773; and Richard Roe, on “the Principles of Rhythm, both in Speech and Music; especially as exhibited in the Mechanism of English Verse.” Dublin: 1823. Among those which have been treated with unmerited slight, are, “Steele’s Prosodia Rationalis, 1779; and Odell’s Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English Language, 1805; of whom, and of Tucker, on Vocal Sounds, 1773, he merely says, that ‘from each something may be gleaned to elucidate our national prosody.’” This slight mention of treatises in direct opposition to his own system, is the more remarkable, as, in p. 195, Mr. C. admits as demonstrable ‘to any one who will put it to proof,’ a principle laid down by Joshua Steele, which does, in effect, completely overthrow the theory of Mr. C., and the prosodists of his school.

Of Elisions—XV. Of the Hiatus—XVI. Of Personification—XVII. Of Lyrics—XVIII. Of Blank Verse—XIX. Of the Subjects to which Blank Verse is suitable—XX. Of Dramatic Verse—and Chap. XXI. Of Milton's Versification: to the analysis of which, if analysis it may be called, besides the incidental notices dispersed through the former chapters, he assigns, with due reverence, the last seven-and-twenty pages of his little volume.

It is not our purpose to pursue our author, step by step, through every chapter and section of this methodical arrangement. We shall merely examine some of those general principles, upon which his system (or rather the scholastic system of which his treatise may be considered as a methodical digest) is erected. In opposing, however, the errors of a general system, we desire not to be understood as depreciating the claims of the author; through whose work, notwithstanding our objection to the theory upon which it proceeds, many judicious observations, and useful suggestions, are dispersed, the merit of which is all his own.

To begin with the section upon the simple elements, or letters, we must observe, that Mr. Crowe does not appear in all instances to be sufficiently exact or discriminative. When he says, for example (p. 41), that "The account given of the first letter, is, that it has *three* distinct sounds, which are heard in *hal* (a nickname), *hale* (healthy), and *hall* (a large room)," should he not have added a *fourth*, as heard in the word *father*? And when he tells us (in p. 43), that the *a* in "psalm," is the long sound of the same element which is heard short in "sam," might not analytical attention to the comparative positions of the organs of the mouth, and the actions of the voice, have convinced him that it is a distinct element; and the long sound, in fact, of that which is heard more short in the omitted instance of *father*? So, again, is not *a* in "hall," rather the diphthongal sound *aw*, heard in *hawl*, than a prolongation of the *o* in "holly"? The same objection would apply to the instances given of "pen," *short*, "pane," *long*; "sin," *short*; "seen," *long*. In either instance, let any person put his organs into the position for pronouncing the *e* in "pen," or the *i* in "sin," and try whether any mere prolongation of the impulse will produce the sounds heard in the words "pane" and "seen." But still more objectionable is the manner in which Mr. C., in common with several others of our prosodists, speaks (p. 45) of the "great variety of vowel sounds produced by the elements *w* or *y*, when prefixed to a vowel or a diphthong, as *ell*, *yell*; *ire*, *wire*; *all*, *wall*, *yawl*." The fact is, whatever disputes there may have been on the subject, that the initial *y* and *w* are always consonant, not vowel elements, as attention to their anatomical formation will demonstrate; and so completely are they such, that in speech they are always, however unconsciously, by all distinct speakers, instinctively used as *articulative digamas*, whenever two successive words or syllables, one of which terminates with an open vowel, and the other begins with a

vowel also, come together in intimate connexion in the sentence : as, for example, in such combinations as the following, "thro' all the earth," &c. In order to preserve at once the requisite degree of syllabic distinctness, and the uninterrupted connexion of the sound and sense, we are obliged to insert, in the former instance, though briefly and delicately touched, the implicative initial *w* ; and in the second, in the same way, the initial *y* ; and to pronounce as though it were written "thro'*w* all the yearth:" it being one of the necessities of organic utterance, that two vowels cannot make two distinct syllables, without the intervention either of a hiatus, or an articulative consonant. Omit this precaution, and they melt into a diphthong, and confound the two syllables as one. If this circumstance had been duly considered by Mr. Crowe, he would have felt his ground much firmer in his two chapters on Elisions and Hiatus ; and an attention to it by preceding theorists, might have spared us much pedantry, and many useless rules, which have tended to deteriorate, rather than improve, the harmony of poetic composition and delivery.

But to pass on from elements to syllables. Of these we are told that, besides their different degrees of 'roughness, smoothness, and the like,' resulting from the 'qualities of the letters that compose them,' they have 'likewise other qualities to be regarded ; which are tone, accent, and quantity' (p. 49). Mr. Crowe should have added a fourth, *poise*, or the distinctions of *heavy* and *light* ; and not have confounded these with *accent*.

'By tone,' he proceeds to tell us, 'is meant the sound of a syllable considered as high or low ; not as long or short, for that belongs to quantity. It is not the same with *accent* ; but wholly distinct from it ; nor is a high tone always joined with the accented syllable : in the Scottish pronunciation it is just the contrary. In English speech, also, the last syllable of the question, though unaccented, will have the higher tone : for example, "He is going to London.—To London ?—Aye, to-morrow.—To-morrow?" In each of these questions, the English custom of speaking will admit the last syllable to be raised above the preceding *accented* one, as much as the difference of the fourth from the key-note in the scale of music.'

As this sentence involves much of the false principle that runs through the whole of Mr. Crowe's treatise, though mingled with matter equally discriminative and correct, we must necessarily consider it at some length.—That the tone (or *tune* of a syllable is perfectly distinct from its quantity, and that high and low have nothing to do with the distinctions of long and short, is perfectly accurate, though many of our prosodists have occasionally confounded the terms, and spoken of the one when they meant to designate the other. Equally distinct, it assuredly is, from what is here, by another unfortunate confusion of terms, called *accent* ; and the instances that are given in illustration (as far as they go), are perfectly in point ; for the interrogative tone, whether it pertain to a *light* or a *heavy* syllable (or as Mr. C. would

say an *unaccented*, or an *accented* one) must always be *acute*; and the affirmative tone always *grave*. Thus, in the fine oration of Mark Antony, in Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, when properly delivered, the very same words, "*Brutus is an honourable man,*" repeated in different parts of the speech, by having, in the first instance, a grave accent on the (*heavy*) final syllable *màn*, become *admissive* or *affirmative*; and afterwards, by the application of the *acute* or *rising inflection*, becomes *interrogatory*; calling into question what before was affected to be admitted. And, indeed, so far is the observation from being applicable merely to the light syllable, that, in the instances produced by our author (though it be upon that syllable, as the terminative, that it is most conspicuous), the acute inflection belongs to the whole word. But what is to be understood by the *tone* of the last syllable being raised above the preceding, as much as the difference of a fourth from the key note? How is the tone raised? Would Mr. C. elevate the tone of his voice at once, and through the whole of the syllable, a fourth above the syllable that had preceded it? If he did, he would find that he was singing, and not speaking; for the process of the tune of the voice in speech, is not in gradations of higher and lower, by perceptible intervals, but by accentual slides and inflections; and every syllable of speech must be accompanied, more or less, by such inflections\*:—so that, in fact, and using words in their right sense, every *spoken* syllable has its accent, and if uttered with an unaccentual tone, would either modulate into song, or degenerate into drawl. Hence the absurdity of the abusive misapplication of the term '*accent*,' with reference to the pulsative or heavy action (the *thesis* of the Greek grammarians), which marks the substantive, or other more important syllables of sentences, or compound words: a term for which we have an absolute necessity, in its proper sense; as when we say (for example), that the Scottish accent is more *grave*, and the Irish accent is more *acute*, than the English, and the Welsh accent more abrupt and frequent in its transitions than either; meaning thereby to particularise the different modes and degrees in which the several inflective slides and intonation of the voice in speech are applied.

But Mr. Crowe proceeds to state (p. 50), that, '*by accent, is to be understood the force of the voice used in uttering a syllable; not a higher or lower sound (the acute and grave of the Greeks and Romans).*' "*It is more usual with us (says Mitford), to speak of syllables merely as accented or unaccented; that is, as being marked by a peculiar stress of the voice, or not being so marked.*"

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\* This consideration will also shew the inadequacy of the word '*tone*' as used in the above sentence; and will point out to us another essential distinction; for acute and grave are not the same as high and low, any more than either of them is synonymous with loud and soft. An accent may be *grave*, though the pitch of the voice be high, or may be *acute*, though the pitch be low, for acute and grave refer to the sliding up or sliding down of the voice; not to the degrees of elevation or depression.

So that, although the Greeks and Romans had organs of utterance (at least one would imagine so!) exactly like our own, and their speech (being uttered under the same physical necessities) must have presented, and evidently did present, in all essentials, the same phenomena (how different soever in the minor combinations of literal elements), we adopt the terms of their prosody and grammar for no other purpose than to play at shuffle and cut with them, and apply those terms to directly different significations. The word *that*, with them, included the distinctions of acute and grave, or sliding up and sliding down in the musical scale (distinctions which we have as clearly and absolutely as they could have them), is to be applied by us to what the Greeks called *thesis* (the posing or putting down of the foot, or time-beater); and what they called *arsis* (the reaction or rising of the foot), is to be called by us unaccented; then we are to be told by Dr. Johnson, and other learned grammarians, that "accent, in English versification, is quantity:" meaning thereby, *long* quantity; notwithstanding that their accented syllable is frequently short (as in *city*, *pity*, *devil*, &c., and Mr. Crowe (p. 79), makes it matter of reproach to our modern versifiers, that their unaccented syllables are more frequently *long* in his pretended Iambics, than those of our earlier writers.

But the fact is, that, even that property of syllable to which Mr. C. applies the name of accent, does not consist in "the force of the voice used in uttering a syllable." Force is again a distinct quality, and can be applied to the light, as well as to the heavy syllable; and some of the syllables over which, in his illustrations, Mr. C. has placed his mark of accent, should be so pronounced as to exemplify this position. In the following lines, for instance, quoted from Pope, in pp. 73, 81 and 82, the syllables which we reprint in italics (though each of them has both length and force, and all are noted by Mr. C. with the sign of what he calls accent), would, in a natural reading of the verse, be alternately heavy and light; and would make (in all but the first instance), if properly scanned, as pure spondees as can be found in any classical author.

" "Though | Fate" | had *fast* | *bóund* her |

With | Styx" | *nine times* | round her |.\*"

"The | *dúll flat* | falsehood | serves for | policy |."

"The | *pláin rough* | hero | turns a | crafty | knave |."

\* Mr. C. would persuade us that Pope meant these for *anapests*; and quotes them, as "a complete failure," noted thus:

'Though Fáte | had fast bound | her

With Styx | nine times round | her.

They would, indeed, upon *any* system of scanning, be queer *anapests*. As Mr. C. has noted them, they would, upon his system (if such a *system* were capable of any consistency), be *Molosses*. But Mr. C. had previously denied that we have any triple measures but dactyles and anapests; and therefore, though two accented syllables make with him a spondee;

It is curious that, in a line quoted in the same page with the last of these, Mr. C. gives the syllable *free* without his accentual mark. ('The *gáy* free thinker'); though he places it over *fla* and *rough*, in the above instances, which are syllables of precisely the same quality, and standing in the same relative position.

"That | *gáy* free | thinker | a *finé* | talker | once. | "

The emphatic style of delivery which alone could justify the division of two adjective syllables into two distinct feet, being as applicable in the one instance as the others; and if the pulsative stroke be given to each, the pause that must necessarily intervene would so divide them; not make of them one spondee.

But we have not yet got to the end of the perplexing consequences of perverting the use of terms to inapplicable purposes. Mr. Crowe proceeds to state (p. 51), that, 'with accent, as it has been here described, emphasis has a near connexion.' In confirmation of which, he quotes the definition of emphasis from Holder's Elements of Speech, "a certain grandeur, whereby some letter, syllable, word, or sentence, is rendered more remarkable than the rest, by a more vigorous pronunciation, and a longer stay upon it." If *or* be substituted for *and* (emphasis being marked either by "force," or "quantity," separately, or by both conjointly), this definition is accurate enough: but how if it be communicable (as it is) to compound words and whole sentences, can it be analogous to what Mr. C. miscalls accent, which cannot be repeated without either an intervening syllable, or a pause? But, says Mr. C., in continuance, 'from this account it appears, that what emphasis imparts to any *syllable*, is either *accent* or *quantity*,' (thus still further confounding *force* and *accent*, as if they also were the same thing); 'but,' he continues, 'it has no concern with prosody, or the structure of verse, *otherwise than as possessing those qualities*.' That is to say, it has no concern in the structure of verse, otherwise than as the qualities it possesses may effect that structure!!! And in what other way than by the qualities it possesses, can any thing else have such concern? The distribution of emphasis has, however, occasionally, a very important concern in the structure of a verse. It supplies, in many instances, the place of a cæsure, in indicating the rhythmical division of the line into clauses; as in

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three accented syllables are not to make a *molossus*. How then is English accent commensurate with classical quantity? That they were meant for some species of triple measure, we have, however, no doubt; though they cannot be so read without gross violation of the principles of English pronunciation.

With | *Stýx* nine times | *róund* her. |

Indeed, read them as you will, they are wretched verses. But is it fair, in discussing the capabilities of English versification, to quote examples from that miserable abortion, Pope's Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day?

the following *complet*, quoted by Mr. C. (p. 66) from Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

"The princely palace of the sun" stood gorgeous to behold,  
On stately pillars builded *high* of yellow burnished gold."

Here the *cæsura* which, in the first line, is marked by the grammatical pause between the noun and verb, and which is sometimes marked by the introduction of a pyrrhic foot, is compensated by the emphatic quantity assignable to the descriptive adjective *high*. So, also, upon the syllable *ride*, in the line which Mr. C. quotes in the ensuing page, from Albion's England—

"The restless clouds that mantling *ride* upon the racking sky."

The instances might be multiplied to a considerable extent, without travelling out of the treatise before us. In the following line, quoted in p. 81, from Pope, the emphasis, both of force and quantity, extended through both syllables, and the pyrrhic foot come together; which renders the *cæsura* particularly marked and impression.

"A *rebel* to the very king he loves."

The poet who has no feeling of the quasi-*cæsural* power of emphasis, would be likely to make but very tame and mechanical verses; and, at any rate, will very rarely attain to the grace which we call expression.

As this all-confounding error of calling the *thesis*, or physical pulsation of the voice (without the alternations of which, the process of continuous speech could not be carried on), by the name of accent; and the correlative error of supposing that *such accent* does, or can, supply the place of quantity, is the basis of the whole mistaken system of our author, and of the prosodists of his school—and has been the cause of theorising into supposed disproportion, and prosaic irregularity, many a line whose actual qualities are as perfect as the ear of musical perception could require; we have examined it thus at large; but, in so doing, we have reviewed the greater part of what is most essential in Mr. Crowe's treatise. Upon the sections, however, that treat of the number and qualities of our metrical feet, something must be said. According to Mr. Crowe (p. 59, &c.) we have, in the English language, adopted no other feet than those of two and of three syllables; and of the latter, only the dactyle, and the anapest; because, he says, every foot of four syllables, or more, is divisible into shorter. He has not, however, laid down any rule or principle by which such division is to be made, or indicated. It cannot be by quantity; for that, he says, (although he admits our language to be capable of it), is no constituent of English feet: and, taken by itself, we should reject it too. It cannot be by what he calls accent, for several of what he would call unaccented syllables, may, and occasionally do, come together. What then is to determine their division? The fact however is, that we

need only to look for some natural and obvious principle or indication of metrical division and distribution, instead of appealing to mere theoretical dogmas;—we have only to admit that the physical alternation of the *thesis*, or heavy poise, is the invariable indicator of the commencement of a foot, and we shall find, not only that our language has every one of the feet enumerated in the classical gradus, but that Milton in his blank verse (though still under the regulation of the harmonic principles of proportion), occasionally makes use of them all; as, in many striking instances, he does of the foot of one syllable also \*. Take, as examples of some of these varieties, the lines quoted in p. 323 and 334, and scan them upon the natural and obvious principle we have insisted upon.

‘ A|bóminable, | “ un útterable | ” and | wórse. |’  
 ‘ Or | féed on | thóughts | ” that | vóluntary | move |  
 Har|monious | numbers.’

Here we have, in two lines, three several instances of feet, of four syllables—two fourth peons in the first†, and a second peon in the next; and in the half line we have an amphimacer. Nay, if the principle be denied, that a grammatical pause divides the foot into two (supplying the deficient quantity by measured rest), we should have, in the first instance (bóminable un), a foot of five syllables; which, however, the long quantity upon the syllable *un*, as read without the pause, would render laborious and disproportioned. It would be easy, by turning to the poem itself, to find instances of all the other varieties: and the infinitely diversified music of the *Paradise Lost*, might be demonstrated without assistance from the monstrous hypothesis, that the ear of Milton was so insensible to the charm of musical proportion, as to have admitted mere accent, as it is called, as a substitute for quantity; though it was discriminative enough to perceive, that metrical feet (like musical bars), might have equal quantities composed of different numbers of notes, or syllables.

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\* Nor is he peculiar in this respect. Nor is the usage confined to blank verse. We have, in fact, successions of such monosyllabic feet, in several of the lines quoted in this treatise from other authors: as p. 196.

“ When | Ajax | stríves | some | rók’s | vást | weight to | throw. |”

Pope.

And in pp. 99, 100, it is expressly admitted, that “a single accented syllable may stand for a foot, for two feet together,” as

“ Côme | sée | rúral felicity.”

“ O’ne | lóng | Whitsun | holliday.”

“ Stout | Ralph | buxom | Phillida.”

What necessity, then, for the hypothesis, that two heavy (or *accented*) syllables were necessary to constitute, or could constitute, one spondee?

† The quantity is in these instances on the liquid *l*, for which we have no mode of notation.



It follows, of course, from what we have already said, that we deny *in toto*, that our English heroic verse is, even in its primitive model, either iambic or pentameter. Our principle of scanning from the syllable in *thesis* would make even the lines which Mr. Crowe has quoted as pure iambics, trochaics, with a truncated foot in the initial bar, and a monosyllabic foot in the close. And such is now the general structure of that species of verse. But the monosyllable in the last foot is by no means an essential part of the mechanism. Our elder writers, from Chaucer down to the days of Pope, used with much frequency, the dissyllabic foot, with double rhyme at the end. It is still occasionally used, though sparingly, by our best versifiers; Mr. Crowe admits (and quotes instances), that it was sometimes used by Pope himself; and the instances are numerous in which the dissyllabic close is introduced by Milton, even in the stately sublimity of blank verse, to which it has been supposed less congenial than to couplet, or stanza rhyme. Nay, it may reasonably be questioned by those who have carefully analysed the verses of our earliest writers (Chaucer in particular), whether the perfect dissyllabic foot in the close was not the primitive model, and the termination in a foot of one syllable, the license or variety. At any rate, its equal admissibility, or even its frequent use, negatives at once the theory of a pentameter. But if reason will not satisfy us, we may appeal to authority—the best which upon this question can be had.

Old Geoffrey Chaucer may be fairly considered as the original constructor of the English heroic line. He knew, of course, what he meant it for; and has told us explicitly, that it is *hexameter*. Take his own words from the prologue to his Monk's tale. (Cant. Tales; Tyrwhitt's edition, 4to. 1798. p. 137. l. 13,979, &c.)

“ Tragedie is to say a certain storie,  
As oldè bookès maken us mémorie  
Of him that stood in gret prospéritée  
And is yfallen out of high degree,  
Into misérie, and endeth wretchedly.  
And they ben versified communly  
Of six feet, which men clepen *exametron*.”

Now from the same learned monk, into whose mouth this definition is put, we have, immediately after, nearly a score of these tragedies recited, all in the species of verse we call heroic; and the heroic poems of Chaucer himself, (not only the Knight's Tale, which constitutes a part of his Canterbury Tales, but his Troilus and Cressida, and his serious poems in general), are in the same measure; and it will be evident upon examination, that at least he regarded a dissyllabic foot in the close of his line, quite as consistent as the monosyllabic with his measure (which is frequently, when his spelling and pronunciation are understood, beautifully correct and harmonious); so that not only his mode of scanning his “*exametron*,” from the syllable in *thesis*, is placed beyond all

question ; but also the hypothesis of the last syllable in one line, and the first in the ensuing, being considered by him as making one foot, and every thing upon which the pretence of a pentameter measure could be rested, is clearly done away.

Whether there are, or are not, passages enough to be found in Milton, and in all our best poets, that would justify the conclusion that the spondee is occasionally taken as the standard basis of the metrical proportion, with which the momentum of the other feet must accord, is a question scarcely worth entering into ; for the principle being once granted, that, under certain harmonic or rhythmical restrictions, the measure itself admits the occasional introduction of all the various feet of the gradus, it becomes matter of very little consequence whether it be called spondaic, trochaic, or even iambic ; or whether it have any other name at all, than that of English heroic. And certainly it is not desirable that we should call it by a name derived from any specific measure to which it has neither analogy nor resemblance.

There are some collateral parts of Mr. Crowe's treatise relative to which we could speak with more commendation ; but we have given all the space that we could afford to that portion of the subject in which we conceive the interests of our poetical literature to be most concerned : and we shall only add, that by those who shall be upon their guard relative to the fundamental error we have endeavoured to expose and confute, this work may be read not only with pleasure but with profit.

ART. III. *Resumé de l'histoire de la Littérature Italienne*, par F. Salfi, ancien professeur dans plusieurs Universités d'Italie. 2 vols 12mo. pp. 360, 268. Treüttel & Wurtz. 1827.

THE author of this work divides it into seven periods, severally beginning with the years 1000, 1275, 1375, 1475, 1575, 1675, and 1775—the last reaches to the present time.

#### *First Period : 1000—1275.*

Our Author commences his Essay,—for such we may properly term it,—with the rise of literature in Italy, in the eleventh century. He observes, that till this time, literature had been confined to the learning of the schools ; but that the leagues, into which the towns of Lombardy then entered, to defend themselves against the emperors, and the petty princes in the north of Italy, occasioned frequent communications, in their vernacular tongues, between the inhabitants of its different governments ; and that the democratic constitutions of some of the states, unavoidably gave rise to much popular oratory : these circumstances rendered it necessary for all who took part in the public affairs of the times, to acquire a readiness of speaking and writing the language of the country. Soon afterwards, the same causes produced the same

effects, both in the central and the southern divisions of Italy. The provençal, Spanish, and Arab poets, then found their way into its different territories; turned the souls of their inhabitants to gaiety and love; and to express, in their own language, the sentiments which these inspired. This naturally tended to refine the languages of the people, and to give it strength, copiousness, and melody.

Insensibly, those who aspired in Italy to the pleasure and praise of learning, became acquainted with the Greek and Latin writers. From this time, they ceased to admire the provençal and the Arab poets. A circumstance then took place, which for ever decided the character of Italian poetry.

The Italians, who cultivated literature, became passionately enamoured of the mysticism of Plato. Hence they strove to banish from their amatory poems, all that the passion of love has of sensual or profane; and substituted for it a refined platonism, which played round the triad, and sometimes excited admiration, but never touched the heart: this led them into mysticism and conceits: these, in every age, and every portion of the Italian territory, have entered, in a greater or less degree, into their poetry.

#### *Second Period: 1275—1375.*

This period is illustrated by the great names of Dante, Petrarcha, and Boccaccio.

‘DANTE,’ says Our Author, ‘was born at Florence, in 1265. He learned, from able masters, the best of all that was taught in his time. *Brunetto Latini*, the most eminent scholar of his age, was one of his preceptors. He had published in France, and in the French language, his *Tresor*, the first Encyclopedia which appeared after the revival of letters. It proves the talent and learning of the author, but shews the miserable state of learning in his time. Dante visited the most celebrated courts and schools; he even made some stay in the university of Paris. He defended in it, according to the custom of the times, theses of theology and philosophy.

‘He first made himself known by some works, in which he supported the rights of the temporal, against the undue pretensions of the spiritual, power. In these, he mentions the donations of Constantine and Charlemagne, with great contempt. In his treatise on the *Vulgar tongue of Italy*, he shews its riches and capabilities, and earnestly exhorts his countrymen to cultivate it.

“In his tenth year, he fell in love with Beatrice, a girl of his own age; from this time, till the end of his life, he sung her praise. In his first work, his *Vita Nuovo*, he paints, both in prose and verse, his agitations, and the little incidents of his passion. He was happy:—but his happiness was of short duration. Thinking of his Beatrice, and fearing for her health, he beheld, in a dream, several women in tears, and with dishevelled hair, who

surrounded his bed, and announced her approaching death. The heavens were darkened, the earth trembled; a friend entered his chamber, and announced to him that Beatrice was no more. Dante rose in a transport of grief, addressed a prayer to death, beseeching him to spare her:—on a sudden, the heavens appeared to open, and angels seemed to descend from them, and to raise Beatrice to the eternal tabernacles. Comforted, but sensible of his loss, he bewailed his misfortune in strains of the greatest beauty, but full of woe.

In the disputes between the Gwelfs, or the partisans of the Emperors, and the Ghebellins, or the partisans of the Popes, Dante sided with the former. He attempted to effect an accommodation between the factions; and for that purpose went to Rome. There he found that the Pope's party had obtained possession of Florence; that his house had been pillaged; that he had been condemned to be burned alive, and that, when it was found that he had escaped the execution of the sentence by flight, a decree of perpetual banishment had been passed upon him. From this time, he led a wandering life; sometimes at Padua, Gubbio, Verona, Udino, Ravenna, or other towns in Italy. Passionately fond of independence, he was perpetually subject to his friends or his enemies, and, to use his own words, "often experienced how bitter is the bread of others; and how painful it is to pace up and down their stairs." After a life of incessant agitation and disappointment, he died in want and misery at Ravenna, in 1321.

With a mind thus ulcerated, he composed his '*Divina Comedia*,' a poem by which he raised himself, not to a level, but certainly to a companionship with Homer and Virgil. He describes himself in it, as placed at the foot of a lofty mountain, which he attempted in vain to climb. Three ferocious beasts opposed his passage, and drove him back: a stranger appeared; it was Virgil, sent by Beatrice to his aid. Virgil reveals himself to Dante; points out to him the proper road to the summit of the mountain, and accompanies him on his journey. They first descend into Hell; passed through its nine circles or divisions, which were gradually narrowed till they reached the mountain of Purgatory. This is divided into seven circles: Heaven is on its summit. Virgil is not permitted to enter it; but Dante is greeted by Beatrice; she leads him through seven more circles, to the Empyreum, there she places him at the feet of the Eternal.

Such is the outline of this celebrated poem: Homer and Virgil sung of heroes, of times long preceding their own; Dante celebrates his contemporaries—he does not describe them, but actually places them before his readers as living representations—equally sublime and pathetic. The necessary limits of this work allow us to say no more; we beg leave to refer our readers to the excellent article on Dante in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1818, one of the most valuable discussions in that very valuable journal.

To Petrarcha, we must allow still smaller space. He, too, was a Gwelf; but, unlike Dante, he was uniformly fortunate. He studied at Montpellier and Bologna. He travelled through Italy, France, the Low Countries and Germany; was every where caressed, esteemed, and consulted; thus he found the 'stairs' of others as pleasing as Dante had found them hateful. His life was spent in the cultivation of letters, in discovering manuscripts, and promoting learning by every other means in his power.

He was indefatigable in his studies, and published several works. The principal was an epic poem, in Latin, of which the conqueror of Hannibal was the hero. But Petrarcha is almost wholly known to us by his lyric poems: most are employed in the praise of his 'Laura.' When he first attached himself to her, he was engaged in holy orders, and she had a husband. Marriage, therefore, was forbidden them: but he never ceased to sigh for her, while she lived, or to bewail her loss, after her death. She never either absolutely encouraged, or absolutely rejected his addresses. This kind of love was unknown to the ancients. Very different from theirs, the poems of Petrarcha sound as hymns addressed to a celestial being, who should be reverently and mystically contemplated, adored, and loved. Sometimes, however, his plaintive strains interest our feelings: it is certain, that whatever the Italian language has of strength, may be found in the poems of Dante, and that all its softness is spread over those of Petrarcha.

Whatever be the sins of Boccaccio, he has the merit

"Of talking a little like folks of this world."—PRIOR.

We principally know him by his Decameron: men of taste are agreed on its beauties and deformities; its style is universally admired; but some Italian scholars of the greatest eminence accuse it of too much artifice and refinement. Boccaccio was a passionate admirer of the writings of Cicero, and endeavoured, in opposition to the natural construction of the Italian language, to introduce into it the Ciceronian period. Unfortunately, he was generally imitated by all the Italian writers who followed him.

He published a life of Dante, and a commentary on his *Divina Comedia*. In the former, he addressed an eloquent apostrophé to his fellow-citizens, upbraiding them for the injustice, so disgraceful to themselves, which they had done that great man, and conjuring them to repair it. His eloquence had its desired effect. The Florentines reversed the decree for Dante's banishment, raised a statue to his memory, and founded, in their university, a chair for reading and commenting upon his works. Boccaccio was the first by whom it was filled. He died in 1375. The three quarto volumes of the Abbé de la Sade supply us with ample information respecting Petrarcha; but neither Dante nor Boccaccio has yet met with an adequate biographer.

*Third Period: 1375—1475.*

Soon after the decease of Boccaccio, a revolution took place in Italy, which promoted the study of ancient learning, but greatly retarded the improvement of its vernacular literature. Dante, Petrarcha, and Boccaccio, had sounded the praises of the authors of Greece and Rome so often, and with such eloquence, and the writings of these fathers of Italian literature had been so widely diffused, that a strong desire of ancient lore spread itself over every part of Italy. It was increased, and means of satisfying it afforded, by the arrival of many Greek scholars both on the Adriatic and Tuscan shores, during the negotiations for a reconciliation of the Greek and Latin churches; and afterwards, in consequence of the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. It was promoted and encouraged by the munificent patronage of Pope Nicholas V., Alphonsus of Naples, Cosmo of Medicis, and several other Italian princes; by the discovery of manuscripts; by the libraries which were formed; and, finally, by the invention of printing. To the honour of this invention, Germany is entitled; but Italy may boast that, during the quarter of a century which immediately followed, her presses were much more numerous, and much better supplied, than the aggregate presses of all other countries. Nothing was thought of at this time, by those who sought literary eminence, but Greek and Latin philology; and the improvement of the Italian language was almost entirely neglected. Whether this, upon the whole, was prejudicial to the latter, may be doubted. A good Italian style cannot be formed on that of the Greek or Latin authors; but to write well in any language, it is necessary to possess a classical taste; and this can only be acquired by an intimate acquaintance with the works of the classical writers of Greece and Rome.

*Fourth Period: 1475—1575.*

We have now reached the golden age of Italian literature:—

“When Raphael painted, and when Vida sung.”—POPE.

Cosmo of Medicis, and Pope Leo X. gave the impulse, and their example was imitated by the Viscontis, the Gonzagas, the Adornis, the House of Este, and many other Italian princes. The learned, being now saturated with ancient lore, returned to Dante, Petrarcha, and Boccaccio; their classical acquisitions made them more sensible of the value of these writers, and therefore increased their admiration of them. This produced a wish to imitate, and an ambition to rival them. But Petrarcha was much more the object of their admiration than Dante. His imitators were more numerous than successful: each writer had his Laura; but of these objects of seraphic aspiration, none has descended, with Laura, to posterity. This race of poets was called Petrarchists; they did not wholly escape the ridicule of their contemporaries, and are now

little known. The lyric poets of Tuscany sounded much higher notes.

But nothing served the cause of the Vernacular Literature of Italy so much as the disputes upon religion, which raged in every part of the Continent, throughout this period. The reformers necessarily made their appeal to the people; but to render it effectual, it was necessary that it should be made in the language which the people understood. The defenders of the ancient system were reduced to the same necessity. Hence, all those conflicts of words were carried on in the language of the countries in which they rose. To excel in it must have been the wish of all the combinations: but this excellence could only be attained by much cultivation and repeated trials; and these tend, unavoidably, to improve the language itself.

The nature of these pages obliges us to content ourselves with a bare mention of the 'Morgante of Puler,' and the 'Orlando Amorofo of Bojardo:' but a long article is properly dedicated in the work before us to the 'Orlando Furioso of Ariosto.' Our Author represents its renowned author as well versed in the classics: he had read only a few of their works; but he had read them well. To live amidst the scenes of rude nature, and to observe man in all his varieties, was the supreme delight of Ariosto: but he was fitted for active life—he served in armies, and was employed in embassies. The princes of the house of Este affected to be his protectors; but they rigidly adopted the aphorism of the Emperor Charles V., that "poets should be fed, not fattened." Under these circumstances Ariosto composed his celebrated poems. "Three great wants," says Our Author, "forms its integrant parts. The principal has for its object the loves, the exploits, and the amours of 'Roger and Bradamante,' whom all the branches of the House of Este considered to be their stem. The history of the hero and heroine was connected with an event of still greater importance, but which Ariosto considered as subordinate to it,—the imaginary war between the 'Saracens and Charlemagne;' and the efforts of the Emperor and his Paladins to deliver Europe from the barbarians. Round these dominant representations, a prodigious number of tragic, comic, gallant adventures, are grouped and interwoven. Among these, the love of Orlando for his inflexible Angelica; his frenzy, equally touching and frightful, when he heard of her marriage with Medora, are particularly remarkable. 'Here,' says Our Author, 'the poet takes occasion to present us with the most sublime picture that ever animated poetry, and which induced him to prefix to his work its title of Orlando Furioso.' Here we differ from Our Author: we admit the sublimity of the passage in Ariosto, but we think it inferior to the vision presented to Æneas when he beheld the deities overturning Troy;—to Priam's begging the body of Hector;—to Satan's haranguing the fallen angels in the abyss. Ariosto's poem

ends with the marriage of Roger and Bradamante: it is successfully kept in view throughout the poem.

In the midst of the three principal actions, which Ariosto generally brings before his readers, at the same instant, and almost always in front; in the midst, too, of a multitude of extraordinary incidents, introduced as episodes, which accompany his work throughout; that which we should most admire is the art,—the more wonderful because it appears perfectly natural,—by which, without any seeming effort, he produces, interrupts, resumes, and unfolds, all his specious miracles, and leads them to a close. Every thing is extraordinary and wonderful; but every thing appears to present and arrange itself spontaneously. That which at first appeared a marvellous and phantastical invention, loses this character as the poet proceeds with his work. It gives so much action and vivacity to his creations, that he himself seems to be convinced of the truth of his narratives, and to believe sincerely that which, at first, seemed incredible. It even becomes painful to acknowledge to one's-self, when we reach the end of any story, that what has interested us so much, is destitute of reality.

With genius—"that power," says Doctor Johnson, "which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,"—Ariosto was pre-eminently gifted. On this account, notwithstanding all his wildness and irregularity, the Italians, as the same author observes, prefer him to Tasso: though Tasso also possessed genius in a very high degree.

Yet few authors polished their verses with greater care than Ariosto: the original manuscripts of some stanzas of his Orlando Furioso have reached us: they are full of corrections, and these are often and often repeated. In some instances, these stanzas are, in respect to thought, expression, and structure, of the simplest kind, still, they have received equal elaboration with the noblest. This will surprise no artist: "*difficile est proprie communia dicere*: that which is written with ease is seldom read with pleasure: to produce the *Molle atque facetum*, doings and iterated doing are absolutely necessary.

Every other species of literature, except oratory, was, by Our Author's account, cultivated during this period in Italy. In history, more than one writer was eminently successful. To Machiavelli and Guiccardini, France can oppose no historian except d'Avila,—himself an Italian. But neither Machiavelli nor Guiccardini will bear a comparison with Hume, Robertson, or Gibbon.

#### *Fifth Period: 1575—1675.*

In his examination of the Italian literature of this period, Our Author makes a very singular reflection. He notices the intro-



election of the Inquisition into Italy; it is unnecessary to say that he condemns it in the strongest terms; still, he thinks it was favorable to *literary liberty*. While the learned were under the protection of the great, they naturally felt, not only a disposition to accommodate themselves to the humours, but a willingness to embrace the opinions, of their patrons: and thus there was a rivalry in every palace, who should express himself most eloquently on the subject which their protector wished to have discussed, and who should support his opinions upon it with the greatest energy. But when the strong arm of power attempted to proscribe opinions, it kindled a spirit of opposition; subserviency gradually disappeared. Every person began to think and act for himself; and, therefore, originated new opinions.

Till the period which now engages the attention of our author, the number of those who denied the paramount excellence of Petrarcha's poetry, was small. Insensibly it decreased, and lyrical poetry, of every kind, assumed a bolder note, and soared with a stronger pinion. Of these adventurers, the celebrated Torquato Tasso was the most successful. His 'Jerusalem Delivered' has been translated into every modern tongue; but into none, perhaps, with more felicity than our own. We allude particularly to the versions of Fairfax and Wiffen.

The bard was singularly fortunate in his subject. It interested the feelings of all his readers. No poem exhibits such a variety of scenery—so many exalted and attracting personages—so many sublime or affecting incidents; yet each accords with the others—all tend to the same end. The unity of the design is invariably preserved. The characters of the persons brought into it are strongly and distinctly marked. Each has a physiognomy—a nature—an action that peculiarly belongs to him: whatever he does, or says, is his own; nothing said or done by one individual could, with propriety, be said or done by another. The poetry of Tasso, like that of Homer, bestows on his heroes, in our conceptions of them, a real existence of form and character: all are invested with dignity; but all interest. Who does not feel for Erminia, for Tancred, for Clorinda, for Solyman, or even for Armida? Is not Rinaldo beloved by every reader\*? Tasso can elevate, and can terrify; but it is his peculiar power to interest and delight.

Such is Tasso; no person acquiesces more fully, than we generally do, in any sentence pronounced by Boileau upon a work of poetry: but we have never read without surprise the verse in which he opposes—

*Le Clinquant de Tasse a tout l'or de Virgile.*

Tasso has conceits, prettynesses, false metaphors, hyperboles: but have not the greatest writers their defects? Does not Homer

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\* The Petit Page of Beaumarchais, is what one might suppose Rinaldo would have been, if he had been a Petit Page.

sometimes sleep? If we except Shakspeare and Milton, we may confidently assert, that since the Mantuan bard, no poet has, in the *forte epos*,—the greatest effort, perhaps, of the human mind,—shewn himself equal to Tasso.

Our author allows, that the cavalier Marino may be justly reproached with many sins against taste and judgment: but ascribes to him great pathos, grace, and sublimity. His poetical influence, by our author's account, extended over most parts of Italy, and attracted so many followers, as to give rise to a school, the members of which were, in opposition to the *Petrarchists*, called, from its founder, *Marinists*.

#### Sixth Period: 1675—1775.

We now come to an important revolution in Italian Literature. An intercourse, on every branch of the belles-lettres, had long subsisted between France and Italy; and, from the time of its commencement, had always been on the increase. It made the Italians acquainted with the objections taken by the best French writers to Marino and his followers. The justice of most of their criticisms was evident; they gave rise to much useful discussion; it led the Italian writers to introduce greater simplicity into their compositions, and this increased both their beauty and their strength. No part of Italy had produced fewer admirers of Marino than Tuscany; scarcely any of his works had been well received in Florence: this was chiefly owing to her three academies, the Florentine, the Del la Cruscan, and the Apatist. The first was founded by Cosmo di Medici in 1540, avowedly for the purpose of perfecting the Tuscan language. Tiraboschi informs us, that this academy proposed Petrarcha for a model; and that the veneration which the members of it expressed for him, equalled that which antiquity had professed for Plato. In 1582, the Academy Della Crusca, a filiation from the Florentine, was established. Its principal object was to ascertain and fix a standard of purity for the Italian language. With this view, the academy published, in 1612, its celebrated Vocabulary; it has been often reprinted: a magnificent edition of it appeared in 1738, in six volumes folio. The academy of the Apatists was founded by an individual of Florence, and has rivalled the two former academies in the literary eminence of their respective members.

All the three adhered to Petrarcha, and generally shut their doors against the Marinists. The *eternal city* also declared against them, and, in opposition to them, erected, under the auspices of Christina, Queen of Sweden, the academy of the Arcadia. Other academies, with the same views, and adopting the same principles, arose in other parts of Italy.

As the Opera of Italy forms an important branch of her poetic renown, we hoped our author would, in conformity with his general plan, have given us an account of its rise and successive improve-

ments. All we learn from him is, that nothing could be less entitled to praise than the scenic poetry of Italy, before the time of Apostoto Zeno. He considerably improved the style and language of the opera : but it was reserved for Metastasio to bring them to perfection. The operas composed by him are above praise : his thoughts vary with his subject ; they are sometimes heroic, sometimes simple, and sometimes pastoral, but they are always just ; they never run into point or epigram. But, though they have the greatest appearance of flowing without effort from the writer's pen, they were always elaborated with the greatest care. To ascertain whether they would conform to voice, Metastasio, after he had composed a song, generally sung it to some air of the same measure. If he found a word that did not mingle with its neighbours, he uniformly altered it. Sometimes, as in the *Vo scando in mar crudele*, Metastasio struck the highest chords of the lyre ; but his forte is tenderness and pellucid simplicity.

Our author then leads us to the reforms produced in comedy by Goldoni, and in tragedy by Alfieri. To each he assigns his just measure of praise. He mentions a multitude of other writers, who illustrated Italy throughout this period : we are surprised that he does not dwell longer on Giannoni, by far the best historian, (unless we should except Fra Paolo), whom Italy has produced. The History of Naples, with which he has favoured the public, is a work of great learning, and is written in excellent taste. No work gives so good an account of the jurisprudence of Italy, or of the conflicts between the church and the state during the middle ages.

Our author also dedicates some pages to the pastoral, and some to the serio-comic poetry of the Italians.

"Dione," says Doctor Johnson, in his Life of Gay, "is a counterpart to Amynta and Pastor Fido, and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated and unworthy of imitation. There is something in the poetical Arcadia so remote from known reality and speculative possibility, that we can never support its representation through a long work. A pastoral of a hundred lines may be endured ; but who will hear of sheep and goats, and myrtle bowers, and purling rivulets, through five acts. Such scenes please barbarians in the dawn of literature, and children in the dawn of life ; but will be, for the most part thrown away, as men grow wise, and nations grow learned." To this we must oppose the judgment and feelings of men of taste in the most learned and polite ages. Both the Dione and the Acis and Galatea of Gay, are poor performances : the neglect of them by the public is, therefore, no more an argument against the merit of the species of poetry to which they belong, than Blackmore's failure in King Arthur, is an argument against the supreme merit of an epic poem, perfectly executed. Men of taste, of every nation, have read the Amynta and Pastor Fido with delight. Both are sometimes dis-

graced by conceits, and neither rises to the pathetic: but in both, the language always charms; the thoughts are frequently beautiful, and the characters are well supported. They have been translated into every language, and have found admirers in all. Is not the Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsay read with pleasure both in and out of Scotland? Comus (but this is on account of its transcendent excellence), is not to be named with these poems. But among those on whose birth the muse has smiled propitiously, is there one, who, both in his youthful, and his wiser and more learned years, has not perused it with increasing admiration and delight? Doctor Johnson objects to it, the too great simplicity of its story, its want of animation, and of reciprocal quickness in its dialogues. His criticism is just; but it does not detract from the substantial merit of the poem.

*Seventh Period: 1775—to the Present Time.*

Our author now leads us to the seventh period of Italian literature—its actual state.

By his account two literary sects have, within our time, sprung up in Italy: one contends for a rigid adherence to the rules which the classical writers of antiquity have left us, by precept or example; the other endeavours to introduce among their countrymen, an imitation of the homely and extravagant effusions of the German muse. The former are termed *Classicals*; the latter, *Romantists*. Our author informs us, that these were encouraged by Madame de Stael; and that they chiefly owe their success to her influence.

We wish he had informed us, whether the present literature of Italy is affected by the iron hand of the Austrian domination, under which it now groans.

The muses droop,—the Goths prevail,  
Adieu! the sweets of Arno's vale!

Thus, the Duke of Dorset sung of this lovely country, when, in 1737, it passed from John Gaston, the last Duke of Tuscany of the Medicean stem, to Francis Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor of Austria. We fear the verses are too applicable at this time, both to the civil and the literary state of Italy.

Here we close our account of this interesting and instructive work. From the outline given by us of its contents, our readers will perceive, that the poetry of the Italians has principally engaged the attention of the author. This may be accounted for by the size of the publication, which restrained him from entering into details respecting any writer, lower than the very first degree of eminence. Now, all writers in Italy of this description are poets. Most, however, of its respectable writers upon every subject, are noticed by him. A chronological table concludes our author's work. To the names of the writers, who, in his opinion, possess

transcendant merit, he prefixes two asterisks; to the writers of the second order, he prefixes one. With the two asterisks nine authors only—Dante, Petrarcha, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Ariosto, Tasso, Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri,—are honoured; those, with one asterisk, are much more numerous.

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ART. IV. *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical; embracing a Period of English History, from the Accession of Richard II., to the Death of Henry VII.* By Emma Roberts. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Harding & Lepard; Whittaker. 1827.

WE are always disposed to receive with courtesy, and treat with indulgence, the contributions of our fair country-women, to the lighter departments of historical literature. We do not, it is true, expect from them the vigorous delineation of character, or the profound deductions of philosophical study; we cannot even with reason require that they shall shew the same degree of previous learning, of laborious and patient research, and of logical judgment in the investigation of conflicting evidence, which we are entitled to demand from the male historian. For such severer qualities and occupations of masculine intellect, neither the usual nature of their education, the natural bent of their genius, nor their habitual cast of thought, can be supposed to have prepared them. But if we may not claim from them the province, or the power, to unravel the perplexities of political action, or to unfold the lessons of political experience, there are innumerable collateral objects of historical inquiry which are harmoniously adapted to their pursuits, and may gracefully exercise their intellectual tastes. Their becoming engagements in literature may be assimilated to those by which, in the domestic relations of life, they dispense gaiety, and elegance, and refinement, over the sterner business and duties of our existence. The illustration of the manners and pleasures,—of the ceremonies, costumes, and fashions of past ages, will always abound in lively and agreeable interest: the development of the interior of courts, and the episodic narration of courtly biography, must ever be full of attraction and amusement. Yet these points of attention, so attractive and curious, the professed political historian can seldom find leisure to investigate, or space to introduce; and it may with peculiar propriety be left to the female mind, to examine and depict those features in the ruder society of other times, which its influence has so beautifully softened, embellished, and chastened in our own.

We have had frequent occasion, of late years, to notice with applause the ingenious and successful attempts of several of our fair writers, thus to give elegant variety and ornament to the political details of different epochs in English history; and we now rejoice in being able to assign to these volumes, by Miss Roberts,

a very creditable place in a class of productions so pleasing and rational. Her work, indeed, has been a far more elaborate and difficult enterprise, than the memoirs of a court under a single reign, or the mere biography of one royal or noble individual. She has aspired, somewhat more ambitiously, to embrace the course of public transactions during nothing less than a century of time; and she has undertaken to diversify the thick coming events of turbulent revolutions, and sanguinary wars, throughout the whole period, with full-length biographical portraits, and ample pictures of courtly and domestic manners. In proportion to the difficulties of her task, is the merit that she has accomplished it with adequate industry and skill. Notwithstanding the long range of her principal narrative, the immense number and intricacy of the circumstances through which it extends, the confusion, obscurity, and doubt, in which a great portion of these events are involved, Miss Roberts has, in general, related the story of the great contest between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, with more precision and lucid simplicity than we could have anticipated. Upon her execution of all those concomitant parts of her work which do not immediately relate to the political story, we shall give her much higher praise. We have really been surprised, as well as gratified, to observe the amount and variety of the documents which she has brought to bear upon the state of private manners, and the biography of distinguished individuals in England during the fifteenth century; and in these respects, her volumes certainly contain a greater body of curious and detailed information, than any other single work with which we are acquainted, relating to the same period.

That Miss Roberts should have produced so very entertaining a book, is the more creditable to her ingenuity, because the portion of English history which she has selected for the subject of her labours, is, in itself, very far from inviting. We refer, of course, chiefly to the reigns of Henry VI., and his Yorkist successors, which necessarily occupy the far greater division of her volumes. The annals of that period are written in characters of blood. The sanguinary contest between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, was an exhibition only of atrocious crime, relieved by no fair examples of humanity, productive of few brilliant or virtuous characters, and leading, at least in its immediate object and consequences, to no increase of public happiness, civilization, or freedom. On the contrary, during the greater part of the fifteenth century, in which the other countries of Europe made such surprising advances in knowledge and prosperity, the progress of national improvement in England was completely arrested. The very nature of the fierce and exterminating conflict which so long rent and distracted this unhappy kingdom, and deluged it with its best blood, was most frivolous in its purposes, and pernicious in its influence upon the character of the nation. The quarrel of the

hostile pretenders to the crown, was a mere question of genealogical claims, involving neither the generous assertion of popular rights, nor the cause of national independence and glory. It was a brutal struggle of two hereditary factions, whose equality of strength divided the land, and whose alternate preponderance only multiplied confiscations and butcheries. Among the nobles, the beautiful spirit of chivalry which had adorned the splendid reign of the third Edward, with its observances of courtesy and honourable faith, was defiled in these civil wars by the basest assassinations and treachery: among the people, the moral energy, and the spirit of freedom, which had elevated the Commons in the preceding age, seemed altogether destroyed; and the vigorous shoots of liberty, which had been the auspicious growth of the fourteenth century, were neglected and trampled under foot in the lawless violence and anarchy of daily revolutions.

The massacres which followed almost every defeat in the field, the cold-blooded murders which were continually perpetrated by the adherents of both parties, plunged the country again into the original barbarism of the darkest centuries. There is no experience in the history of any nation in Europe, during the worst part of the middle ages, of a more frightful series of crimes than were perpetrated during these English civil wars; and it is only wonderful that the contamination of such scenes of cruelty and blood, did not leave deeper effects upon the character of the people of this island in subsequent ages.

The evil consequences of the quarrel between the rival roses, are clearly traced, however, in the constitutional history of England, during the two following centuries. The termination of that contest left the kingdom, prepared by its miserable exhaustion, to sink prostrate under the yoke of a despotic master. No power remained capable of struggling against the arbitrary encroachments of the royal authority. Of the great nobility of the land, one half at least had been extirpated by the sword and the axe, by merciless proscriptions and iniquitous attainders; and in the portion that survived, disastrous experience of the calamities of rebellion had broken all spirit of justifiable resistance to the throne. The Commons, without union, and without leaders of their own, or aristocratic support, were no longer sufficiently strong to challenge from a vigorous government, still less to extend, the observance of those rights which their fathers had wrung from the necessities, or the weakness of the Plantagenet princes. "That spirit of resistance to oppression," as Dr. Lingard has very justly observed, "that ardour to claim and establish their liberties, which characterised the parliaments of former times, had been extinguished in the bloody feuds between the two Roses. The temporal peers who had survived the storm, were few in number, and without the power of their ancestors: they feared, by alarming the suspicions of the monarch, to replunge themselves into the dangers from which they

had so lately emerged; and the Commons readily adopted the humble tone and submissive demeanour of the upper house. Henry VII.—and the same may be observed of his two last predecessors—found them always the obsequious ministers of his pleasures." In short, the blood which was so wantonly and lavishly shed in the empty cause of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, served only to cement the iron despotism of the Tudors; and it was not until after the lapse of many generations, that the people wrested again from the Stuarts those essential privileges and fundamental securities against arbitrary power, which their ancestors had won before the commencement of the wars of the Roses, and lost in the turbulence, the fury, and the wickedness of those fatal convulsions.

Nothing, therefore, would possibly be farther removed from the fact, or betray greater ignorance of the real character of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, than to suppose that the struggle was favourable to popular liberty; that it had the tendency or practical result of developing the strength of the Commons, or securing their privileges. Miss Roberts, we presume, has not aspired to illustrate the constitutional history of England, nor has she devoted more than a passing notice to any of the proceedings of the parliament in the whole period embraced by her story. But the few comments which she offers on this general subject are peculiarly infelicitous: as when she declares (vol. ii., pp. 279—280), that the 'precarious tenure by which the opposing houses of York and Lancaster, held the crown, was highly favourable to the interests of the House of Commons;' that the princes of the rival lines 'dependent upon the suffrages of that august assembly, dared not oppose the right for which they boldly contended;' and that the Commons 'profited by the circumstances of the times, and the concessions granted in moments of need, to strengthen their influence, and legalise their proceedings.' The error of these conclusions is demonstrable from the single fact, that Edward IV., whose reign, after his final triumph over the Lancastrian cause, may be characterised as an epoch of domestic tranquillity, was the first sovereign to practise a new method of taking his subjects' money without consent of parliament, under the plausible name of benevolences:—an arbitrary breach of that great constitutional principle which the Commons had established in the preceding age, and for the recovery of which, the memorable struggle of the parliament with Charles I. was, two centuries afterwards, primarily to arise. Yet so completely was the government of Edward IV. a reign of terror and despotism, that this illegal mode of levying taxes was abjectly submitted to; nor, notwithstanding the tyrannical nature of the king's general administration, do the Commons appear to have had the courage to offer remonstrance or opposition to his will upon a single occasion. His reign was the first, for ages, during "which



no statute was passed for the redress of grievances, or the maintenance of the subjects' liberty;" and Mr. Hallam's researches have shewn, that throughout it, not even a solitary petition for such purposes is to be found upon the rolls of parliament. Such was the decay of freedom already effected by the result of the civil wars.

While we are speaking upon parliamentary history, we are also called upon to notice another little error into which our fair author has, not unnaturally, fallen. In justly observing, that in the age before her, 'parliaments were usually of very short duration, seldom exceeding three sessions of a few weeks' continuance,' she adds (vol. ii., p. 282), that 'the parliament which deposed Richard II., and raised Henry IV. to the throne, sate only one day.' Now the fact is, that it was no more than a mere legal fiction which has given to that parliament, with superficial observers, the appearance of having only assembled for a single day. It had been summoned by writ from Richard II., to receive that monarch's forced abdication of the throne; and on its first meeting, it had immediately assented to Henry of Lancaster's challenge of the crown. But as the existence of any parliament expired with the reign of the sovereign by whose summons it had been convened, the assembly thus called by Richard II., could not legally become the parliament of Henry IV. The new monarch, however, had no desire suddenly to exchange the men who had shewn themselves so favourable to his views, for a fresh and untried composition of members; and recourse was therefore had to a curious and, as it must appear to us, most ridiculous subterfuge, to evade such a necessity. The parliament was formally dissolved, and writs issued for a new one to assemble *in six days*. Here of course was no time for fresh elections, and all the old members took their seats again. The ceremony of opening a new parliament was adopted, as if the members had been duly re-elected; and hence the mistake into which Miss Roberts and others have been led. The parliament first met on the 30th of September, 1399, and again, in its pretended new character, on the 6th of October (Rot. Parl. iii., pp. 417—425, &c.). But as nothing is more certain than that the last assembly of Richard II., and the first of Henry IV., were composed of precisely the same individuals without re-election, and after, in fact, no more than an adjournment of a few days; it would be absurd, with this knowledge, to represent them as two different parliaments.

But turning from these dry points of constitutional history, in which, as we have already observed, it is scarcely fair to expect that a lady shall be very deeply or minutely read, we gladly proceed to bear testimony to the general accuracy of Miss Roberts' narrative. The reader need not be reminded that her subject, besides the opposite colouring of which great parts of it are susceptible, involves a vast number of disputed *facts*, which have

embarrassed and divided the judgment, and exercised the speculations, of historians. It is only necessary for one example, to refer to the well-known controversies on the real character of Richard III., and the extent of his guilt—his share in the death of Henry VI., and his own queen—the fate of his nephews in the tower—and, connected with the last circumstance, the doubtful identity of Perkin Warbeck. But we allude to these questions only as a very few of the more celebrated among a thousand historical doubts, which she has had to contend with. We have certainly not followed her minutely through every part of her story: but upon several contested points of most consequence, we have been at considerable trouble to subject her statements to a rigid examination; and the result has left with us a very favourable opinion of her good sense, as well as of the care and fidelity which are evinced in her researches. She has evidently gone for information to the only original authorities which are extant, and also compared the conclusions of the most judicious modern writers. And having neither received any thing upon trust, nor on the other hand been seduced by the vanity of setting up any plausible conjectures and theories of her own, she has followed the only secure line of impartial inquiry. That her book was required for the better elucidation of events which have been so laboriously examined by many distinguished modern writers, cannot, of course, in the present state of our historical literature be admitted: for she has, in this respect, only gone over ground that had previously been as successfully explored as was possible with the imperfect light of contemporary records. But the nature of her work has not restricted her to the brevity of the general historian; and her minute and loquacious details invest the relation of events, which are in the abstract most familiar, with some appearance of freshness and novelty.

The amusing character of these volumes, however, consists in the biographical notices, and particulars illustrative of the state of domestic society, which are interspersed in almost endless variety through the political narrative. A great deal of this entertaining and curious matter has never been printed before; and the remainder is judiciously extracted from antiquarian essays, which are scarcely accessible to the majority of readers. Many of the biographical sketches are exceedingly interesting in their way; and none more so than the account of Sir John Fastolfe, whose name has obtained so whimsical a species of immortality, not for the prowess that honourably distinguished it in his own age, but by the irreverent application with which our great bard has transferred it to the "fat knight of Eastcheap." The mode in which Miss Roberts has sketched the portrait of this renowned warrior, is characteristic of her spirit of industrious compilation. With the memoir of Sir John Fastolfe in the *Biographia Britannica*, she has interwoven many new particulars, diligently collected from the

Paston Letters, in which his correspondence and affairs make rather a conspicuous figure; and a document lately brought to light, and printed in the *Archæologia*, relative to his property, has furnished still further information. Out of these materials Miss Roberts has not only succeeded in tracing minutely the course of Fastolfe's fortunes, but has converted her account of him into a most entertaining and even valuable chapter, in the history of the private life and manners of the age. The prominent features in Fastolfe's history are that, after serving with distinction in the French wars under Henry V., and in the following reign, he retired to the estates of his inheritance in Norfolk, 'covered with his well-earned laurels, and laden with the treasure which he had accumulated in the war,' and died several years afterwards, at an advanced age, just as the struggle of the rival Roses was commencing. 'After his retirement,' says Miss Roberts, 'to the stirring tumult of a soldier's life succeeded the cares, anxieties, and petty warfare attendant upon the management of property, continually endangered by the incursions of marauding, and the arts of insidious, neighbours. A country gentleman, in these troublesome and lawless times, could scarcely hope for domestic repose; and Sir John Fastolfe seems to have been exposed to every variety of annoyance (with the exception of the regular siege of his castle, which did not take place until after his death), which the licentious state of society, and the weakness of the government, combined to produce. The brief notices of passing events which occur in the Paston Letters, depict the habits, manners, and disposition of the knight and his associates, very forcibly, and from these authentic sources we may form a lively and accurate idea of the conduct and mode of living of the gentry of England.' We cannot follow our fair author through the details which she proceeds to give; but the account of the effects left by this wealthy soldier is too curious to be omitted. Be it observed, that his riches were chiefly the produce of his French campaigns, and we shall form some idea of the license of spoliation which military leaders enjoyed in those wars. Fastolfe complains bitterly in one letter that he had not received his share of the ransom of the Duke of Alençon, whom he took prisoner with his own hand at the battle of Verneuil, and speaks elsewhere of services 'never yet guerdoned or rewarded.' Yet on his decease, besides an enumeration of sixteen manors, and forty-nine different places in which he owned landed estates,—

'The catalogue of treasure of various descriptions accumulated by Sir John Fastolfe, occupies nearly thirty quarto pages of the *Archæologia*, from whence the following extracts are made. The gold coins amounted to two thousand six hundred and forty three pounds ten shillings, which, we are told by Mr. Amyot, according to the rate of money in those days, must be esteemed a considerable sum. Thirteen thousand four hundred ounces of silver plate are mentioned as the equipment of Caister castle.

Three hundred ounces more were committed to the care of the monks of St. Bennet's abbey, and two thousand five hundred formed a part of the furniture attached to the house at Bermondsey. The workmanship of these massive ornaments appears to have been very beautiful: a silver salt cellar, weighing seventy-seven ounces, is described as moulded in the form of a bastille or tower, 'alle gilt with roses;' and another still larger, 'gilt, with many windows.' The inventory likewise mentions a spice plate shaped like a double rose, ornamented with the knight's helmet and red roses, part of the blazonry of his arms. Six bowls also embellished with the helmet in enamel, two pottle pots of silver wreathed with foliage, a pair of basons, 'alle gilt with an antelope in the midst.' Two galot or gallon pots enriched in the 'crownes with violet flowers;' four cups, gilt 'like fountains, with one columbine flower enamelled in the midst.' The remainder of the plate, though rich and weighty, is not so curious and elegant, and therefore may be passed over. The list of the wardrobe is very long, containing an account of an immense quantity of garments of various materials and shapes, in which satin, velvet, and cloth of gold, especially the two former, occur in profuse abundance. The tapestry hangings and cloths of arras, described as the adornments of the state apartments, glowed with vivid embroidery, depicting sacred, heroic, and pastoral subjects. The Assumption, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, belong to the first; in the second, the siege of Falaise and the portraiture of nine conquerors occur; and in the last are represented a grove of poplars, various feats of archery, sylvan personages, hawk in hand, or following the chase, and—the favourite character of the middle ages—a wild or 'salvage man.' In addition to these devices are two which appear to illustrate the popular legends of the time, 'a geyaunt beryng the legge of a bore,' and 'a gentlewoman harping by a castle.' Nearly all the chambers were furnished with feather beds, and several contained articles which even now are confined to the luxurious abodes of the great: 'pillowes of downe,' and 'bags stuffed with lavender,' large carpets and embroidered coverlets. The great hall was appropriately decorated with eleven cross bows, a boar spear, and a target; and the winter-hall was hung with a cloth of arras representing the morysch, or morris dance.

'There are, also, numerous weapons and articles of offensive and defensive armour enumerated in the catalogue; but the list of books is exceedingly scanty. Mr. Amyot, whose indefatigable zeal in the service of literature entitles him to the gratitude of all who feel interested in the illustration of ancient modes and manners, observes, in the preliminary remarks affixed to his transcription of these rolls, 'that the knight's learned secretary, William of Worcester, whose studies he encouraged, and whose chamber is noticed in the inventory, does not seem to have directed his patron's taste to the acquirement of a library, though in his own person he engaged in the pursuit of books with the ardour of a modern bibliomaniac.' It appears, indeed, from a passage in one of the Paston Letters, that Worcester was as eager to procure a good book of French, or of poetry, as his master Fastolfe was to purchase a fair manor. Another letter, in the same collection, shews that the secretary had obtained two volumes which had belonged to his patron, though they are not described in the present inventory; one of them a chronicle of Jerusalem, the other a history of Fastolfe's own achievements. On the whole, it is probable that Sir

John, while he was a liberal benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, as well as the sister University, contented himself, as his contemporaries of high rank probably did, 'with promoting literature by his bounty, without partaking of its enjoyments.' Mr. Amyot also expresses his surprise at the small quantity of the generous extract of the grape mentioned in these rolls. 'It is remarkable that, in a mansion so celebrated for its hospitality, the cellar should be found to contain only two pipes of red wine, and none of any other description.' The butlery had its gallon pots and pottles of leather, and the size of the silver flaggons, destined for the banqueting hall, is sufficient to assure us that, notwithstanding the scanty furniture of his cellars, the knight's board was amply supplied with the exhilarating beverage, then, as at the present time, constituting so important a feature in the banquet.—vol. ii., pp. 52—55.

This enumeration of Fastolfe's wealth is certainly a very remarkable document. With respect to the worth, in present money, of the gold coin left by the knight, we may observe, by the way, that our fair author might have estimated it much less vaguely than 'we are told by Mr. Amyot.' It is well known that the value of a given sum in the reign of Henry VI. should be equivalent, for the ordinary purposes of purchase, to fifteen or sixteen times its nominal amount in the currency of these days; and the treasure left by Fastolfe would, therefore, be equal to about 40,000*l.* of our money. But we confess that we have been more surprised at the subsequent statement of the quantity of silver plate thus possessed by a single private individual, in the fifteenth century. Sixteen thousand ounces (if the transcript of the inventory be correct, which, however, we should be disposed to doubt), must appear an enormous mass of ornament, destined for the board of a simple knight, and would give us a gorgeous idea of the rude splendour which graced the banquets of the fifteenth century. There is no other example of nearly such an accumulation of plate in any inventory or testament of the times; but Miss Roberts has certainly collected from the *Testamenta Vetusta*, and other sources, various proofs that the domestic wealth of that century was far greater than some of our latest and most judicious historians have been led to conclude. The industry with which she has concentrated a great body of scattered evidence on this really interesting little point of inquiry, is extremely praiseworthy, and renders the part of her work which contains the domestic history of the period, full of value and authority.

The magnificence of the fifteenth century was not displayed only in plate, jewels, and some few principal articles of household furniture; it was extended to personal fashions. Upon so important an article as dress, ladies are entitled to claim a paramount right of judgment; and Miss Roberts has discoursed both learnedly and eloquently on this fertile theme of female dissertation. We shall copy her account of fashions during the reign of the fourth Edward, both for its amusing details, and as an example of her manner of description:

'Edward was immoderately attached to the fopperies of dress: He studied new devices for the decoration of his person, continually appearing in some strange and becoming garb of silk or velvet, richly ornamented and lined with costly furs. He refused to allow any person beneath the rank of a prince of the blood to wear cloth of gold or silk of regal purple; limited gold tissue to dukes, and confined the glittering manufacture, in its plainest state, entirely to the nobility. Velvet, satin, and damask, by these sumptuary laws, were only permitted to knights and gentlemen; and the lower orders of labourers, artificers, and servants, were restricted to the use of cloth not exceeding two shillings a yard.

'Monstrelet informs us, that during the period of Edward's reign, the fashion of dress sustained a considerable alteration. 'The ladies and damsels,' says the historian, 'laid aside their long trains to their gowns, and in lieu of them, had deep borders of furs of minever, martin, and others, or of velvet, and various articles of a great breadth. They also wore hoods on their heads, of a circular form, half an ell or three quarters high, gradually tapering to the top. Some had them not so high, with handkerchiefs wreathed round them, the corners hanging down to the ground. They wore silken girdles of greater breadth than formerly, with the richest shoes, with golden necklaces, much more trimly decked in divers fashions than they were accustomed to wear them. At the same time, the men wore shorter dresses than usual. The sleeves of their outward dress and jackets were slashed, to shew their wide white shirts. Their hair was so long that it covered their faces and eyes; and on their heads they had cloth bonnets of a quarter of an ell in height. Knights and esquires indifferently wore the most sumptuous golden chains. Even the varlets had jackets of silk, satin, or velvet; and almost all, especially at the courts of princes, wore peaks at their shoes a quarter of an ell in length. They had also under their jackets large stuffings at their shoulders, to make them appear broad, which is a very vanity, and perchance displeasing to God; and he who was short-dressed to-day, on the morrow had his robe training on the ground. These fashions were so universal, that there was not any little gentleman but would ape the nobles and the rich, whether they dressed in long or short robes, never considering the great expense, nor how unbecoming it was to their situation.' These foreign modes travelled swiftly to England. An old writer complains, that Englishmen allowed their hair to grow so long, that it hid their foreheads, which bore the mark of the cross in baptism; and that the capes of the tunics and mantles were as short as if they were preparing to be beheaded. 'Formerly,' observes the satirist, 'they were made high, that they might stand up to keep the cold out of their necks; but now they are short, as if intended to be out of the way of the executioner's axe.' Gough remarks the superior elegance of the costume of the reign of Edward IV., particularly with respect to female attire. Necklaces, fancifully set with precious stones, similar to those mentioned by Monstrelet, appear upon the monumental effigies of ladies of rank; their veils flow gracefully behind their heads, and their robes are ornamented at the bottom with a deep border. 'In the middle of the fifteenth century,' observes our author, 'female dress made great approaches to that worn in the succeeding one; the long sleeves were left off entirely—the mantle exchanged for a flowing gown, tightened more indeed round the waist, but training in the skirts like modern dress.

The head-dress floated more at ease, with veil-like lappets, stretched on wires, and supported by a stiffened cawl.' The absurd custom of wearing pikes to the shoes still continued. Paradin tells us, that 'the men wore shoes with a point before half a foot long; the richer and more eminent personages wore them a foot, and princes two feet long, which was the most ridiculous thing ever seen; and when men became tired of these pointed shoes, which were called poulaines, they adopted others in their stead, denominated duck-bills.' Edward IV. disapproved of these unseemly fashions; and in the fourth year of his reign, all shoemakers or cobblers in London, or within three miles of the metropolis, were forbidden to make, or cause to be made, any shoes or buskins with pikes or poulaines exceeding the length of two inches, upon pain of forfeiting twenty shillings.'—vol. ii., pp. 179—182.

Of the feasts and festivals, the jousts and tournaments, the masquing and mumming, and all the other amusements, courtly, baronial, and rural, of the ages before us, we have, of course, very full and elaborate notices. So, also, of more serious illustrations of the domestic condition of society: the architecture, agriculture, commerce, and literature, such as it was, of the times. We could have wished that more method and arrangement had been shewn by Miss Roberts in the distinct treatment of all these subjects; for they are sometimes too indiscriminately blended. But we are, nevertheless, bound to declare, that her work forms, as a whole, the most full and lively picture which we possess of the state of English society during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

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ART. V. *Situation Progressive Des Forces de La France, depuis 1814.* Par Le Baron Charles Dupin, Membre de l'Institut, &c. Deuxieme Edition. 8vo. pp. 95. Paris: Bachelier. Trétiel & Wurtz. 1827.

NOTHING in the history of nations is calculated to awaken more surprise, than the rapidity with which France has been able to revive and recruit her internal strength, after the ordeal of unexampled calamities through which she was condemned to pass. From the year 1803 to 1815, twelve campaigns deprived her of nearly a million of the most effective part of her population. These, with two foreign invasions, in succession, and the exaction of a tribute by her triumphant enemy, cost France, in treasure, a sum of nine thousand millions of francs. In addition to this she was burdened with the maintenance of an army of occupation, from 1815 to the close of 1818.

'Still,' exclaims Mr. Dupin, in a tone of patriotic exultation, 'from 1818 to 1827—in nine short years, these deep wounds have been completely healed. In vain does the eye now look for the cicatrices of them—the country has repaired her unexampled losses—she has risen from her exhaustion, and already, by virtue of that moral energy which is the happy offspring of her liberties, she is become more active, more vigorous, more imposing than ever. To behold her thus struggling to

regain her pristine majesty, is one of the most sublime spectacles which can be presented to the contemplation of mankind.'—p. 8.

The agricultural produce of France, which, during the war, and for some years after it had ceased, was insufficient for her then diminished population, is now superabundant, although her inhabitants have been increased by an accession of four millions of souls. Larger tracts of land have been put into cultivation; a better system of farming has been followed; the waste occasioned by the necessities or wantonness of foreign soldiers has been repaired; and, in fact, all the materials, both animal and mechanical, employed in agriculture, are augmented in a surprising degree.

In manufactures, likewise, the improvement has been equally satisfactory. The woollen manufacture of France is, perhaps, the most important of all her branches of industry. The rapid growth which has taken place in the fabrication of woollen cloths in that country, is to be attributed chiefly to the enterprise of Mr. Ternaux, late a deputy for Paris, who, in addition to his general business as a clothier, has very successfully cultivated the manufacture of Cashmere shawls, for the purposes of which he imported a number of goats from the East. The increase of the woollen manufacture may be judged of, by comparing the quantity of raw material consumed in the factories in 1812, and at the present time. The total quantity of wool employed in the former period did not exceed thirty-five millions of kilogrammes: it now amounts to fifty millions a year, including what is imported from other countries.

The cotton manufacture, which only lately admitted the assistance of machinery, has made still more rapid advances. In 1812, no more than ten millions, three hundred and sixty-two thousand kilogrammes of cotton wool were spun throughout France; in 1825, the quantity spun amounted to twenty-eight millions of kilogrammes; and, in the latter period, the article was wrought to a degree of fineness, and rendered fit for purposes, of which the manufacturers at the former period had no notion.

After noticing, in general terms, the rapid improvement going on in every branch of industry and art, those which depend on the application of capital, as well as those requiring individual skill and ingenuity for their advancement, Mr. Dupin proceeds to a comparative examination of the state of the revenue of France, as a sure index by which the growth of her prosperity may be designated. The result of this investigation furnishes a very gratifying picture; for it is proved, that whilst forty-seven millions of francs, direct taxes, have been taken off since 1820, the gross revenue has actually increased upwards of eight millions from that to the present year. This signal improvement, as Mr. Dupin shews, arises principally from the augmentation which has taken place in the amount of those duties that represent the state of internal trade and consumption



of all kinds; and, is therefore, the most legitimate and satisfactory source of income to which a government can possibly have recourse. To these details, Mr. Dupin adds another series of facts of an equally interesting nature, from which it abundantly appears, that very successful attempts have been made of late years in France, towards giving greater efficiency to the grants of money applicable to the public service.

Such is the outline of the view which Mr. Dupin takes of the commercial and productive resources of his country: but were we to go no farther in our investigation, we should have but a very imperfect notion indeed of the vast improvement which France has recently made; we should be passing over her surprising progress in intellectual and moral cultivation.

The ingenious labours of the Count Daru are already placed before the public, and have furnished the most interesting and accurate evidence of the fertility of the modern French press. It has been shewn that, from the era of the invention of printing to 1814, (an interval of three hundred and seventy-five years), the average annual productions of the press of France never exceeded forty-six millions of sheets. From 1814 to 1826, those productions have amounted to ninety millions of sheets for each year, exclusively of periodical publications. The increase in the quantity of printing at present, is computed to be about twelve and a half per cent for each year. Should that scale of augmentation remain steady, although every year it is ascending, until 1840, the number of annual printed sheets that will issue from the French press, at and after that period, will amount to seven hundred millions! This account refers only to those productions that are not of a periodical nature.

With respect to the periodical publications in France, we own we are surprised to find that they are gradually on the wane. During the six years which ended in 1826, there has been a total decrease in that class of productions of not less than two millions and two hundred thousand sheets. At first this diminution is calculated to excite disappointment; but in Mr. Dupin's opinion, it forms a real ground of congratulation. He seems to be convinced, that the morbid eagerness for the transitory pleasures which journalism, to make use of a French term, can only afford, is yielding to the dominion of a more healthy appetite, which demands wholesome and substantial knowledge.

'It is one of the happy results,' he says, 'of our new institutions, that the public taste is no longer directed to the frivolities of literature, but seeks after subjects of grave import. Philosophy, jurisprudence, and history; the study of men and manners; the examination of the productions of nature or art peculiar to other countries: these are the objects to which the minds of Frenchmen are now constantly turned'.—p. 42. 'If we compare the items of increase in the one class of publications, with those of diminution in the other, we shall come to this remarkable com-

putation :—That in the year 1820, for every million of sheets published on religion, science, literature, and the arts, there issued from the periodical press 352,313 sheets; and, that in 1826, for each million of the former description of sheets, no more than 182,764 of those belonging to the periodical class were published.—p. 49.

However, upon the whole, there appears to be a very striking augmentation in the annual productions of the French press. This increase naturally arises from a corresponding demand, which itself proceeds from two causes; the one is, that persons who used to read, now apply more of their time to books than they were accustomed to devote. The second cause is, that the number of persons who can read is very considerably multiplied. The latter fact supplies a satisfactory proof, that the obstacles which had hitherto impeded the progress of education in France, and the prejudices which had existed there against the most efficient methods of dispersing the elements of knowledge, are fast wearing away. This amelioration is partly due to the enlightened encouragement of the influential, and to the firmness of the people themselves. Much also is to be attributed to fortunate accident. Those numerous members of the Imperial army, who had been educated in the great military institutions of France, being now returned to the bosom of society, were seen scattered throughout the country, operating as so many conductors of improved ideas upon the population immediately within their sphere. Forty years ago only seven millions of French were able to read. At present twelve millions enjoy that capacity; and the time is not distant, when, according to all reasonable calculation, the blessing will be extended to twenty-six millions of the inhabitants of France.

But it is not alone in its commerce, its industry, and in its means of propagating knowledge, that this extensive country has experienced a favourable revolution since 1814. The most striking changes have been wrought in its population, in their manners, their opinions, and various interests. The inhabitants of France may be said to be divided into two great classes: the first, comprising the senior portion of the community, consists of the partizans of the ancient system of political and moral regulation. The other is composed of the recently risen and now rising generations, the friends of universal improvement. A struggle is constantly going on between these two divisions; the success of which in favour of the liberal side, is, according to Mr. Dupin, neither doubtful nor distant. In order to agree completely in this opinion of the learned writer, it is only necessary that we should yield implicitly to his premises; namely, that all the younger population is favourable to the march of improvement, whilst all the old part is hostile to, and seeks to impede it. Mr. Dupin furnishes a calculation, which shews that two thirds of the population now living were not born in 1789; the era of the convocation of the Constituent assembly. It also appears that a fourth part of

the inhabitants who were living under the empire, is no longer in existence. So far, then, as the general population is concerned—adopting Mr. Dupin's assumption—the balance of numbers is decidedly in favour of the new order of opinions. But to shew the relative strength of the conflicting parties, in respect of property, and the various influence which it confers, Mr. Dupin, with obvious propriety, refers to the state of the elective body of France. Upon an examination of the official returns relative to the electoral classes, he found that one half the electors consists of men who were, in 1824, above the age of fifty-five. The opposing parties, therefore, were of equal force in that year. But it is evident that, in the year 1827, the relation between them must have very materially altered; and Mr. Dupin considers himself justified, according to the known laws of mortality, to fix the numbers thus for the above year: sixty thousand electors belonging to the new generation, and forty thousand only of the old. Every year, of course, will add to the ranks of the one, whilst it diminishes those of the other. In numbers, therefore, in property, and in all the power, domestic, local, and political, attached to the possession of it, the young and liberal part of the community have already obtained the advantage.

Symptoms of a great moral revolution have begun to manifest themselves, more especially within the last four years, in every department of society, in every public body, scientific or political, amongst the learned professions, and even amongst the dependents of government itself. Nor is it in France alone that this important transition is visible.

'England,' says our author, 'has furnished the instance of a vast change in the ideas and policy of one of the most fixed governments of Europe. One by one, the old partizans of absolute toryism, who had been rallied by North, and afterwards strengthened by Pitt, drop away, and join those ministers in the grave. A new generation sprung up, and demanded an improved system of law. A particular minister made away with his life, because he refused to change when every thing was changing around him. The remaining members of the cabinet thought it better to continue to live, even upon the condition of adopting an altered system—they called in Mr. Canning, and gave protection to the opinions of the modern generation. For the first time since 1688, all parties rallied to the standard of a ministry which was acceptable to the majority of the people; and the British government thus became the most powerful in Europe, because it was that which was most in harmony with the sentiments of its young and vigorous population,' p. 79.—'When first I visited England, the people, full of insolence and wrath, flung mud at the Prince Regent's carriage, Lord Castlereagh being at that time his Royal Highness's minister. The same Prince has now drawn upon him the affections of his subjects: he is cherished and revered, since he has freely sanctioned the new policy of his ministers.'—p. 80.

But it is a happy result of this prompt and decisive change, at

least so far as France is concerned, that her national manners have experienced an important amendment. If we compare the French literature of the present day,—and the literature of any country, after all, must be regarded as the best criterion of the state of its society at a given era,—with that which signalized the period immediately preceding 1790, we shall find abundant reason to give the palm of superior morality to modern France. At the former epoch, men of the greatest abilities were not ashamed to put forth works the most offensive to religion and morals, with no other motive than to please their contemporaries. Diderot, Piron, Crebillon, and Parny, wrote infamous novels, or still more scandalous poetry. Voltaire sullied the virginal glory of the heroine of France. Rousseau published confessions of his corruption, at once the most abject and gross. Even women of exalted rank did not blush to commit the history of their obscenities to the world. But all these writers belonged to the old generation, and their productions were read and appreciated only by the members of that decaying class of the population, which is inimical to the march of enlightened opinions. Amongst the works of all the French living authors, it is impossible to find one that deserves to be censured for immorality or impiety. In fact, the ablest writers of both sexes in France at this moment, are distinguished by their respect for religion and morals. If we also look into the state of society, we shall find in every grade the marks of a decided amelioration. The palace no longer counts amongst its inmates those audacious harlots, whose presence at a former era had so often disgraced the circles of the French courts. The higher orders in the capital have not a little profited by the “sweet uses” of adversity; and fashionable society is no longer, to say the least of it, what it used to be in the last century in France—only a continued conspiracy against principle and virtue. The clergy, too, have materially altered for the better: the worldly corrupt and hypocritical abbé is extinct, and the care of souls is now a monopoly in the hands of men, who are too sincere not to be successful labourers in the vineyard of the church. The moral improvement of the lower orders is also indicated, by the gradual decrease of crime.

In glancing over the state of French society at the present moment, we find nothing more gratifying than the cordial harmony which subsists between the members of the different religious persuasions. The Jew and the Protestant, being upon an equality as to civil rights with the man who professes the religion of the state, are equally interested with him in being good subjects as well as good citizens.

Such is the auspicious picture of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious state of France, which is presented to us by one of the ablest and most accurate of her practical philosophers. With indefatigable industry and precision, he collects and lays down details: wise and enlightened views, and benevolent wishes for

the improvement of society, mark all his observations and reflections. It is impossible for any person to peruse this brief volume, without being profoundly affected by the vast difference which it must ever make to the happiness of mankind in this world, and to their expectations of that greater happiness in the next, whether they shall be in a state of war or in a state of peace with each other.

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**ART. VI.** *History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times, or a Concise Account of the means by which the genuineness and authenticity of Ancient Historical Works are ascertained. With an Estimate of the Comparative Value of the Evidence usually adduced, in support of the Claims of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.* By Isaac Taylor. 8vo. pp. 256. 8s. London: Holdsworth. 1827.

AT so late a period as the end of the seventeenth century, a Jesuit of the name of Hardouin was bold enough to assert that, with the exception of the works of Cicero, Pliny's Natural History, Virgil's Georgics, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace, all the supposed remains of Greek and Roman authors were manufactured by some Italian monks of the thirteenth century! Replied to and confuted by Le Clerc, La Croze, and others, he made a full and formal recantation of his errors. But "convinced against his will," he was "of the same opinion still." He returned to the charge undaunted, and died, in 1729, satisfied that he alone, of all the world, was not the dupe of bold and crafty imposition. He left neither school nor disciples behind him to perpetuate and promulgate his insane conceptions, which are now matters of amusing and harmless history only. Yet let us not speak of the scepticism broached by Hardouin as negative in its effects. It was eminently useful. Hardouin's doctrines struck at the very root of history, and threatened, at a single blow, to unsettle the confidence of the world in all recorded facts whatever. The dangerous tendency of such a system was fully seen; and its folly, and absolute futility, exposed. Hence a more general promulgation of those laws of literary criticism, from which no forgery can escape without detection, and which establish, on a solid basis, the authenticity of the genuine productions of past ages. The circumstances under which the knowledge of ancient literature was revived in Europe, made the consolidation of such a body of criticism absolutely necessary.

The degradation of Rome was not confined to the destruction of her political importance. Her moral and mental energies were alike enfeebled. Long prior to the ascendancy of her barbarian invaders, she had ceased to cultivate the liberal arts; and literature, already in the last stage of decay, was finally destroyed by the settlement of the northern hordes in Gaul, Italy, and Spain. "The ancient inhabitants, and the Romans who had settled

amongst them, were exterminated in a long succession of ravage and war; they were compelled to seek for shelter in some other soil; or, mixed in the invading mass, were utterly lost to observation. Those institutions, laws, manners, arts, and sciences, which it is the work of ages even imperfectly to establish, disappeared. Contemning what they had no capacity to enjoy, the Goths and Huns reproduced the reign of barbarism\*." At the close of the tenth century, Latin had ceased to be a spoken language; and thus, remarks Mr. Hallam†, was the whole treasure of knowledge locked up from the eyes of the people. The few who might have imbibed a taste for literature, if books had been accessible to them, were reduced to abandon pursuits, that could only be cultivated through a kind of education not easily within their reach. Schools, confined to cathedrals and monasteries, and exclusively designed for the purposes of religion, afforded the only encouragement or opportunities which existed for the laity. The worst effect was, that, as the newly-formed languages were hardly made use of in writing, Latin being still preserved in all legal instruments and public correspondence, the very use of letters, as well as of books, was forgotten. For many centuries, to sum up the account of ignorance in a word, it was rare for a layman, of whatever rank, to know how to sign his name‡. Such learning, therefore, as existed, centred in the clergy; and in the acts of almost every council, even their ignorance is made the subject of reproach. It is asserted by one held in 992, that scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters||. Our own Alfred complained, that from the Humber to the Thames, there was not a priest who understood the Liturgy in his mother tongue, or who could translate the easiest piece of Latin; and that from the Thames to the sea, the ecclesiastics were still more ignorant§.

We, of course, speak here in very general terms, for there were, at all times, bright individual exceptions to the prevailing ignorance. But before the latter end of the eleventh century, no prevalent ardour for literary studies existed any where in Europe. The extraordinary scarcity and high price of books in the dark ages, is one of the remarkable circumstances, which arrest the attention of the modern inquirer into the history of those days of mental and political degradation. Towards the close of the seventh century, even in the papal library of Rome, the number of books was so inconsiderable, that Pope Saint Martin requested Sanctamand, bishop of Maestricht, if possible, to supply this defect from the remotest parts of Germany. Albert, abbot of Gemblours, who, with incredible labour and immense expense, had

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\* Berrington's Lit. History of the Middle Ages, p. 97. † History of the Middle Ages, vol. iii., chap. ix. ‡ Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique, tom. ii., p. 419. || Tiraboschi, tom. iii., p. 198. § Vide Camden's Anglica, &c., p. 25.

collected a hundred volumes on theological, and fifty on profane subjects, imagined he had formed a splendid library! At the beginning of the tenth century, books were so scarce in Spain, that one and the same copy of the Bible, Saint Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, often served several different monasteries. In 1299, the Bishop of Winchester borrowed of his cathedral convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, *Bibham Bene Glossatam*, that is, the Bible, with marginal annotations, in two large folio volumes: but gave a bond for the due return of the loan, drawn up with great solemnity. If any person gave a book to a religious house, he believed that so valuable a donation merited eternal salvation, and he offered it on the altar with great ceremony. The most formidable anathemas were peremptorily denounced against those who should dare to alienate a book presented to the cloister, or library of a religious institution.

About the year 1225, Roger de Insula, dean of York, gave several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, and added a condition, that the students who perused them, should deposit a cautionary pledge. The library of that university, before the year 1300, consisted only of a few tracts, chained, or kept in chests in the choir of St. Mary's church. In the statutes of St. Mary's college at Oxford, founded as a seminary to Oseney abbey, in the year 1446, we find the following rule laid down:—"Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same." Even so late as the year 1471, when Louis the eleventh of France borrowed the works of the Arabian physician, Rhasis, from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, he not only deposited, by way of pledge, a quantity of valuable plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, by which he bound himself to return it under a considerable forfeiture\*. The price of books became so high, that persons of moderate fortune could not afford to purchase them. The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, bishop of Halberstadt, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet†. In the year 1174, Walter, prior of St. Swithin's at Winchester, purchased of the monks of Dorchester, Bede's Homilies, and Saint Austin's Psalter, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall, on which was embroidered in silver, the history of Saint Birsinus, converting a Saxon king. Among the royal manuscripts in the British Museum, there is *Comestor's Scholastic History*, in French, which, as it is recorded in a blank page at the beginning, was taken from the king of France at the battle of Poitiers; and being purchased by William Montague, earl of Salisbury, for one hundred marks, was ordered to be sold by the last will of his

\* Warton's History of Poetry, Dissert. ii. † Hist. Lit. de France, tom. vii., p. 3.

countess, Elizabeth, for forty livres. About the year 1400, a copy of John of Meun's *Roman de la Rose* was sold before the palace gate at Paris, for forty crowns, or 33*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The curious reader, who seeks further information on this interesting branch of literary history, is referred to Gabr. Naud. *Addit. à l'Hist. de Louys XI.*, par Comines.

The struggles that were made towards the cultivation of literature, began to be effectual at the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the fourteenth, an ardent zeal for the restoration of ancient learning displayed itself. Then was the injury which past centuries of barbarism had entailed upon the world, discovered in its full extent. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, only four classical manuscripts existed in the royal library at Paris—Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius. In the year 855, Lupus, abbot of Ferrieres, in France, sent two of his monks to pope Benedict the Third, to beg a copy of *Cicero de Oratore*, and *Quintilian's Institutes*, and some other books: "for," says the abbot, "although we have part of these books, yet there is no whole or complete copy of them in all France." The indefatigable exertions of Petrarca were unable to collect more than three decades of Livy; the first, third, and fourth. He once, in his youth, saw the works of Varro, but never could again meet with them. He found it absolutely impossible to make a complete collection of the works of Cicero, though he sent money for the purpose into Italy, France, Germany, Spain, and Britain, and even Greece. He was once possessed of Cicero's work *de Gloria*; but he lent it to a friend, and it was irreparably lost to himself and the world. He found, however, Quintilian, in 1350, of which there was no copy in Italy. Till Poggio Bracciolini discovered twelve comedies of Plautus, eight only were known. He also brought to light Lactantius *de opificio Dei*; the *Architecture* of Vitruvius; and Priscian on *Grammar*; with the works of many other authors. To these he afterwards added some orations of Cicero, and his treatises *de Finibus* and *de Legibus*. "These works," he exultingly observes, "I saved from the German and Gaulish prisons, and restored them to the light of day\*."

Two great causes of this extraordinary scarcity of books, are obvious enough. The destruction of the works of literature and art by the barbarians, in the first place; and the want of sufficient attention on the part of the monks to the treasures of which they were the sole depositories, in the second. The diligence of the monks, indeed, so far as it went, during the middle ages, in multiplying copies of the works of the sacred and profane authors of antiquity, can never be too highly appreciated. To them,

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\* Berrington's Lit. Hist. 480; Hallam's Middle Ages, chap. ix., p. 2; Warton's Hist. Poet. Dis. ii.; Mills's Travels of Theodore Ducas, vol. i., pp. 27—31.



undoubtedly, we are mainly indebted for "the transmission of ancient books to modern times." A sacred reverence for the ministers of their sacred mysteries, was one of the strongly marked characteristics of the Gothic people. By a transition perfectly natural, they regarded the sacerdotal order of the countries they invaded, with the same hallowed feeling; and, under its influence, spared the persons of the clergy, the edifices, and other objects, with which they were associated. Homes, and literary "appliances," remained to them, whilst lords of palaces and castles were thrown houseless and unlettered on the world. That the monks did not sufficiently estimate the treasures they possessed, is evident, from the erasures which they made of old writings from the parchments which they covered with their own compositions.

Other less apparent causes for the scarcity of manuscripts operated powerfully. The material most in use for writing on, previous to the discovery of the art of making paper from cotton or linen rags, was the papyrus of Egypt.—After the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens, in the seventh century, the trade in papyrus almost ceased between Egypt and Europe; so that, till the invention of paper, parchment alone was used. It was, consequently, very scarce and very dear. "It often happened," says Montfaucon, "that from the scarcity of parchment, the copyists, having erased the writings of ancient books, wrote upon them anew: these renewed parchments were called palimpsests—scraped a second time, and often the ancient work was one of far greater value than that to which it gave place." Montfaucon also affirms, that the *greater part* of the manuscripts on parchment which he had seen, those of an ancient date excepted, are written on parchment from which some former treatise had been erased\*.

The invention of paper was the first step made towards the absolute security of literary treasures. The period to which it is to be referred, has been made the subject of controversy. The *charta bombycina*, or cotton paper, often improperly called silk paper, was unquestionably manufactured in the East as early as the ninth century, possibly much earlier; and in the tenth it came into general use throughout Europe. Muratori dates the invention of our ordinary paper in the year 1000; and more than one Arabian writer asserts the manufacture of linen paper to have been carried on at Samarcand early in the eighth century, having been brought thither from China. What is more conclusive against the opinion of Tiraboschi (who denies the invention of making paper from linen rags to be older than the middle of the fourteenth century), Casiri positively declares, that many manuscripts in the Escorial, of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are written

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\* Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. tom. 9, p. 325.

on that substance. The material point remains. Paper was very little known in Europe, till the latter part of the fourteenth century. The copying of books, for some ages slowly and sparingly performed in monasteries, then became a branch of trade, and their price was consequently reduced. The invention of printing, in the next century, may almost be said to have bid defiance to accident, or the ravages of time on literary productions.

We have thus given a brief outline of the causes which combined for the destruction of ancient literature, and of the first efforts made toward its restoration. Ancient manuscripts were dragged from their obscurity, mouldering, incomplete, and mutilated; and it remains for us to shew, that the volumes now usually regarded as relics of antiquity, are actually as ancient as we suppose them, and genuine works of the authors to whom they are ascribed. This will complete the "history of the transmission of ancient books to modern times." It is unnecessary to descend in our inquiries lower than the year 1500, for about that time the works of almost every classic author, now known to us, was committed to the press: their previous existence in manuscript, therefore, is certain; and, in fact, there are few classic authors not still extant in more than one manuscript of greater age. We will suppose, then, the antiquity and genuineness of the manuscripts of any work, of any author whom the reader pleases, to be called in question. Let their dates be first investigated, for it was the common practice of copyists to date their manuscripts. The age of such manuscripts as bear a date, is ascertained at once. But in some cases the date may have been omitted. Commence a search then among the marginal annotations, evidently added by a later hand; and here we find palpable allusions to persons and events which clearly indicate the age in which those notes were written; the original manuscript, therefore, is of greater antiquity than the age of the notes.

Palimpsests, or parchments from which writing had been erased or chemically extracted, for the purpose of being re-written on, have already been described.

'But often,' says Mr. Taylor, 'the faithful skin, tenacious of its pristine honours, retained the traces of the original writing with sufficient distinctness to render it still legible. These rescripts, therefore, present a double proof of the antiquity of the work which first occupied the parchment; for in most cases, the date of the monkish writing is easily ascertained to be of the twelfth, or even the ninth century. The *first* writing, therefore, must be dated considerably higher; for it is much more probable that old, than that very recent books should have been selected for the purpose of erasure.

'The age of a manuscript may often be ascertained, with little chance of error, by observing whether the material be soft leather, or parchment, or papyrus, or the bombycine paper, for each succeeded the other in

common use at periods that are well known: The peculiar form, size, and character of the writing afford another indication; for a regular progression in the modes of writing may be traced, by abundant evidence, through every age, from the remotest times;—the style of the ornaments or *illuminations*, as they are termed, often serves to indicate the age of the book which they decorate.’—pp. 13, 14.

‘Inks of various colours, especially red, purple and blue, and also gold and silver inks, were much used by the ancients: few manuscripts are destitute of some such ornamental diversities of colour, and many are splendidly recommended to the eye by these means.’—p. 55.

‘“The ink,” says Montfaucon, “which we see in the *most ancient* Greek manuscripts, has evidently lost much of its pristine blackness; yet neither has it become altogether yellow or faint; but is rather tawny or deep red; and often is not far from a vermillion. You may see this in many manuscripts of the fourth and following centuries, to the twelfth. In many, I say; for some few, written with an ink more skilfully composed, have preserved their first blackness. This I have found, though rarely, in some books which had at the end the date when the copy was made, reckoned, according to the manner of the Greeks, from the creation of the world. It has happened also, when the surface of the parchment, instead of being polished was spongy, that the ink has become yellow. In all the bombycine manuscripts, owing to the nature of the material, a separation of the parts of the ink has taken place; the grosser parts standing on the surface, while the finer has penetrated to the substance of the paper.”—p. 54.

The antiquity of our manuscripts being proved by such indications as these, more or less definite and certain, it is to be next shewn, that the work which they contain is the composition of the author to whom it is ascribed. Reference to other ancient authors furnish allusions to, and actual quotations from it;—they speak of it by name, and ascribe it to the author whom we ascribe it to. The work in question may also be discovered extant in another language, or even in other languages, and it is perhaps possible to ascertain the date of the translation; which, if very near the æra of the supposed author, will prove incontestibly the antiquity of the production, and possibly its genuineness also. The language, history and customs of the age and country to which a work is ascribed, are almost infallible tests of its authenticity: it speaks the language of the time, and its incidental allusions are in perfect accordance with the known history of the age, its customs and opinions. It is, therefore, a work written at the time that it professes;—it is the production of the author to whom we ascribe it;—and it has descended to us through the medium of manuscripts of indisputable antiquity.

There is no necessity for entering at length on the subject of various readings, or discrepancies between different extant copies of the same work. In a critical point of view they are important, and in respect to our present inquiry, they afford strong collateral evidence of authenticity. If not derived from separate and inde-

pendent sources, different copies of the same work would harmonise almost entirely with each other:—when they do not do so, it is evident that they have descended through widely different channels, and that the supposition of forgery is ridiculous.

Mr. Taylor concludes his work with an examination of the relative evidence upon which the authenticity of the Old and New Testament, and of ancient classical productions depends, and clearly shews, that in this respect, the evidence in favour of the Scriptures greatly exceeds in weight, that upon which we receive the volumes ascribed to Herodotus, Sallust, and Cicero. The subject is one of deep interest, and is very well treated. We shall only add, that Mr. Taylor is deserving of much praise for the publication of his volume: his design is comprehensive; his arrangement clear; and his treatment of the several topics that engage him, at once concise and satisfactory.

ART. VII. *Shigurf Namah-I-Velaët; or, Excellent Intelligence concerning Europe; being the Travels of Mirza Itesa Moodeen, in Great Britain and France.* Translated from the original Persian MS. By James E. Alexander, Esq. 8vo. pp. 233. 9s. London: Taylor. 1827.

WE are assured by Mr. Alexander, that the original Persian manuscript of this work was the genuine production of the Mirza Itesa Moodeen, to whom he ascribes it. Besides appealing to the oriental character of the language and similes made use of in it, he states, that he made particular inquiries concerning the author among the relations of those gentlemen who are mentioned in the work, and that they informed him, that they were aware, not only of his having travelled to Europe, but also of his having written an account of his journey, though they had never seen it. Mr. Alexander admits that he has made a few interpolations, in order to elucidate some passages in which the meaning was obscure; that for the sake of order, he has transposed several of the chapters, and that he has omitted some details and descriptions which had no interest for an English reader, and disguised others, which in the original, were too gross to meet the public eye.

Although this statement may not be altogether satisfactory to a critical inquirer, yet we see no reason to doubt the authenticity of the work. We suspect, indeed, that the 'interpolations' of the translator have been a little more extensive than he has ventured to avow; nevertheless, there is a sufficiency of matter, evidently of oriental origin, in the book, to make it worth our attention, as a mere matter of curiosity. We are naturally anxious to discover the impressions which a foreigner receives from our country, and the manners of its inhabitants; particularly when that foreigner happens to be the native of a land so remote from our own, and so different from it in all the relations of government and society, as

Hindustan. And if, in point of fact, a few anecdotes be added to the original for the sake of variety, they will not detract much from the merit of a volume, whose pretensions are not at all ambitious.

The Mirza appears to have been of a sulky, discontented disposition, strongly wedded to his religion, and by no means distinguished for acuteness, or powers of ready and profound observation. There is, however, a simplicity about his remarks, which gives them peculiar interest, particularly when he attempts to speculate upon our progress in the arts, and compares our institutions and customs with those of his own country. His voyage to Europe was undertaken in the year 1765, in consequence of his having been appointed as Moonshee on the part of the Emperor Shah Alum, to accompany a British officer charged with letters from Lord Clive to the government, relative to the emperor's request that a military force should be stationed near him for his protection, after his celebrated cession of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. We were led by the translator's preface to expect, that in the course of his work the Mirza would have disclosed 'some curious particulars in the secret history of the company's affairs' connected with this cession, and with the famous treaty of Ilhabad by which it was sanctioned. But there are no such 'curious particulars' to be found in the translation; and we are surprised that Mr. Alexander should have held out an attraction, which in the end turns out to be a mere delusion.

We shall extract a few of our Moonshee's observations on England. Shortly after his arrival in London, he thus complacently speaks of his reception here.

'I was highly pleased with London, and the English likewise were much gratified at seeing me. Notwithstanding I was neither a man of science nor abilities, yet they treated me kindly. Truly, I am unable to praise sufficiently the worth and virtues of Europeans, for they esteem a traveller, or an inhabitant of a foreign country, dearer to them than their own life, and take great pains to win the confidence of strangers, and greatly patronized me.

'Before I went to England, the English had never seen a moonshee dressed in the manner I was, only Chatgaon and Juhangeer Nuggur Lascari\*: the people were (therefore) unacquainted with the manners and conduct of a Hindoostanee. On this account I was reckoned a great man of Bengal, if not brother to some nouab or other, and people came from far and near to visit me. Whenever I attempted to go abroad, crowds accompanied me, and the people in the houses of the bazaars thrust their heads out of the windows and gazed at me with wonder; and small and great, thinking I was some extraordinary production, ran from the lower stories of the houses to the second and third floors, and foolishly cried out, "Look, look, a black man is walking along!" and the people heedlessly running down in crowds from the upper stories, came

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\* Hindoostanee seamen.

to the doors, and stared at me, and were astonished. The children and boys took me for a black devil, and being afraid, kept at a distance from me.

‘At the time I arrived in London it was the hot season, and I used to dress in my jamah\*, with my turban on my head, a sash tied round my waist, and a dagger in my belt, and went abroad after the manner of a man of Hindoostan. Many people were much pleased with my costume, and a few thought it was the dress of the Harem and of delicate females. After two or three months had passed in this way every one entered into friendship with me, and the fear which the common people had of me all vanished; they then approached me, and the ladies of the bazaar, smiling, said, “Come my dear, and kiss me.”’—pp. 48, 51.

Of course our traveller visits all the “sights” of London; his descriptions of them are sometimes ludicrous enough. Take as examples his picture of St. James’s Park, on a Sunday, and his account of our theatres.

‘Near the Queen’s Palace there is a park, in which deer are kept; the walks on both sides are lined with shady walnut-trees. On Sunday, men, women, and youths, poor and rich, travellers and natives, resort here. This park enlivens the heart, and people overcome with sorrow, repairing thither, are entertained in a heavenly manner; and grieved hearts, from seeing that place of amusement, are gladdened against their will. On every side females with silver forms, resembling peacocks, walk about, and at every corner fairy-faced ravishers of hearts move with a thousand blandishments and coquetries; the plain of the earth becomes a paradise from their resplendent foreheads, and heaven (itself) hangs down its head for shame at seeing the beauty of the loves.’—pp. 59, 60.

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‘In Europe the manner in which plays are acted, and balls and musical parties are conducted, is (entirely) different from that of Hindoostan. The people of this country (India) send for the singers to their own houses, where they view the entertainments, and squander away a large sum of money for one night’s (amusement). In Europe it is usual for a few individuals to enter into partnership, (or) as it is called in English, a company. They fit up a house, in which dancing-girls, skilful musicians, singers, and actors, are engaged to perform. The audience consist of from three to four thousand people. The lower orders, who sit above all, give one shilling, equal in value to half a rupee; the middle classes, who sit lowest of all, a rupee and a half; and the great folks and noblemen, who sit (round) the middle of the house, give two rupees and a half. Separate rooms (boxes) are allotted for them. The place where the king sits is in front of the dancers. His Majesty sits there along with one or two of the princes, and these give each an ashrufee†. Now it is to be understood, that a poor man for eight annas‡, and a rich individual for two rupees and a half, see a spectacle which is fit for royalty itself, and which the people of this country have not even seen in their dreams. In one night the dancers and

\* A long garment.

† A gold coin. The Calcutta ashrufee is equal in value to £1. 11s. 8d.

‡ Sixteen annas make a rupee.

musicians collect five or six thousand rupees, which cover the expenses, and the audience is sufficiently amused.

‘It is the aim of this caste to accomplish great undertakings at little expense. In Hindoostan luxurious young men, for seeing a nauch\*, squander away in one night, one or two hundred rupees; and lakhs of rupees of patrimony, which they may succeed to, in a short time take wing.

‘How can I describe the dances, the melodious sounds of violins and guitars, and the interesting stories which I heard, and (all the things) which I saw? My pen lacks ability to write even a short panegyric.

‘From amongst all the spectacles, that of the curtains of seven colours (the scenes) is exceedingly wonderful, for every instant a new painting is exhibited. Then people, disguised like angels and fairies, the one moment come upon the stage and dance, and the next vanish from the sight. There is also a man with a black face, who is a kind of devil, and called harlequin: at one time he appears, and at another time hides himself, and sometimes attaches himself to the others, and taking the hands of the dancing-girls, he dances with them; he then scampers off, and taking a leap, he jumps through a window. At seeing this sport I laughed very heartily. In a word, the (whole) entertainment is excellent and wonderful.’—pp. 69—72.

Our Moonshee was induced, by the officer whom he accompanied, to visit Scotland. His description of that country is by no means flattering to its national character. Either he or his translator has given several anecdotes of its inhabitants from some common jest books. Witness the following story, the hero of which is a poor ignorant Highlander :

‘He came up to London and was greatly distressed for want of victuals. One day in the bazaar, seeing a person with a friendly expression of countenance, he stated to him his lamentable case. The man asked him why he did not go to the shop of a penny-cook, where it is usual for poor people to get food. It is here necessary to state, that in these shops poor people giving a couple of pice, get a piece of bread, a portion of meat, and half a seer of beer or barley-water: this kind of shop is called a penny-cook’s. The Highlander forgetting the name penny-cook, from his ignorance of the language thought it was *penny-cut*, and going further on, he asked where the penny-cut shop was. A man (whom he addressed) thought that he wanted to get either his hair cut or to be shaved, and pointed out a barber’s shop. The Highlander going to the shop knocked at the door, and was admitted by the barber, who seated him on a chair. The tonsor then filled an ewer with hot water, put a lump of soap in it, and making a lather, placed it on the table before the Highlander, and went up stairs for his razors and other shaving apparatus. The Highlander taking the soap-suds water for broth, began to drink it, and swallowed three mouthfuls; and mistaking the lump of soap for a potatoe, and being exceedingly hungry, he chewed and ate it. Upon the barber’s coming down stairs and seeing what had happened, he was petrified with astonishment. The Highlander taking two pice from his pocket, laid them on the table, saying, “I am much obliged to you: the broth

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\* A dance.

was very good; but the potatoe was not sufficiently boiled."—pp. 104, 105.

To prove his perfect impartiality, we presume, our author has also given one or two stories of Englishmen, but as they appear to be borrowed from a similar source, we shall pass them over, and take leave of our traveller, who after an absence of two years and nine months, returned to his native country, without apparently having gained much in any way by his visit to Europe.

ART. VIII. *Specimen of the Polish Poets; with Notes and Observations of the Literature of Poland.* By John Bowring. 12mo. pp. 257. 8s. Baldwin & Co. 1827.

THE lovers of poetic literature owe great obligations to Mr. Bowring, for the diligence with which he has opened to them new sources of information and delight. He has pointed our attention to the genius and intellectual acquirements of regions, to which we have hitherto been used to look (if we looked at all), with a careless, or a supercilious glance; and given us several examples that speak for themselves in illustration of the principle, that the poetic spirit is confined to no region, but is as universal as the feelings and energies with which the enjoyment of them is connected. As matter of curiosity and illustrative of the tastes and habits, sentiments and superstitions of different tribes, and in different stages and modes of civilization, publications of this description will always be regarded as valuable; even independently of their poetical merit. The philosopher may regard them as documents of an essential portion of history, even though he should be indifferent to them as merely enlarging the sphere of the pleasures of imagination. But they have a value of still higher description, to which the moralist will not be indifferent. If the discordant emulation which keeps man in hostility to man, and cherishes the more malignant passions "that flesh is heir to"—and which, on the narrow pretence of a mistaken patriotism, limits affections and dictates aversions by the boundaries of seas and rivers, by chains of mountains, or the ideal divisions and arbitrary lines upon a map, is ever to be essentially superseded by the better wisdom of regarding all mankind as one family; it is by the intercourse of intellect that this result must mainly be effected. The community of genius is the only unambiguous link of cordial relationship between realm and realm. Mind makes not war on mind, in the rivalry of national literature. We feel, at once, that a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of other nations is an increase of our own; and that we neither impoverish, nor are impoverished, by what we acquire from them, or they acquire from us.

In this field, Mr. Bowring has been an assiduous and praiseworthy labourer. His extensive acquaintance with the northern



languages, has enabled him to awaken our respect towards tribes and nations, hitherto little, if at all associated with our literary pursuits or recollections; and if, from haste or carelessness, the translations with which he has favoured us, have not always all the fervour of diction, and all the fulness of harmony, which more deliberate revision might have imparted; the instances are frequent in which he is far from deficient in these qualifications. In the volume before us, passages of great beauty frequently occur, in which the translator must be admitted to have his full share of the merit which they exhibit. And though, in the experimental adaptation of the classical measures affected in some of the originals, he appears to us, under the misguidance of prescriptive theories, to have proceeded upon mistaken principles, and therefore to have failed of the desired effect, he has occasionally elicited (even in those experiments), a metrical charm and beauty, which, though not of the species of which he was in quest, will not, perhaps, be less acceptable to an English ear. Thus, in the first of his *Sapphic* translations from *Sarbiewski* (p. 98), the first line,

‘Rose of the morning, in thy glowing beauty,’

will be acknowledged as eminently harmonious: but, in what respect is it *Sapphic*?—by what mode of notation can it be made to appear so, even to the eye? So, also, in the third line of the same stanza,—

‘Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,’

the fifth syllable which should be long, is short, and the sixth and seventh which should be short, are long. Similar observations would apply to the first and third lines of the second stanza; and the whole of the third has nothing to distinguish it from a succession of heroic lines, with a dissyllable in the last foot (as by our elder writers it was pretty frequently written), except the short line with which the stanza concludes.

It may perhaps be the fault of our ears; but in the first two lines of the next of these experimental translations we do not catch the slightest indication of any species of verse, and in despite of the typographical arrangement are obliged to read thus—

‘Thebans! O let no foreign customs throw their scandal among you.  
Teach religious duties.’

And though the third line be a good verse, and approaches more nearly to the model of the classical *Sapphic* than those before quoted, it is but one of the *Miltonic* varieties of our English heroic:

‘Laws of your | cōuntry, | ‘| virtues | of your | fāthers.’

The third stanza appears to us to stand in the same predicament: two lines of prose and one of English heroic verse, with a dactylic fragment in the close:

‘ Walls screen not crime; and punishment will force its way through  
the tower, and through the thrice-bound portal,

‘ Smiting the | vicious. | | Thunderbolts but | wait |

‘ To | burst on the vile one. |

The only stanza that, in our ear, approaches with any degree of closeness to the pure Sapphic model, is the following; and that, it will be perceived, is not in all instances correct, (p. 100).

‘ Paintēd deceit, tȳrānnicāl āmbitiōn,

Weāth-sēeking lūst, ānd lūxūries ēxcēssēs,—

Chāce thēm fār frōm yōu; lēt thēm nēvēr hold a

Thrōne in yōur bosoms.’

Nor does Mr. B.’s Choriambics come, in our estimation, much nearer to the mark. The following stanza, however, by whatever name it may be called, is to our ear very beautiful.

‘ Thou, whose voice “ in the grove’s silence ” is heard aloft,

While thou drinkest the tear-drops of the heavenly dews,

Thy sweet music, Cicada,

In thine ecstasy pouring forth.’

As is also the first stanza of his Alcaics (p. 104), though not much more faithful to its profession.

‘ Sonorous harp ! hang high on the poplar tree

Thou chorded shell, thou daughter of harmony !

While zephyr smiles, and breezes courting,

Play round the tops of the tallest branches.’

We confess ourselves to be of opinion, that some of the classical measures (especially the Sapphic), are not altogether uncongenial to our language; and we think that, even in the experiments before us, the occasional *hits* are frequent enough to give colour to such a conclusion. Be this, however, as it may; and however gratified we may have been by some of the incidental lines and passages in Mr. B.’s experiments on the classical metres, we confess that we like him best when he trusts to his English ear, and gives us the thoughts of his Polish poets in our own native measures.

He seems to have taken up the literary, and indeed the political cause of the Poles with great ardour; and indeed through the greater part of a preface of thirty pages, he appears rather in the character of a political champion, than of a critic on polite literature. The following passage, however (p. 22), relative to ‘ the results that have grown out of the subjugation of the Russian part of Poland,’ is equally pertinent and interesting.

‘ Whether from a mistrust of their own civilization, a conviction of their own irresistible force, or from a principle of sound policy, the Russian conquests have generally left to the conquered a great part of their former institutions. To the Poles they allowed most of their ancient privileges: satisfied with being the possessors, they did not aspire to the

character of lawgivers of Poland. In truth they had no code for themselves, and were not very likely to frame one for their dependents. The ukases of the Russian autocrats were founded on, and modified by, the ancient statutes of Poland. What the Poles suffered from Russia, was in the shape of individual oppression.

'Strange page in the history of national vicissitude, that a people, to whom but a century and a half ago the commonest utensil of luxury was unknown;—whose princes and boyars at the wedding festival of their august Czar Demetrius (according to the report of a Polish historian and eye-witness), ate their food with their fingers,—a people whose earliest poet belonged only to the last generation,—should have so rapidly increased in knowledge and in power, as to take a leading part in all the political arrangements of Europe, to say nothing of Asia! It is true they were led by their general (Suwarrow) to the classic land of Italy, and by their monarch to the luxurious capital of France. But some influence must have been at work, more powerful and permanent than the accidents of war; and I am inclined to believe, that to their intercourse with Poland we may trace much that is substantial and positive in their civilization. "The country which gave birth to Copernicus and Casimir," (I use the words of an estimable Polish friend), "men not *our* pride only, but the pride of mankind,—a country whose historians wrote a Livian Latin,—a country which had two celebrated academies at Cracow and Wilna, many learned seminaries, and schools in every parish,—must have been to Russia what Greece was to Rome, and have operated beneficially on the rude minds of those barbarous hordes, who had so long the Tartars for their masters, by whom they were not only oppressed, but despised."—pp. xxii.—xxiv.

In the treatment of the subject more immediately under review, Mr. Bowring commences with an interesting disquisition on the language and literature of Poland; takes a brief survey of the rise and progress of poetry in that country; and intersperses a sort of catalogue of its distinguished authors, in the different epochs, with some particulars relative to the most popular of them, and the changes that have taken place in the tastes and idioms of successive generations. To remove the prejudice naturally excited by *the appearance* of their written language, with its clusters of apparently inarticulable consonants, as they present themselves in such names as *Kopezynski*, *Nowaczynski*, *Bentkowski*, *Leszezynskich*, *Druzbacka*, and *Nagurezewski*, he informs us (pp. 3, 4), that this dissonance to the *eye* results merely from the necessities resulting from the inappropriate adoption of the Roman alphabet, introduced by foreign monks, and 'the great difficulty found in accommodating four-and-twenty Latin letters to six-and-thirty Sclavonian sounds;' an attempt, which, notwithstanding all 'the combinations meant merely to supply the simple and single letters of the Sclavonic alphabet,' has but 'imperfectly succeeded.' The Polish language, in reality, Mr. B. asserts (p. 5), is 'singularly rich in its modifications of both vowel and consonant sounds.' But the language itself, he

seems to regard (p. 10), as having been very far from benefited by the Latinity of an almost exclusively foreign priesthood, after the introduction of Christianity, A.D. 964. From that time 'the Polish language was deemed heathenish and vulgar;' and though Casimir the Great, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, 'patronised its employment,' yet 'till the sixteenth century scarcely any work of reputation had been written in any other language than Latin;' which, in fact, became to a considerable extent, and still, in some degree, remains the language of the very peasantry. During this interval, which forms the first barren epoch of Polish poetry, the present language had been 'gradually created out of its Latin, German, and Slavonian roots.' And in the sixteenth century—'a century,' says Mr. Bowring (p. 27), which must be deemed the brightest period of the literary annals of Poland, the Polish language became the language of the court, of literature, and of polite society.'

It should seem, however, that not only the language but the poetic genius of Poland had become deeply tinctured, by the exclusive attention so long devoted to the Roman tongue. Imagination seems, in no inconsiderable degree, to have been superseded by imitation; and not a few of the Polish writers of poetry seem to have become more desirous of being classical than natural: of shewing their learning, than exercising their invention. Few traces remaining of the proscribed and primitive poetry of their days of Paganism, we look almost in vain for those traditional remembrances of ancient superstitions, which so frequently give a romantic tinge and bias to the inventive faculty, and constitute the characteristic nationality of works of genius and imagination; and many of the specimens in the present volume have more the appearance of centos from the works of Virgil and other Latin poets, than of original effusions of poetic feeling. This remark must not, however, be received as universally applicable; nor is it by any means true, as has been asserted, that there is throughout a deficiency of those natural images that make the language of poetry, or that there is nothing in the literature of Poland that stamps it for its own. There are, on the contrary, especially in the specimens from recent poets, some fine emanations of a high and national feeling, the result of eventful circumstances; and some beautiful pictures of manners, and of a very peculiar state of society. The story of 'Wieslaw,' for example, the longest by far of the entire poems in this selection, extending from p. 185 to p. 218, and one of the compositions of the still living poet, Casimir Brodzinski, we should not scruple to place, as a characteristic picture of pastoral life in Poland, by the side of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night:" though as different in the habitudes it exhibits as in the structure of the poem;—narrating a tale of much romantic simplicity and domestic pathos. It is also one of the specimens in which the translator, as

well as the author appears to advantage; though with respect to the former, we could have wished that he had not carelessly suffered so strange a phrase to escape him as *a cruel stranger blazing a village*; (p. 210).

‘The cruel stranger all our country razed,  
Our palaces destroy’d—our village blazed.’

It might not be amiss, also, to hint to Mr. B., that he has rather a habit of introducing an expletive *now*, for the sake of a rhyme.

‘He said, “Go bring her here;—his guide be thou,  
She shall be welcome if she love him *now*.”’

As there is no reference to any former time, or change of sentiment, it will be obvious that the sense was not only *complete*, but *more* complete, without this rhyming syllable than with it: a remark equally applicable to the application of the same syllable that occurs in one of the specimens from Krasicki; (p. 131).

‘And many an oath is heard, and many a vow,  
To Alla and the Prophet utter’d *now*.’

So again, at p. 223, in the first line of a little poem of Lach Szyrma’s, we have, for the mere rhyme’s sake,

‘My nut-brown steed is saddled *now*.’

Nor can we accept the rhyme as a sufficient compensation for *hanging a vision round the eyes*.

‘While round his dreaming eyes the vision *hung* ;’ (p. 127).

Or, in the same page, for a *glance escaping from a countenance*.

‘While scarce one welcome, one approving glance  
Escap’d the frowning despot’s countenance.’

Mr. Bowring prefaces his specimens by short biographical notices of the authors, with intimations of the general character of their respective compositions; several of which, it seems, especially those of later date, are translations from the English\*, as well as from the French, Italian, and classical poets. He begins with Kochanowski, who was born in 1530, and died in 1584, who was famous alike for his Latin poetry, his translations of the classics, for his mirthful and melancholy compositions, burlesques, satires and tragedies. His *Threny*, or Laments on the Loss of a Child, quoted in this selection, are exquisitely beautiful and pathetic: the tenth in particular:

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\* Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron are, of course, among the number of those who have received this honourable attention.

' Whither, O whither fled! in what bright sphere  
 Art thou, my Orzula, a wanderer?  
 Say, hast thou wing'd above yon heavens thy flight,  
 A cherub midst the cherubim of light?  
 Dwell'st thou in Eden's garden?—or at rest  
 Reposing midst the islands of the blest?  
 Doth Charon waft thee o'er the gloomy lake,  
 And bid thee waters of oblivion take?—  
 I know not; but I know my misery  
 Is all unknown, is all a blank to thee—  
 Thy gentle form, thy angel thoughts, where now?—  
 A nightingale of Paradise art thou;  
 Thy mortal taints all purified—if taint  
 Could stain the spirit of so fair a saint;  
 Thou art return'd to that same hallow'd spot  
 Thou didst make holy when earth knew thee not.  
 But, wheresoe'er thou be, compassionate  
 My misery. If this terrestrial state  
 Be closed upon thee—pity still,—and be  
 A dream, a shadow, something yet to me!—pp. 52, 53.

Simon Szymonowicz, born at Leopold, in 1553, and who died in 1624, of low origin, but ennobled by the king of Poland on account of his writings, comes next under notice; he falls, as appears by the specimens presented by his Pastoral Eclogues, under the censure of being rather an imitator of the classics, than a follower of nature. As to one of these on 'Witchcraft, or the Jealous Wife,' if it has any originality, it is to be sought in its coarseness. Nor can we quite exonerate the translator from some portion of the censure attachable to such lines as the following; (p. 76):

' Now scathe him with the *fires of hell!*  
 'Tis an unholy task I know;  
 But grief is deaf, it must be so:  
 I know *damnation's fiends* await  
 Those who would tear the veils of fate.'

The metre in the line

'So let him dissolve in a burning sweat,'

is scarcely more graceful than the expression. There are some lines, also, that run astray out of their proper measures into the irregular tilting style of the day, to which a writer of Mr. Bowring's estimation should not condescend: such as 'The crumbling leaves of the blister-tree,' (p. 76); and, 'My head-dress in three-fold knots I tie,' (p. 77), &c.; and some lines occur, of which we know not how to make any verse at all: as 'I hear the barking hounds through the reeds,' (p. 78). The following, from p. 79, we quote without division of the lines, and leave the ear of the reader to discover how the verse is to be made out. 'He is panting hard.—'Twas marvellously well done, for force must act upon the will,

where will rebels.' We have also an odd sort of rhyme, in the lady's disposal of her supposed rival:

' Her corpse thro' the dirt let hangmen draw,  
And to the hounds her body throw.'

Of Simeon Zimorowicz (born also at Leopold, 1604, and who prematurely died in 1629), Mr. B. says, that 'he claimed no merit but that of imitating Szymonowicz. He has more poetical force, but far less grace and harmony.' We suspect, however, that, judging from the specimens as they stand in Mr. B.'s translation, the reader will award him the palm, even in the latter respects: though we cannot extend the praise to the sibilancy of the following line:

' Not so bright the dawn which shakes splendid ringlets when she wakes ;'  
with this exception, the following lines want neither grace nor harmony :

' Maid of Roxolania fair ! by your lips of roses swear  
Why your lyre's sublimest tone sings the graceful Thelegdon.  
'Tis that noblest passion's praise merits aye the noblest lays.  
Light of love, whose kindling stream shines like morning's dewy beam ;  
Not so bright the dawn which shakes splendid ringlets when she wakes.  
Not so rich her lips of red, when their balmy breath they spread ;  
Not so glorious is her eye, burning in its richest dye ;  
Not so modest when her face shadows all its blushing grace.  
Yet if heaven's thick-scattered light seeks to be more pure, more bright,  
'Tis from her their rays they'll take.—Goddess of the frozen lake,  
Genii of the wintry snow, warm ye in her beauty's glow.  
Not the immeasurable sea,—not the tide's profundity,—  
Not the ceaseless years that sweep,—not the murmur of the deep,  
Shall outlive that maiden pure,—shall beyond her fame endure.  
Joyous hours again renew,—songs of praise and rapture too ;  
Maid of Roxolania praise,—praise the fair one in your lays.'—pp. 93,94.

The Sapphics, Choriambics, and Alcaics, of Mathew Casimir Sarbiewski\* (or, rather, Mr. B.'s translation of those measures), we have already noticed. But we should not do justice to Mr. B., if we did not quote a part, at least, of the beautiful 'free translation' of the address 'to Liberty.' We lament that our space does not permit us to transcribe the whole.

' Queen of brave nations,—Liberty !  
What land thy favourite seat shall be ?  
What land more suited to thy reign,  
Than Poland's or Batavia's plain ?  
Daughter of counsel, and of bliss  
The mother, and the nurse of peace ;

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\* Born in 1595, died 1640; 'commonly known by the name of Casimir.'

Thou, sought midst many dangers round,  
 Midst more than many dangers found,—  
 Higher than thrones thy throne we see,  
 Majestic more than majesty;  
 Thou mistress of our country's fame,  
 Now stop thy course,—thy smile we claim;  
 Arrest thy cloud-encircled car,  
 And linger where thy votaries are!—p. 105.

‘Are we degenerate? shall the fame  
 Of our own fathers blast our name?  
 Smile on our prayers, O Liberty!  
 And let the world thy dwelling be.’

‘Hail, Wladislaw! thou hope of man,—  
 Fav’rite of God,—our Poland’s van:  
 All hail! our warrior-senate cries,  
 All hail! a people’s voice replies;  
 A thousand lances shine around,  
 And hills and vales and woods resound  
 The song of joy. And raised above  
 His watery throne, his praise and love  
 Old Vistula shouts forth;—their brow  
 Proudly the Crapack mountains bow  
 In homage’.—pp. 107, 108.

Of John Gawinski (born at Cracow in the beginning of the seventeenth century), Mr. B. gives only part of a pastoral, and three epigrams; all good in their kind. The former has the merit of being imitative of the classical eclogue only in its form.

Of Ignatius Krasicki, Mr. B. informs us, that he was

‘Archbishop of Gniezno. He was born in 1734, and died in 1801. His renown hangs principally on his comic tales and fables. He was the popular poet of his country, beloved for his exemplary virtues and his cultivated understanding. He introduced the new epoch of literature under Stanislaus Poniatowski; he was a favourite of Frederick the Second;—yet he was frequently the advocate of truth and liberty, though the correspondent of monarchs.’—p. 121.

A specimen is given of his epic poem, ‘The War of Chocim,’ (pp. 123 to 134); and though Mr. B. considers it as ‘scarcely entitled to the reputation it enjoys at home,’ and interesting only ‘from showing how far the epic models of Italy, Portugal, and Spain, have been successfully copied,’ we should not, from the specimen, have been reluctant to see and know something more of it.

Of the licentious and satirical poet, Thomas Cajetan Wegierski (the Polish Piron), who was born in 1755, and died an early victim of passion and disease in 1787, we have only extracts from two poems; over which we pass on to Julian Ursin Niemcewicz, ‘one



of the most voluminous of Polish authors,' who 'has made many excellent translations from the English. Among them are Gray's Elegy, several of Wordsworth's poems, Pope's Rape of the Lock, and his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,'—the sixth strophe of which, Mr. B. quotes 'as a specimen at the same time of close translation, and of the Polish language.' 'Successful as a poet, as an historian, as a tragedian, and a translator, his reputation as a patriot,' says Mr. B., 'is equal to his literary fame.' In his exile, he 'sought refuge in North America, where he became the friend of Washington, whose life he afterwards published.' The *Dumy*, or heroic elegies, which the translator has favoured us with, evince the patriotic spirit alluded to; and his 'Humorous Tale of the Thirteenth Century,' of a certain young lady, who had but 'one little sin'—

'One little fault or error, which—Heaven knows—  
Was but a dust-atom on a scarlet rose:—'

in short, whose dilatoriness and disregard of time was such, that she lost her chance of a husband, because she could not, on her purposed wedding-day, get herself dressed time enough to get married, has an easy gaiety and satirical sprightliness, which we suspect has lost little of its zest in the easy sportiveness of the translation.

Two little poems, one amatory and one pathetic, of a living poet, Lach Szymra, a particular friend, it seems, of the translator, conclude this interesting volume. We readily repeat our acknowledgment, that the literary public are much indebted to Mr. B. for this further effort to render his countrymen more acquainted with the writers in those northern languages, with which, hitherto, we have been too little familiar; and though in some instances we would have recommended a little more revision, yet, even with all his carelessness, we shall be happy to meet him again upon the same, or similar ground.

ART. IX. *Memoirs of the Life of Judge Jeffreys, sometime Lord High Chancellor of England.* By Humphry W. Woolrych. 8vo. pp. 442. 14s. London: Colburn. 1827.

It is seldom that gentlemen bred to the law, turn out to be very successful authors. They general evince, in any literary works which they undertake, great industry, and a vast display of erudition; and their indexes, table of contents and references, are usually well arranged. But their style is too often loose, arid, and not unfrequently ungrammatical. Even in works which come strictly within the sphere of their profession, we have seen pages of composition, for which a school-boy of the lowest class would deserve to be chastised three times a-day.

To these remarks, the work before us offers no exception.—

Mr. Woolrych is, we believe, a barrister of some standing, who has lately taken it into his head, that the biographies of some of our most celebrated judges have been shamefully neglected, and that he could not convert his leisure to better purpose, than by endeavouring to rescue them from oblivion. He has already favoured the world with the *Life of Sir Edward Coke*; and has succeeded, we think, in rendering the history of that eminent lawyer as perplexing as his own *Commentary on Littleton*, and as uninteresting to a general reader, as the most intricate case that is to be found in his reports. We sat down to that work with no small degree of curiosity, as we expected to find in it a complete exposition of Coke's character as a lawyer, a member of parliament, and an author. But we closed the book with the impression, that it is one of the least instructive, and most fatiguing pieces of biography, to be found in our language.

Nor has the author at all improved his reputation by the production of the '*Memoirs of Judge Jeffreys.*' The subject was in itself a most revolting one, to every person who has traced the bloody career of that infamous minister, in the pages of English history. With respect to him, no historical doubts remained to be solved. No room was left for ingenuity to shew, that his memory had been misrepresented by his contemporaries, or unjustly condemned by writers who depended on their authority. For, his own words, as they are accurately reported in the state trials, and his numerous acts of tyranny, form a record so unquestionable as to his real character, that it would be the extreme of rashness, to call it by no severer name, for any man to attempt at the present day, to soften the tragic colours in which he has been transmitted to us, and is sure to be transmitted to the latest posterity.

Yet it is some object of this description, which Mr. Woolrych seems to have proposed to himself, in writing the work before us. He does not suppose, indeed, that he could altogether 'whitewash Judge Jeffreys,' to use the phraseology of one of his friends; but 'he saw no reason, why even such a man might not have had some good qualities, as well as others,' and, therefore, he proceeds to write his life! What a puerile justification! Who would deny that Jeffreys '*might not have had some good qualities as well as others?*' The question is, did he display any one of those good qualities in the whole tenour of his life? Did he exhibit in his private capacity as a son, a husband, or a father, any virtues, by which the infamy attached to his public character could be redeemed, or even mitigated?

We have carefully looked through this work for an affirmative answer to these questions, and we could no where find it. Mr. Woolrych seems to us to set up, in some instances, the habits of dissipation and low revelry, in which Jeffreys occasionally indulged, as passages in his life which are to claim our sympathy, if not our approbation. Acts of servility and gross hypocrisy on the

part of his hero, are mentioned also by the author, as if they were not only entitled to applause, but to be construed as the emanations of a most upright and virtuous heart. Not a single anecdote of his private life has been produced to the light, which tends to prove, that the fiend of the bench lost a particle of his morose and sanguinary character at his own fireside. In prosperity a ruthless despot, in dubious times a shallow and a treacherous intriguer, and in adversity a coward of the meanest order; his memory, instead of being disguised under the specious veil of sophistry, ought to be gibbeted in the eyes of the English people, as an object of their lasting horror.

Next to the unhappy effort which Mr. Woolrych has made, in order to shew that Jeffreys was not altogether—*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*—he has, we think, exhibited much bad taste, in the manner in which he has related the many acts of admitted, unpalliated atrocity, which marked, or rather which formed, the judicial career of his hero. Besides applying himself, as if he were a counsel for the dead, to remove such exaggerations as contemporary observers might have fallen into, he proceeds to describe the conduct of Jeffreys, even in the height of his legal butcheries in the West of England, with as much apathy as if he were reporting his decisions upon an abstract question of law. One would think that it was difficult to follow this destroying demon on his circuit of blood, and attend to the lawless and savage cruelty with which he disposed of the lives of hundreds of men, without hearing in the distance at least, the wails of the children whom he made orphans, and of the wives whom he wantonly consigned to destitution and despair. Not a gleam of feeling breaks through the narrative, for the woes which Jeffreys inflicted wherever he appeared. The attention of the author seems to be so wholly absorbed in the labour of cleansing the polluted creature which has attracted his regard, that he enumerates all his crimes as if they were mere matters of history, already sufficiently punished, if not wholly expiated, by the ignominy with which his memory has been branded.

George Jeffreys was the sixth son of John Jeffreys, esquire, of Acton, near Wrexham, in the county of Denbigh, and was born in his father's house, about the year 1648. He received his early education at the Free-school of Shrewsbury, whence he was removed successively to St. Paul's and to Westminster. He was at first intended by his father, who was a thrifty country-gentleman with a large family, for some trade; but young Jeffreys was of too restless and too ambitious a turn of mind to yield to any such arrangement, and by means of pecuniary assistance which he received from his grandmother, he entered the Inner Temple, 19th May, 1663. She gave him an annuity of forty pounds, to which his father added ten pounds a-year more for decent clothing. He never had the benefit of an university education; and it is said, that soon

after he took up his residence in obscure chambers in the Temple, he became connected with a knot of fierce republicans, for whom he was ready, as occasion required, to talk, write or fight. Nay, he was among the foremost to drink treasonable toasts on his knees !

It was a decided mark of the effrontery which characterised the whole of his forensic life, that two years before he was called to the bar, he had the hardihood to assume the long robe, and to plead as counsel at the Kingston assizes. He next attended the sessions at Guildhall, Hicks's Hall, and elsewhere, and attached himself, it is said, to the Home circuit.

‘ He was,’ says our author, ‘ of a bold aspect, and cared not for the countenance of any man : his tongue was voluble ; his words audible, and clearly understood ; and he never spared any which were at all likely to assist his client. These advantages soon forced him into notice : so that fees, the forerunners of legal preferment, soon crowded upon him ; and we are even told, that persons would put a brief into his hand in the middle of a cause which they perceived likely to turn against them. He was not above adopting any artifice which might raise him in the estimation of those with whom he associated : so that, when he was sitting in a coffee-house, his servant would come to him under his previous direction, and say, that company attended him in his chamber, which was the signal for him to huff, and desire them to be told to stay a little, and that he would come presently. This ingenious trick helped forward his reputation for business ; and it is not by any means an exaggeration to say, that he found himself in considerable practice sooner than almost any one of his contemporaries.’—pp. 18, 19.

His convivial dispositions must, it would appear, have procured him many friends in the city, for we find that he had scarcely reached his twenty-third year when he was made Common Serjeant. He had not served this office many years, when that of recorder to the city was spoken of as about to be vacated. This was an opportunity not to be lost sight of by such an aspirant as Jeffreys. His readiest and only road to preferment was through the favour of the court, which was then on good terms with the city authorities, and he made no scruple of betraying and sacrificing his republican friends, in order to ingratiate himself with the royalist party, and attain his object. It is obscurely hinted by the author, that Jeffreys even stooped so low as actually to become a spy of the court, and under the cover of conviviality to watch the proceedings of the disaffected, and to report them to the proper quarter. A suitable commencement truly for the future chancellor of England ! He was knighted in 1677 ; and in 1678, was *elected* recorder of London. During the pretended Popish and Presbyterian conspiracies, and the trials for seditious and other libels, which followed that period, he was generally employed as counsel on behalf of the crown ; and so well did he recommend himself to the court by his zeal, that in 1680, he was made serjeant, and chief justice of Chester, and in 1681, was created a

baronet. He had been already appointed solicitor-general to the Duke of York.

His conduct, as chief justice of Chester, was made the subject of severe complaint in parliament by Lord Delamere, afterwards Earl of Warrington.

"The county," said his lordship, "for which I serve is Cheshire, which is a County Palatine, and we have two judges peculiarly assigned us by his Majesty: our puisne judge I have nothing to say against him, for he is a very honest man for ought I know; but I cannot be silent as to our chief judge, and I will name him, because what I have to say will appear more probable: his name is Sir George Jeffreys, who I must say behaved himself more like a jack-pudding, than with that gravity which becoms a judge: he was mighty witty upon the prisoners at the bar; he was very full of his jokes upon people that came to give evidence, not suffering them to declare what they had to say in their own way and method, but would interrupt them, because they behaved themselves with more gravity than he; and in truth, the people were strangely perplexed when they were to give in their evidence; but I do not insist upon this, nor upon the late hours he kept up and down our city: it's said he was every night drinking till two o'clock, or beyond that time, and that he went to his chamber drunk; but this I have only by common fame, for I was not in his company: I bless God I am not a man of his principles or behaviour: but in the mornings he appeared with the symptoms of a man that over-night had taken a large cup. But that which I have to say is the complaint of every man, especially of them who had any law-suits. Our chief justice has a very arbitrary power, in appointing the assize when he pleases; and this man has strained it to the highest point: for whereas we were accustomed to have two assizes; the first about April or May, the latter about September; it was this year the middle (as I remember), of August before we had any assize; and then he dispatched business so well, that he left half the causes untried; and to help the matter, has resolved that we shall have no more assizes this year."—pp. 66—68.

We soon after find him on his knees at the bar of the House of Commons, where he was reprimanded by the speaker in pursuance of a vote of the House, for attempting to obstruct the right of the people to petition; on which occasion, he conducted himself in a most dastardly manner. It was moreover imposed on him, as a condition for his remaining further unmolested for his offence, that he should surrender his recordership, which he accordingly gave up to Sir George Treby. This proceeding would seem to have had the entire approbation of the city, as, upon some other pretext, it was determined in the council-chamber that he should be requested to vacate his office, and deliver up all the papers and writings which had been entrusted to his custody.

Thus censured by the House of Commons, and stripped of his recordership in the city, Sir George Jeffreys, nevertheless, soon recovered the smiles of fortune. He was the mere creature of the court on several state trials, and in the famous *quo warranto* case,

which ended in the temporary subversion of the privileges of the city, it may be easily believed that he sustained his character of counsel on the part of the crown, with no ordinary zeal. His services were requited by being appointed chief justice of the King's Bench, on the 29th of September, 1683, and he was soon after sworn a member of the privy council.

It was one of his first judicial occupations, to preside at the trial of Algernon Sidney. His conduct upon this occasion is too well known to need repetition. He trampled openly upon the most common rules of evidence in order to procure a conviction, and moreover frequently interrupted the prisoner in the course of his defence. The former fact is drily stated by Mr. Woolrych; and the latter gross invasion of the rights of an accused, is palliated in the following words:—‘In this, our own enlightened day, if an accused person strays far from the point, it is rarely indeed that he will not be minded by the judge of the true course material to his defence,’—as if Jeffrey's did no more than consult the interests of the prisoner!

Again, upon the endeavours made by the chief justice to ensnare Sidney into an avowal of the seditious writing attributed to him, what is Mr. Woolrych's charitable observation?—But let us first give the passage from the report of the trial:—

‘Mr. Att. Gen.—So much we shall make use of; if the colonel please to have any other part read to explain it, he may.—[Then the sheets were shown to Colonel Sidney].

Col. Sidney.—I do not know what to make of it; I can read it.

Lord Ch. Just.—Ay, no doubt of it! better than any man here. Fix on any part you have a mind to have read.

Col. Sidney.—I do not know what to say to it, to read it in pieces thus.

Lord Ch. Just.—I perceive you have disposed them under certain heads: what heads would you have read?

Col. Sidney.—*My Lord, let him give an account of it that did it.*—p. 118.

Upon which, Mr. Woolrych has the simplicity to ask,—‘can it be denied, that, at this day, if the publication of a libel be proved, it may be proposed to the defendant, without offence, to read any detached parts of it? a proposal which may come from the court, if they see fit, for his benefit.’ For his benefit forsooth! as if it ever entered into the head of Jeffreys to benefit Sidney by a proceeding, which was intended by him, expressly, to have the very opposite effect. It is impossible to pass over such a miserable attempt to palliate so glaring an iniquity, without feeling the most unqualified disgust.

The private life of Jeffreys at this time was, if we may believe North, one ceaseless round of “drinking, laughing, singing, and every extravagance of the bottle.” Even the pursuit of such a course of life as this on the part of the chief justice, is excused by

Mr. Woolrych, on the plea that 'judges must unbend as well as other people!' But our author seems to stick at nothing. Instead of pointing out the many gross instances of misconduct of which Jeffreys was guilty, about this period, on the bench, Mr. Woolrych glances at them slightly, as being merely 'some violences of temper,' which he very compassionately attributes to 'severe fits of the stone,' that were brought on the chief justice by his intemperance! According to this code of morality, therefore, a judge may be drunk every night without injury to his office; and when his dissipation begets disease, and disease produces bursts of violence in the administration of his judicial functions, such misconduct should not be visited with reproach, because 'judges must unbend as well as other people!'

'It *must* have been one of these' (bursts of violence caused by disease) says our amiable author, 'which promoted his severity to Armstrong. Sir Thomas demanded the benefit of the law. Lord chief justice. "That you shall have by the grace of God! see that execution be done on Friday next, according to law: you shall have the full benefit of the law."' What is Mr. Woolrych's commentary on this inhuman address? 'This looks *like* brutality'—'but,'—and then comes a *but*—'but Sir Thomas had *almost* infuriated the judge,' by saying, that he had been plundered of his clothes!

The conclusion of this scene is still more revolting. 'When Armstrong found that nothing he could say would prevail, he exclaimed aloud against the chief, saying, "My blood be upon your head!" "Let it, let it; I am clamour-proof," returned Jeffreys.' Upon which Mr. Woolrych passes off to the history of the revolution, as if such flagitious judicial wickedness were incapable of exciting even his momentary indignation.

In September, 1684, Jeffreys took his seat in the cabinet; and, upon the succession of James II. to the throne, in the following year, the honours of the peerage were prostituted by being conferred upon him, with the title of Baron Jeffreys of Wem, in the county of Salop. Every body is aware, that it was in the summer of this year, the great Monmouth rebellion occurred; and that it was succeeded in the autumn by the memorable commission, headed by Jeffreys, who sustained the double office of chief justice and military commander. The commission traversed the western circuit, and before it returned to town, 351 rebels were executed under its mandates, or rather under those of Jeffreys, for he was himself all but the executioner. His conduct on the trial of the venerable lady Alicia Lisle, was so wantonly unjust, that there are happily no terms in our language by which it could be adequately described. He not only permitted illegal evidence to be given against her by others, but even he himself, from the bench, without being sworn, became a witness to her prejudice. After extorting from the jury a verdict of guilty against her, he held out hopes

of a respite to the unfortunate lady, if she were disposed to satisfy his avarice by a bribe; and when his expectations were disappointed in that respect, he had the malignity to obtain a promise from the king, that she should not be pardoned! It is impossible to read the trial without being convinced of her ladyship's innocence; yet this judicial wretch even omitted to recount her defence to the jury!

We have no desire to trace any farther the steps of Jeffreys and his satellites on this circuit of carnage. We must, however, borrow a summary description of it from a writer of that period.

"He (Jeffreys) made all the west an Aceldama; some places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in 'em but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets, and ghostly carcases. The trees were loaden almost as thick with quarters as leaves: the houses and steeples covered as close with heads, as at other times frequently in that country with crows or ravens. Nothing could be liker hell than all those parts; nothing so like the devil as he. Caldrons hissing, carcases boyling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing\*, blood and limbs boyling, and tearing, and mangling, and he the great director of all; and in a word, discharging his place who sent him, the best deserving to be the King's late chief justice there, and chancellor after, of any man that breath'd since Cain or Judas."

It was no wonder that, on his return to town, Jeffreys should boast that he 'had hanged more men than all the judges of England since William the Conqueror.' But what is to be said of the king, who, as a reward for such butcheries, placed in the hands of a man reeking with so much blood, the great seal of England, with the title of Lord Chancellor?

To this office was soon added, that of head of the ecclesiastical high commission court, which was revived for a short time at this disastrous period. Such was his eagerness to push his authority to the utmost extent of despotism in both these capacities, that even Mr. Woolrych goes so far as to observe, that he shewed himself, not only as the champion, but as the 'bull-dog' of his party. He did not always succeed, however, in carrying every thing in his own way. The following anecdote is given by his biographer, as affording 'a brilliant example,' not only of the chancellor's sense of propriety, but of his command over his passions!

'There being a contested election for Arundel, the government showed great anxiety that the court candidate should be returned, and Jeffreys went down to further this object. The mayor, an attorney of good character and fortune, was the returning officer, and he did not fail to notice the busy interfering chancellor intriguing at the hustings for every feasible vote. But he determined on concealing his knowledge of the great political person present. With inviolable firmness he impartially scrutinized the pretensions of every man who came up to poll; till, at length, having

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\* 'It was Kirk who is said to have ordered the boiling the rebellious carcases in pitch.'—p. 214.



rejected one of the court voters, Jeffreys rose up in a furious passion, and declared that the vote should be admitted; "I am the lord chancellor of the realm," said the enraged nobleman. The mayor, surveying him with scorn, thus replied: "your ungentlemanlike behaviour convinces me it is impossible you should be the person you pretend; were you the chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside. Officer, turn that fellow out of court." The crier proceeded to do his duty; and my lord, not over desirous of proving at that moment that he actually kept the King's conscience, retired to his inn. The popular candidate was elected. In the evening Jeffreys begged the favour of the mayor's company at his lodging; but the independent magistrate declined this suspicious honour; upon which, nothing daunted, the chancellor proceeded to the house of his antagonist, and introduced himself with this winning speech: "Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute the law; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent, but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for; if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift just now vacant." The mayor could not resist this flattering bait; and having a nephew to whom such a place would be very acceptable, he named his relative, and the appointment was immediately signed by Jeffreys.—pp. 310, 311.

This is what Mr. Woolrych calls a proof of his lordship's 'sense of propriety,' and of his knowledge of the 'particular respect which one member of society, whether public or private, owes to another.' We imagine that most of our readers will be more inclined to set it down to the account of the chancellor's political knavery, duplicity, and gross habits of corruption.

Strange to say, vitiated as the heart of Jeffreys must have been, he was considered, doubtless by some mean adulators, as a good judge of music! At least, Mr. Woolrych concludes as much from the circumstance that he was chosen as umpire, to decide between the merits of two organs, which were built by rival artists!

The degree of public odium which attended the career of Jeffreys, may be sufficiently estimated from the fact, that soon after he was made Lord Chancellor, he went to Acton to visit his father, who was so much ashamed of his conduct that he refused to see him!

We pass over his behaviour to the seven Bishops, as it is sufficiently notorious; and hasten to that season of retribution which at length overtook this monster, and hurled him from his ill-acquired pre-eminence. Upon the flight of James from Whitehall, the chancellor found it necessary to take measures for his own safety, and having privately left his lodging, he concealed himself in a little house at Wapping, whence he removed to a coal-barge, hoping to be able to make his escape in it to Hamburg. He assumed the garb of a common sailor, and in order the better to effect his disguise, he cut off his 'fierce eyebrows.' Information

having been given of his retreat, a warrant was obtained from the privy counsel for his apprehension, and it is not a little curious that his flight should have been intercepted, chiefly through the instrumentality of a miserable scrivener, whom Jeffreys had ill-treated during his prosperous career.

‘Off they went to search the collier: but Jeffreys had some doubt of his security there, and on that night he thought proper to lie in another ship which was near at hand, by which means he escaped the execution of the warrant for a few hours: yet he had the extreme indiscretion to make his appearance the next morning at a little alehouse, with the sign of the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley, near King Edward’s Stairs, and there he had a pot of ale. He was in his sailing accoutrements, with a seaman’s cap on; and he put his head through the window to look out. Most unhappily, there passed by at that instant the same miserable scrivener who had been so struck with his face when he came to be relieved from the “Bummery” bond.—“I shall never forget the terrors of that man’s face while I live,” said he, at that time, to his friend, and now he started at the ominous recollection. This scrivener, and the clerk in chancery mentioned by Kennet, may be fairly considered the same person. Nichols tells us, that the attorney came in to look for a client; and Kennet, that the clerk caught the peeping chancellor at the window. Most probably, having noticed the remarkable visage, Mr. Trimmer\* came in under pretence of business, that he might satisfy himself. Jeffreys seems to have known the scared lawyer as well; for he feigned a cough, and turned to the wall with his beer in his hand. But, alas for the poor ex-chancellor! his hour was come: the inexorable trimmer proclaimed him aloud, and the rabble burst in upon him.”—pp. 363, 364.

“Every face,” writes Ralph, “which he saw was the face of a fury: every grasp he felt, he had reason to think was that of the demon that waited for him; every voice that he could distinguish in so wild an uproar, overwhelmed him with reproaches; and his conscience echoed within him, that he deserved them all. In this miserable plight, in these merciless hands, with these distracted thoughts, and with the horror and despair in his own ghastly face, that was the natural result of all, he was goaded on to the Lord Mayor.” It is said that the mayor, Sir John Chapman, when the hat was lifted up which concealed the face of Jeffreys, experienced such a shock that he fell into convulsions, and died soon afterwards.

With great difficulty Jeffreys was protected by a body of the train-bands from the summary vengeance of the populace, and was sent to the Tower, where he was detained under a charge of high treason. A few days after his confinement, he received a present of a barrel, which appeared to contain oysters. “Well then,” said he, “I see I have some friends left still;” but upon opening the barrel he found in it a halter!

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\* ‘This was the name which made Jeffreys call him in open court, and express the desire he had to see a trimmer, which frightened him so seriously.’

His end is variously related, some accounts affirm that he died of excessive drinking, others that he was killed by a fit of his old disease. The latter is not improbable. It is added, and in charity we hope it is true, that he died expressing great concern for his past errors, on the 19th of April, 1689. He does not appear at any time of his life to have varied his religion, which was the Protestant. Before his death, he offered to make some political disclosures to the government; the offer was accepted, but his indisposition prevented its performance. His remains were first interred in the Tower privately: they were afterwards removed by his relations to a vault under the communion table of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, where his coffin was seen in 1810, in a good state of preservation.

The portrait of Jeffreys prefixed to this volume is well engraved from a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller. To use the words of Nichols, he certainly "does not appear (in it), that monster of ugliness and wickedness we have been taught to think him." Mr. Woolrych describes him as 'rather above the middling stature; his complexion inclining to fair, and of a comely appearance. His face shewed briskness, but mixed with an air which might breed a suspicion of some little lurking malice and unpleasantness. He had a piercing eye, and a brow most commanding; in the management of which he shewed a great accomplishment, whether it pleased him to terrify or conciliate.'

Opinions the most contradictory have been pronounced on him as a lawyer. Burnet positively declares that he was not learned in his profession; whereas speaker Onslow says, that "he had great parts, and made a great chancellor in the business of that court." Mr. Woolrych claims for him some improvements, which he says were made in his time, in the rules of evidence, and more than insinuates that he was the writer of Vernon's Reports, which even still bear a high reputation. If Jeffreys possessed the abilities and knowledge which are here attributed to him, and which we are not disposed to question, his guilt was only the more aggravated, for they must have pointed out to him the way to truth and justice, on the many lamentable occasions when he steeped his hands in the blood of the innocent.

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**ART. X.** *The Pelican Island and other Poems.* By James Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 264. 8s. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

THE annals of poetic literature offer few examples of more uniform success than that which has attended, from its very commencement, the career of Mr. Montgomery. His "World before the Flood," his "West Indies," and his "Wanderer of Switzerland," have all gone through several editions, proving that they have at least been bought to a very considerable extent. Whether they have been read in the same proportion, or whether, if read, they have

been generally well understood, are questions which we have not so readily the means of answering. If we were to judge by ourselves, we should say that the last twenty-five years have produced not many volumes, which have found their way so readily to the neglected shelf, as those of the bard now before us; and that although such a fate might seem severe enough, it was one, which, to speak honestly, they for the most part deserved.

But how, it will be asked, is this assertion to be reconciled with the apparent popularity of Mr. Montgomery's works? For instance, it cannot be doubted that "*The Wanderer of Switzerland*" has journeyed as far as a tenth edition, a fact that seems to overturn all the speculations of criticism. To this it must be answered, that Mr. Montgomery is the poet of the *sects*—a term which, by the way, we by no means use in an offensive sense. By scrupulously abstaining from themes, which are not in every respect suited to meet the eye of modesty, and by diffusing over all those which he touches a certain religious colouring, he has obtained admission for them into those grave and pious circles, from which the great mass of modern poetry is excluded. The faculty of imagination is as restless and as insatiable in those circles, as in others of a less austere cast; but it is restrained within certain limits, which are strongly defined by their clergy, and carefully preserved by their domestic guardians. Mr. Montgomery, Bernard Barton, and one or two others, are the only bards that are permitted to be known to them, and if they must have modern poetry, or at least a substitute for it, they have no alternative but to fill their bookcases, and strew their tables with the parodies, hymns and canticles of these hermit-minstrels. The necessity of the case, therefore, takes away the inference, that because many copies of such works have been sold, they must be popular and admirable. Had they been ten times duller than they really are, they would, most probably, have met with the same good fortune, for still they would have been, in their way, the best specimens of serious poetry that could have been attained.

Far be it however from us to insinuate, that the author of '*The Pelican Island*,' has little or no claim to the sort of popularity which he has thus accidentally acquired. It cannot be denied that he displays in most of his works a very various and fertile invention; and if it be often too sublimated for the conceptions of mere practical men of the world, he may answer, that it is not for such he spreads his pinions. He knows that something of the mystic, not to say the incomprehensible, is essential to the due worship of the muse whom he has selected for his guidance; and faithfully performing this part of his office, he treats all the external forms of poetry, such as aptitude and elegance of expression, and the musical march of the verse, as matters of very inferior consideration.

If such be Mr. Montgomery's general rules of composition, it

must be conceded that 'The Pelican Island' is a production exactly modelled upon them. We are wholly at a loss to understand the plot of it—if it have any. We presume it must have a moral—but we call all the muses to witness that, after a most diligent search, we can nowhere discover it. We have some fine descriptions of tempests, contrasted with halcyon calms; we follow the author into the depths of ocean, where he points out the works of those wonderful insects, that rear their walls of coral with such incessant and successful labour; we patiently attend to his long catalogue of the beasts and birds which tenant his island, and of the fishes which animate the waves in its vicinity—but to what purpose all this description, and all those minute enumerations finally tend, we cannot even conjecture, unless it be to prove that pelicans are better, or at least much happier, than men.

'O enviable lot of innocence!' he exclaims, 'their bliss and woe were only of this world; whate'er their lives had been, though born to suffer not less than to enjoy, their end was peace. Man was immortal, yet he lived and died as though there were no life, nor death, but this; alas! what life or death may be hereafter, he only knows who hath ordained them both; and they shall know who prove their truth for ever.'—p. 137.

Does not this passage, as printed in the form of prose, to which alone it belongs, look extremely like an extract from some very sentimental sermon? We have quoted it as the leading indication, in the nine cantos, to the object which the author has in view; but it may serve, also, as an introduction to the specimens of his any thing but poetical style, which follow. He thus contrasts the life led by men with that enjoyed by his favourite pelicans.

'But their prime glory was insane debauch, to inflict and bear excruciating tortures: the unshrinking victim, while the flesh was rent from his limbs, and eaten in his presence, still in his death-pangs taunted his tormentors with tales of cruelty more diabolic, wreaked by himself upon the friends of those who now their impotence of vengeance wasted on him, and drop by drop his life extorted, with thorns and briers of the wilderness, or the slow violence of untouching fire.'—p. 103.

Thus our poet soliloquises:

'What is this mystery of human life? In rude or civilised society, alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world to that which is to come, by the same stages; with infinite diversity of fortune to each distinct adventurer by the way!'—p. 111.

He now exhorts with all the energy of the pulpit:—

'Poor prodigal, here watching swine, and fain to glut thy hunger with the husks they feed on—home to our father's house, our father's heart! Both, both are open to receive thee—come; O come!—He hears not, heeds not—O my brother! that I might prophecy to thee—to all the

millions of dry bones that fill this valley of darkness and despair! Alas! alas! can these bones live?'—p. 138.

Let it be distinctly understood, that in resolving Mr. Montgomery's lines into their natural shape of prose, in order to shew how little they deserve the name of poetry, we have no design to throw the slightest shade of ridicule on the sentiments which they contain. We are sure that he utters no opinions, of the truth of which he is not most intimately convinced—and that he gives no advice, which it would not be of the greatest importance to all men to adopt and follow. In a religious point of view, nothing could be more excellent or useful than many passages which we could cite from this production. What we complain of is this; that under the guise of a poem, divided into nine cantos, Mr. Montgomery should have really done little more than given us a long sermon, of so many parts. But we pass, from more awful themes, to the author's description of a patriarchal inhabitant of his island.

'He hearkened to the prattle of a babe, which he was leading by the hand; but scarce could he restrain its eagerness to break loose, and run wild with joy among the bushes. It was his grandson, now the only stay of his bereaved affections: all his kin had fallen before him, and his youngest daughter bequeathed this infant with her dying lips:—"O take this child, my father! take this child, and bring it up for me; so may it live to be the latest blessing of thy life." He took the child; he brought it up for her; it was the latest blessing of his life: and while his soul explored immensity, in search of something undefinedly great, this infant was the link which bound that soul to this poor world, where he had not a wish or hope, beyond the moment, for himself.'—pp. 151, 152.

We might multiply specimens of this loose and feeble style, without any trouble of selection, for it is difficult to find many pages in the whole poem, that deserve the elevated rank which Mr. Montgomery has assigned to them, by printing them in the form of blank verse. This difficulty, however, it is but justice to say, is not encountered so frequently in the first three cantos, as in the six which follow them. We shall extract from the former some lines which we have marked, as being, in our opinion, inspired by the true genius of poetry. What can be more happy than the following simile?

'—Star after star, from some unseen abyss,  
Came through the sky, like thoughts into the mind,  
We know not whence; till all the firmament  
Was thronged with constellations, and the sea  
Strown with their images.'—p. 5.

We know not where Mr. Montgomery found authority for the epithet 'susurrant,' in the subjoined passage. We fancy he has manufactured it from Virgil's

— sæpes  
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,  
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro;—

lines which have haunted poetical minds more, perhaps, than any others in the whole range of the classics.

' A breeze sprang up, and with careering wing  
Play'd like an unseen being on the water.  
Slowly from slumber 'woke the unwilling main,  
Curling and murmuring, till the infant waves  
Leap'd in his lap, and laugh'd in air and sunshine :  
Then all was bright and beautiful emotion,  
And sweet accordance of susurrant sounds.  
I felt the gay delirium of the scene ;  
I felt the breeze and billow chase each other,  
Like bounding pulses in my human veins.'—p. 6.

The picture is perfect ; but the melody of the passage, it must have been felt by the intelligent reader, is in a great measure spoiled by a vice of style which pervades the whole of this poem—that of frequently ending the line with a disyllable. In this short passage, there are four such unfortunate terminations—'water'—'sunshine'—'emotion,' and 'each other ;' which, besides destroying the measure of the lines, render them puerile and feeble. The same remark applies to the following description of a tempest—a description which, in every other respect, deserves our admiration :

' Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,  
Looking around for comfort, I descried,  
Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,  
A wreath of cloud : to me a glad discovery,  
For each new image sprang a new idea,  
The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.  
The little vapour rapidly expanded,  
Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,  
And threw a starless night upon the sea.  
Eagerly, trembling, I watch'd the end.  
Faint gleam'd the lightning, follow'd by no peal ;  
Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale ;  
Nor long the issue tarried ; then the wind,  
Unprison'd blew its trumpet loud and shrill ;  
Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously ; the rain  
Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder  
Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven :  
Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness,  
Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all  
The voices of the storm beside ; meanwhile  
A war of mountains raged upon his surface ;  
Mountains each other swallowing, and again  
New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys  
Upstarting, join'd the battle ; like those sons  
Of earth—giants, rebounding as new-born  
From every fall on their unwearied mother.  
I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife :

Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges;  
 Above the array of lightnings, like the swords  
 Of cherubim, wide brandish'd, to repel  
 Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes  
 Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.—pp. 8, 9

The calmness and clear magnificence of the night following the storm, are finely contrasted with the scene just described.

‘ Night, silent, cool, transparent, crown’d the day;  
 The sky receded further into space,  
 The stars came lower down to meet the eye,  
 Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,  
 Twinkled from east to west by one consent.  
 The constellations round the arctic pole,  
 That never set to us, here scarcely rose,  
 But in their stead, Orion through the north  
 Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen,  
 Quick scintillations, in the zenith reign’d.  
 The south unveil’d its glories;—there, the Wolf,  
 With eyes of lightning, watch’d the Centaur’s spear;  
 Through the clear hyaline, the Ship of Heaven  
 Came sailing from eternity; the Dove,  
 On silver pinions, wing’d her peaceful way;  
 There, at the footstool of Jehovah’s throne,  
 The Altar, kindled from his presence, blazed;  
 There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone  
 The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love:  
 The Heaven’s declared the glory of the Lord,  
 The firmament display’d his handy-work.

‘ With scarce inferior lustre gleam’d the sea,  
 Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,  
 As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,  
 And left the fragments glittering on the field.

‘ Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the breeze  
 And waters skirmish’d; bubble armies fought  
 Millions of battles on the crested surges,  
 And where they fell, all cover’d with their glory,  
 Traced in white foam on the cerulean main  
 Paths, like the milky-way among the stars.

‘ Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,  
 Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,  
 Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill’d;  
 Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,  
 And moved at will along the yielding water.  
 The native pilot of this little bark  
 Put out a tier of oars on either side,  
 Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,  
 And mounted up and glided down the billow  
 In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,



And wander in the luxury of light.

Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,

To me appear'd this lonely Nautilus,

My fellow-being; like myself alive.

Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,

I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,

Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens."—pp. 10—13.

Much might be said in praise of the passages which we have just cited; but although they deserve, and have obtained the tribute of our applause, still we do not think that they are sufficient to sustain the weight of the whole poem.

What are we to infer from the following lines?

'Here end my song; here ended not the vision;

I heard seven thunders uttering their voices,

And wrote what they did utter; but 'tis seal'd

Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts,

Unbodied yet in vocal words, await

The quickening warmth of poesy, to bring

Their forms to light—like secret characters,

Invisible till open'd to the fire;

Or like the potter's paintings, colourless

Till they have pass'd to glory through the flames.'—p. 164.

Is the 'Pelican Island' to be succeeded by the voices of "The Seven Thunders." The title will no doubt be a striking one; it will announce another Apocalypse; and we presume, that the new prophet will next take the final step, to which all his labours are manifestly tending, that of setting up a church for himself. As Joanna Southcote has had, and still preserves, her followers, we see no reason why the bard of Sheffield should not place himself at the head of a sect of Jacobites, or Montgomerionians.

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ART. XI. *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French. With a Preliminary View of the French Revolution.* By the author of "Waverley," &c. 9 vols. 4l. 14s. 6d. Post 8vo. London: Longman & Co. Edinburgh: Cadell & Co. 1827.

THE most splendid literary reputation of our age and country, has been put to stake upon these volumes; and the greatness of the enterprise may be deemed in every way to have justified the hazard. For it cannot be doubted that the extent and importance of the chosen subject, were calculated to afford a sufficient scope for the display of the very highest ability. A more exciting theme of narration—a fairer field of philosophical contemplation—was never before given to kindle the eloquence, to exercise the wisdom and skill, or to stimulate the intellectual ambition of the historian. Here was to be depicted, the eventful career of the most extraordinary personage of modern times; of him, whose elevation and

fall alike involved the most stupendous vicissitudes of human affairs, and whose single fortunes twice changed the political aspect of the universe. The '*Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*,' could be only another term for the history of those gigantic revolutions and wars, which always, as if obeying the impulse of his individual destiny, for thirty years convulsed the whole frame of the civilised world; first preparing his rise, then ministering to his wide-spread dominion, and finally precipitating his downfall and overthrow.

Yet, notwithstanding the unquestionable powers of the celebrated author of these volumes; notwithstanding the fame which he had "set upon the cast"—the magnitude of the occasion, and all the inspiring circumstances of the undertaking; it would be vain to dissemble the well-founded conclusion which the public judgment seems, even already, unanimously to have pronounced, that the work is a signal and palpable failure. The primary cause of its defects is too apparent in every page to be for a moment misapprehended. The book has been written in haste and with negligence, alike utterly incompatible with the success and value of any historical composition. It is evident, throughout, that the author has given himself no time either for the well digested arrangement of facts, or profound reflection on the great combinations of political action. He has not, in simple language, studied his subject: he has put together an immense mass of materials, as rapidly as they accumulated under his hands, with little care in the selection, and no thought for their relative importance and measurement. The inevitable results of this unphilosophical and reckless haste, are stamped upon the whole production: in such a work, neither the simple possession of the most brilliant talents, nor the mere resources of the most practical literary ability, can possibly supply the absence of deliberation and system. We have here a voluminous compilation; executed indeed with wonderful celerity, but nothing worthy either of the genius of the author or the true dignity of history.

The justice of these strictures may be readily brought to the proof. The severest condemnation of the book is written by the author himself, in its preface. He there informs us that 'the extent and purpose of the work have, in the course of its progress, been essentially changed from what he originally proposed;' that 'it was at first intended merely as a brief and popular abstract of the life of the most wonderful man, and the most extraordinary events, of the last thirty years;' that 'three volumes were the compass assigned to the proposed work;' and that, nevertheless, his stock of materials so much accumulated upon him, as to have 'increased the whole work to more than twice—(he should have said to more than *three times*)—the size originally intended.' This very illustration of his primitive design, betrays his hasty and imperfect appreciation of the magnitude of the undertaking in which he had engaged. He has produced nine volumes, where he designed to

have composed only three. Yet, new facts in the course of his labours he does not pretend to have detected: and, in a series of great transactions, so universally known, it was indeed impossible that any should be left to discover, which were not open to him from the outset. He has, he declares in the progress of the work 'been favoured with access to some valuable materials, most of which have now for the first time seen the light;' these might affect the colouring of events, but could not increase their number.

That his materials have accumulated far beyond his expectations, can therefore mean only that he had primarily made an egregious miscalculation of the measurement of his work; that using, as he proceeded, all the matter that came in his way, he found his narrative immensely overgrown; and that he preferred to discharge it upon the public with all its redundancies, rather than undergo the laborious and irksome business of revision and compression. He began his task, by his own confession, in total uncertainty of its extent: and he dismissed it with the abandonment of his original purpose. Any man who is at all habituated to the process of historical writing, will see at a glance that the work has been delivered to the world in the first stage of compilation,—when the requisite mass of materials has been collected—when the whole subject is spread out before the author—and when the patient toil of reviewing all its bearings, in a general survey; of throwing its important features into strong relief; of condensing and grouping its minor accessories, is yet to begin. The whole of this operation of silent industry, which, after all, involves one of the highest points of the historian's merit, as its results must also put to issue his lasting reputation, has here been shunned or disregarded. We have nine volumes of compilation, because the author would not bestow his leisure to compose four or five of philosophical history. We do not really believe that he could, in three volumes exactly; as he proposed, have done justice to his subject and his own powers: but the prolixity of the work might certainly have been reduced by nearly one half of its present length.

Not the least striking proof to the initiated, of the state in which the book has been dispatched to the press, is to be found in the disproportioned bulk of the three last volumes. They contain very nearly as much matter as the first five. Six volumes had been already printed off, before it was discovered that, at the same rate, the work must extend to ten or eleven, instead of the prescribed nine. It was too late to equalise all the volumes, and the surplus was saddled upon the three last, instead of being distributed among the whole. Hence also, perhaps, the omission of an argument upon the burning of Moscow, which the author promised (vol. vii., p. 290), in the appendix, but which does not appear in the sequel; the bulk of the last volume being found, we presume, already too great to admit it—unless indeed it was, in the hurry, forgotten altogether.

On the thousand signs of inadvertence, all the consequences of haste, which are betrayed throughout the volumes in minor particulars, we shall not stop to dilate. The public prints have been amusing themselves, ever since the 'Life of Napoleon' appeared, with compiling whole catalogues of its endless errors in the statement of dates, circumstances, and actors; all which, with a little less carelessness, might as easily have been avoided. The petty mistakes with which the text is in these respects disfigured, are certainly unpardonably numerous: but we shall not weary our readers and ourselves with repeating the stale enumeration of any part of them. It is observable, however, that the inaccuracy of the work extends even to the orthography of a host of proper names. Thus, for one instance, that of the financier Necker is spelt Neckar throughout, even to the fourth volume. (p. 251); when the late discovery of the blunder came, after the book was printed, only in time to correct it in a table of errata. Thus, too, the author thinks that the family name of his hero, should be written after Napoleon's own choice—Bonaparte, not Buonaparte; yet 'the name, by an original error of the press, which proceeded too far before it was discovered, has been printed with an *u*.' It is certainly amusing to observe, that for this mighty error alone has a formal and apologetical explanation been thought necessary in the preface; as if the whole work were not full of precisely the same species of incorrectness. In the author's orthography of French terms, he is not more felicitous than in that of persons: as when, even in such familiar words, we have sometimes *compte*, an account, for *comte*, a nobleman; and *vicecomplesse* for *vicomtesse*, &c.

This hasty manner of composition has also left the author's language often slovenly, and sometimes even ungrammatical. Phrases and epithets are carelessly repeated in contiguous lines and paragraphs: Villeneuve is called in the same passage (v. 248), 'the brave *but* unfortunate seaman'—'this able *but* unfortunate admiral':—'The Danish ships (vi. 21) were *fitted out* for sea with all possible dispatch, together with the naval stores to a very large amount; which, had they fallen into the hands of the French, must have afforded them considerable facility in *fitting out* a fleet:—' Towns, districts, and provinces (v. 9), were dealt *from hand to hand*, like cards at a gaming table; and the powers of Europe once more, after the partition of Poland, saw with scandal the government of freemen transferred *from hand to hand*.' Of sentences awkward and unwieldy in their construction, and obscure in their expression, there is a perpetual recurrence: a single instance (ii. 74) must suffice, where, if we had space, we might adduce a thousand:—'Clairfait, who, though defeated, was too good a disciplinarian to be routed, had to retreat on a country unfriendly to the Austrians, from recollection of their own recent insurrection, and divested of all garrison towns; *which* must have been severe checks, particularly at this period, to the incursions of a revolu-

tionary army, more fitted to win battles by its impetuosity, than to overcome obstacles which could only be removed by long and patient sieges.' Of the author's heedless sins against grammatical accuracy, we can afford only some half-dozen specimens. 'It cannot be doubted (i. 346), that this haughty and insolent language on the part of the invaders, irritated the personal feelings of every true Frenchman, and determined them to the most obstinate resistance against invaders,' &c.—'The Vendéans took the field, &c. (ii. 230)—a cloth knapsack contained bread and some necessities, and thus he was ready for service. They were accustomed to move with great secrecy,' &c.—'Leaving (iii. 133) the discussion of what might have been, to trace that which actually took place, the French cavalry pursued the retreating Austrians,' &c., as if the French cavalry, instead of the author, were leaving the discussion.—'Lord Castlereagh (viii. 127) was against the opinion of Schwartzemberg, the rather that he concluded that a retreat behind the Aube would be a preface to one behind the Rhine. Taking it upon him, as became the minister of Britain at such a crisis, he announced to the Allied powers, that, so soon as they should commence the proposed retreat, the subsidies of England would cease to be paid to them.'—Taking it upon him—taking what? So also we hear that Nelson (v. 244) 'run his vessel' (for ran);—that Napoleon (ix. 224) 'caused his amanuensis take up the pen'—that (in various places) persons were long of finding or learning—late of adhering to a cause, and similar inelegances; and above all, we are favoured, passim, with those most atrocious Scotticisms of *will* and *would*, for *shall* and *should*, and of asking at a person. 'So much the better, answered Mounier, we *will* be a republic the sooner: '—'secure that he *would* swim with the tide if he espoused the cause of republicanism: '—'no question was asked at the Prussian,' &c.

To such minute criticism has it been necessary to descend, to prove the unbecoming recklessness, with which the author has sacrificed even the ordinary graces of composition, to his impatience for the dispatch of his voluminous adventure. But the style of the work has other peculiarities, which, if in part attributable to the same cause, surprise us, as betraying also the more deliberate absence of literary judgment and taste. Its language appears to us totally wanting in the severe simplicity and chastened dignity, which should belong to historical composition. The author's habitual manner is too highly figurative for the sober purposes of his narration. His most effective passages sparkle with similes, which, though full of poetical imagination and beauty, serve only to encumber the relation with foreign and inappropriate ornament: dazzling the reader's admiration by their very brilliancy, and distracting his attention from the continuous flow of events. Such excess of imagery is here wholly out of place, and lends at best but a false and meretricious splendour to the style. But when,

as is much more frequently the case, the language of the text becomes colloquial and quaint; the mode of illustration partakes of the same characteristics; and the author makes at once the fatal step, from the sublime to the ridiculous. His chosen similes are then both puerile and ludicrous in the extreme: as, when he tells us (ii. 35) that the Girondists 'were liable to the disappointment of a child, who having built his house of boughs after his own fashion, is astonished to find those bigger and stronger than himself throw its materials out of their way, instead of attempting, according to his expectations, to creep into it for the purpose of shelter:—or (v. 346) that 'the attempt to annihilate commerce resembles that of a child, who tries to stop with his hand the stream of an artificial fountain, which escapes in a hundred partial jets from under his palm and between his fingers:—or (iii. 175), 'It is a custom in some counties, when a cow who has lost her calf will not yield her milk freely, to place before the refractory animal the skin of her young one stuffed, so as to have some resemblance to life. The cow is deceived by this imposture, and yields to be milked upon seeing this representative of her offspring. In like manner,' gravely continues our author, the 'show of independence assigned to the Batavian, and other associated republics, enabled France to drain these countries of supplies!!' And, in the midst of the horrible narrative of the revolutionary massacres at Lyons (ii. 268) the sufferers are compared to 'singed flies, mutilated, but not slain, and imploring (like singed flies?) their executioners to dispatch them quickly.'

At other times, the author's figures are far fetched, overstrained, and in a few instances, even low and offensive. He delights in surgical similes: as (i. 123) that 'nobles and clergy were placed on the anatomical table at the mercy of each state quack, who having no interest in their sufferings, thought them excellent subjects on which to exemplify some favorite hypothesis; and in another place (ii. 178) we have a simile from an unripened imposthume or sore. Other allusions, wearing amidst sober realities the fantastic and motley colouring of the fictitious and the burlesque, too frequently remind us unseasonably, that the imaginative author has long been habituated to other studies than those of veracious history. Thus Shakspeare, and even Don Quixote, are authorities quoted far oftener than state papers and annals: thus the French republic is likened (ii. 275) to 'the champion in Berni's romance, who was so delicately sliced asunder by one of the Paladins, that he went on fighting and slew other warriors, without discovering for a length of time that he was himself killed.' And (viii. 140) we are told, that it was as little to be expected that the French people should rise to defend their country and their emperor against the allied invaders, as 'that the frogs in the fable would, in case of invasion, have risen in a mass to defend king serpent.'

A custom more seriously objectionable and out of place, however, is that of the author's frequent reference to the language and subjects of Scripture, upon occasions too light in themselves, and in which the application is positively—though, we are sure, undesignedly—irreverent. In more than one place, the temptation of the Saviour of Mankind is the chosen comparison, to illustrate the condition upon which Napoleon had elevated the power of France: 'As we have stated elsewhere, it was that which the tempter offered in the wilderness, after his ostentatious display of the kingdoms of the earth:—All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me,' (vi. 30). But we have said, that the author's figures are sometimes low, as well as offensive: if he too audaciously soars to attempt the language of Scripture, he can also stoop to borrow the imagery of the brothel. The political consistency of Talleyrand, reminds him (viii. 298) of 'the personal virtue of a female follower of the camp, which consisted in strict fidelity to the whole grenadier company;' and we hear again (v. 152) of the eloquence of certain French orators, resembling 'nothing so nearly as the pleading of a wily procuress, who endeavours to persuade some simple maiden, that the services rendered to her by a liberal and gallant admirer, can only be rewarded by the sacrifice of her honour.' Remembering the irreproachable decency of thought and expression for which his tales have been honourably distinguished, the blemishes which we have here noticed are such violations of good taste, both absurd and licentious, as, among all our living writers, we should least have anticipated from the 'author of *Waverley*.'

Having thus discharged the ungrateful task of analyzing the careless composition, the verbal solecisms, and the censurable style of the work before us; we have only a few general criticisms to add on its literary execution. The most unsatisfactory impression which the book leaves upon the mind of the reader is, its total want of all the more serious attributes of history. Even the external form and appearance of the publication, are those of a mere novel: it *looks* like one of the author's own romances; and is printed and prepared in a shape to be bound up with either series of the "*Tales of my Landlord*." There is absolutely nothing in it to recall the character of history; nothing to authenticate the accuracy of the narration, beyond the vulgar notoriety of the leading events. There is none of the usual testimony which the annalist is careful to adduce for the support of his statements; none of that cautious reference to, and enumeration of, authorities, which is in all cases demanded and set forth as his only title to the confidence of his readers. The greatest improvement introduced in modern historical writing, is this exactitude in the abundant use of citations. Without a succession of notes to vouch for the whole chain of facts, history is justly held to be valueless. But it is very rarely that the author before us condescends to offer a notation of the sources of his

knowledge; and we are thus left without the readiest means of ascertaining, either the worth of the evidence on which he has relied, or his own industry, discretion, and fidelity, in the employment of his materials. Another serious defect in these volumes is, the neglect of precision in dates. In every historical narration, perhaps, and certainly in one of such minute details, and extended length, a regular marginal chronology should run through its pages: but here there is no attempt to supply this easy convenience. So obscurely and rarely are even the years marked, that it sometimes requires a search through a whole chapter, to discover the exact point of time of any transaction; and this confusion is increased, in a great part of the work, by the author's adoption of the revolutionary nomenclature of years and months, without even an explanation of its divisions.

We have now unreservedly stated the grounds on which the composition of the 'Life of Napoleon' appears to us unworthy both of the magnitude of the subject, and the previous and well-earned reputation of its gifted author. If, in the freedom of our remarks, we should be thought to have treated so distinguished a person as Sir Walter Scott with too little deference, we can only earnestly and seriously disclaim the most remote intention to be wanting in respectful courtesy towards a writer, whose genius we unfeignedly honour as the brightest living ornament of our English literature. If we have presumed to censure, in no measured terms, the glaring proofs of haste and negligence which so grievously disfigure the work of a great name, it has been only because, in common with his warmest admirers, we regret the imperfect application of his powers—not that we would, in a carping and envious spirit, depreciate the real measure of his splendid ability. Much nonsense has upon this occasion been talked with oracular gravity, of the incompatibility of success for the same mind in the walks both of imagination and truth—of the inevitable tendency of Sir Walter Scott's previous intellectual habits, to unfit him for the higher office of the historian—of his ignorance of the modern science of political wisdom—and so forth. We are no subscribers to the force of these gratuitous assumptions, which are advanced on the invidious pretence of excusing his failure; but with the secret desire of undervaluing his talents, and lowering his reputation. On the contrary, we should be disposed to maintain, that the best earnest of his capability for the task which he had here chosen, was to be found in the generic features, and the admirable moulding of his former productions. The peculiar excellence and beauty of the Waverley novels, consisted in the wonderful knowledge which they displayed of human character—in the vivid and picturesque delineation of human action—in the profound and striking reflections which were happily interwoven with their narratives—in the touches of nature and truth; the animation, the vigour, the energy of description, with which they were every where wrought up.



What other qualities than these powers are required in the historian, it is beyond our sagacity to conceive: of what other qualities than this knowledge of human character, and of the various springs of human action, the whole science of political science is essentially compounded, we are at a loss to imagine. Besides, it is not true, that Sir Walter Scott's pursuits had charmed him away from the study of politics: so far from this; he has always been known for no indifferent spectator of the public transactions of his times; he has figured as a man of a party, and a political writer—not always, perhaps, very temperately in either character; but certainly with no lack of earnest and shrewd observation. To suppose that such a man has not studied the general principles of constitutional government and international relations; that he is not sufficiently read in the various experience of antiquity and modern times, is to take for granted, that which is extremely improbable. But the mere inductive application of historical facts is now disdained. It is too much the fashion of our times, to introduce the mysticism of the schools into the study of political science: there is a new transcendental philosophy of history, as well as of metaphysics. We question whether the lucid penetration of true knowledge will be promoted by the refinements of either. To our finite comprehension, he who is best acquainted with the play of the passions, and with the combinations of character, as these originate motives and act upon circumstances; should be the best interpreter of the lessons of history. And in all this knowledge, there is assuredly no mind of our age more deeply imbued and profoundly versed, than the mind of Sir Walter Scott.

The real secret of his failure in writing the history of our eventful times, consists neither in ignorance nor incapacity. It must, we fear, be added, that the facts of the case are scarcely less discreditable to the dignity of a great author's personal character in the republic of letters. They betray, too clearly, the exclusive influence of lower considerations than the generous love of fame. Pecuniary emolument is among the fair rewards of intellectual exertion; and in a stage of society, in which literature is as much a profession of life as law or physic, or the other departments of practical science, the disregard or rejection of its worldly advantages, would be little less than a Quixotic sacrifice of real duties, to the indulgence of dreams of enthusiasm. But, when celebrity is attainable in any profession, there are also other and more honourable objects of ambition than the mere sordid gains of industry, or the narrow calculations of present profit. In the breathless rapidity with which Sir Walter Scott has completed these volumes, it cannot be concealed; that he has shewn a strange insensibility to his own reputation: that he has aspired no higher than to produce an entertaining and popular compilation, in the shortest possible period; and that, in the same spirit with his booksellers, he

has measured the number of his volumes, and the degree of their value—by as much as they would bring in the market. Hence, only, the haste, the negligence, the prolixity of the composition; the want of compression, of revision, of deliberate arrangement. Hence, choosing the lighter labour and more expeditious conclusion, he has given us only an amusing tale, where he might have perfected a philosophical history: he has but achieved a lucrative speculation, when he might have linked his name to a triple immortality of glory, as the poet, the novelist, and the historian.

In having directed the preceding remarks only to a comprehensive survey of the nature of the work before us, and to the prominent faults of its construction, we may, perhaps, have satisfied some readers less, than if we had occupied our notice entirely with gossiping extracts from the mass of anecdotes and circumstantial details, of which these nine volumes are compounded. Nothing is more easy, than to pillage long passages at random out of some thousand pages, and to string such chance excerpts together with common-place nothings, on transactions and opinions with which all the world is familiar. But it has been our object, rather to offer a candid and dispassionate judgment on the general character of the book, and the merits of its execution as a great work of literary art, than merely to transcribe disjointed and mutilated parts of a narration, which is in almost every body's hands; and anything like a practical abridgment of which, is prevented by its enormous bulk and interminable length. It only remains for us, without at all attempting to follow the course of the narrative, to offer from some of its divisions, a few more particular illustrations than we have yet given, both of the merits and defects of the composition.

The first two volumes which are occupied with the 'preliminary view of the French revolution,' form, in many respects, the most objectionable part of the whole work: in the hurried manner with which the facts are thrown together; in the imperfect connexion of the narrative, and the absence of all adequate and lucid exposition of cause and effect; and in the irresistible political bias under which the author has written. If designed for a mere explanatory sketch of the origin and progress of the revolution, it is far too long and tedious in its details, and unsatisfactory in its purpose: if it is to be received as a regular history, the order of time, and the progress of events, are marked with so little precision, and clearness, that the previously uninformed reader must rise from its perusal, with a very confused and indistinct conception of the whole train of vicissitudes. It is inferior in lucid arrangement to the best French annals of the same period: to the compilation of M. M. Thiers and Bodin; and still more so, to the able history of Mignet, which it almost equals in length, and from which also the author has evidently, though without marginal acknowledgment, copied most of his details.

The involuntary influence of his political prejudices upon his narrative, might form a curious subject of study. There is a laboured effort at candour throughout; and we really give Sir Walter Scott full credit, for the sincere and anxious desire of writing with impartiality and truth. But the habitual force of his Tory principles has been too strong for his calmer judgment; and he is every where the apologist for the ultra-royalist faction. He admits, it is true, in the abstract, that the corruptions and intolerable abuses of the old French government, provoked the revolution: but he dismisses this theme as quickly as possible, while he dwells with etern and passionate indignation on the excesses, most frightful as they certainly were, which attended the moral convulsion of French society. A few expressions of cold severity suffice for the condemnation of the old despotism: but when he comes to expose the crimes and absurdities of the revolution, his passions kindle in the narration, and he pours forth the mingled torrent of invective, sarcasm, and ridicule, with all the ardent zeal of a true anti-jacobin. This political bias has had—unconsciously, we are sure, to himself—some injurious effects upon the fidelity of the first part of his history. It has led him entirely to overlook the undoubted fact, that the selfish intrigues of the privileged orders in the parliaments, for the purposes of avoiding the equalization of the public burthens, were among the most fatal proximate causes of the revolution; and it has also induced him to discredit the existence of those premeditated, though feeble designs of the court, to put down the revolution by a military force, which certainly urged on the catastrophe of popular fury, and prevented any salutary confidence and union between the crown and the partizans of a limited monarchy, in the first National Assembly, against the wicked designs of the anarchical demagogues.

But, with all the objections which may fairly be taken against the philosophical composition of this introductory view of the revolution, it is impossible not to admire the wonderful animation and vigour, with which the author has depicted many of the most striking circumstances in that tremendous drama. Here it is that, in delineating its scenes of fear and horror, he shews himself as of old, the unrivalled master of vivid and pictorial description. From this portion of the work, for one example of his powers, we select the fall of the monster Robespierre and his execrable colleagues.

• Meantime the Convention continued to maintain the bold and commanding front which they had so suddenly and critically assumed. Upon learning the escape of the arrested deputies, and hearing of the insurrection at the Hotel de Ville, they instantly passed a decree, outlawing Robespierre and his associates, inflicting a similar doom upon the Mayor of Paris, the Procureur, and other members of the Commune; and charging twelve of their members, the boldest who could be selected, to proceed with the armed force to the execution of the sentence. The drums of the national guards now beat to arms in all the sections under authority of the

Convention, while the tocsin continued to summon assistance with its iron voice, to Robespierre and the civic magistrates. Every thing appeared to threaten a violent catastrophe, until it was seen clearly that the public voice, and especially amongst the national guards, was declaring itself generally against the Terrorists.

'The Hotel de Ville was surrounded by about fifteen hundred men, and cannon turned upon the doors. The force of the assailants was weakest in point of number; but their leaders were men of spirit, and might concealed their inferiority of force.

'The deputies commissioned for the purpose, read the decree of the Assembly, to those whom they found assembled in front of the City-hall, and they shrunk from the attempt of defending it, some joining the assailants, others laying down their arms and dispersing. Meantime, the deserted group of Terrorists within, conducted themselves like scorpions, which, when surrounded by a circle of fire, are said to turn their stings on each other, and on themselves. Mutual and ferocious upbraidings took place among these miserable men. "Wretch, were these the means you promised to furnish?" said Payan to Henriot, whom he found intoxicated, and incapable of resolution or exertion; and seizing on him as he spoke, he precipitated the revolutionary general from a window. Henriot survived the fall only to drag himself into a drain, in which he was afterwards discovered, and brought out to execution. The younger Robespierre threw himself from the window, but had not the good fortune to perish on the spot. It seemed, as if even the melancholy fate of suicide, the last refuge of guilt and despair, was denied to men, who had so long refused every species of mercy to their fellow-creatures. Le Bas, alone, had calmness enough to dispatch himself with a pistol-shot. Saint Just, after imploring his comrades to kill him, attempted his own life with an irresolute hand, and failed. Couthon lay beneath the table brandishing a knife, with which he repeatedly wounded his bosom, without daring to add force enough to reach his heart. Their chief, Robespierre, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself, had only inflicted a horrible fracture on his under-jaw.

'In this situation they were found like wolves in their lair, foul with blood, mutilated, despairing, and yet not able to die. Robespierre lay on a table in an ante-room, his head supported by a deal-box, and his hideous countenance half-hidden by a bloody and dirty cloth bound round the shattered chin.

'The captives were carried in triumph to the Convention, who, without admitting them to the bar, ordered them, as outlaws, for instant execution. As the fatal cars passed to the guillotine, those who filled them, but especially Robespierre, were overwhelmed with execrations from the friends and relatives of victims, whom he had sent on the same melancholy road. The nature of his previous wound, from which the cloth had never been removed till the executioner tore it off, added to the torture of the sufferer. The shattered jaw dropped, and the wretch yelled aloud, to the horror of the spectators. A masque taken from that dreadful head, was long exhibited in different nations of Europe, and appalled the spectator by its ugliness, and the mixture of fiendish expression with that of bodily agony.—vol. ii., pp. 350—353.

We should here also be guilty of gross injustice if we failed to

remark, the extraordinary skill displayed by Sir Walter Scott in his relation of military events. Not only are the shifting alarums of the battle field exhibited with all the eager animation, all the picturesque and dramatic energy of description, which were to be looked for from the "Author of Waverley;" but the plans of a campaign, and the movements of armies, are explained in a clear and methodical style, which evinces a perfect acquaintance with the principles of strategy. This display of military science, in an unprofessional writer, is very remarkable. The details of Napoleon's Italian campaigns, especially, are given far more satisfactorily and luminously in these volumes, than in any military works which have been devoted to the subject: not excepting even the memoirs from Napoleon's own dictation. They may be generally read and understood, without even the aid of a map:—or rather, it is as if a map were spread out before us in military topography, with the positions and marches of the contending armies traced under our eyes. For a single specimen of the author's ability in this part of his office, we shall select his account of the memorable battle of Marengo, in the fourth volume, which, though rather long for our purpose, may be adduced as one of the most lucid and masterly pictures of the kind in all the pages of modern history.

'Buonaparte's disposition was as follows:—The village of Marengo was occupied by the divisions of Gardanne and Chambarlhac. Victor, with other two divisions, and commanding the whole, was prepared to support them. He extended his left as far as Castel Ceriolo, a small village which lies almost parallel with Marengo. Behind this first line was placed a brigade of cavalry, under Kellermann, ready to protect the flanks of the line, or to debouche through the intervals, if opportunity served, and attack the enemy. About a thousand yards in the rear of the first line was stationed the second, under Lannes, supported by Champeaux's brigade of cavalry. At the same distance, in the rear of Lannes, was placed a strong reserve, or third line, consisting of the division of Carra St. Cyr, and the Consular-guard, at the head of whom was Buonaparte himself. Thus the French were drawn up on this memorable day, in three distinct divisions, each composed of a *corps d'armée*, distant about three-quarters of a mile in the rear of each other.

'The force which the French had in the field at the commencement of the day, was above twenty thousand men; the reserve, under Dessaix, upon its arrival, might make the whole amount to thirty thousand. The Austrians attacked with nearly forty thousand troops. Both armies were in high spirits, determined to fight, and each confident in their general—the Austrians in the bravery and experience of Melas, the French in the genius and talents of Buonaparte. The immediate stake was the possession of Italy; but it was impossible to guess, how many yet more important consequences the event of the day might involve. Thus much seemed certain, that the battle must be decisive, and that defeat must prove destruction to the party who should sustain it. Buonaparte, if routed, could hardly have accomplished his retreat upon Milan; and Melas, if defeated,

had Suchet in his rear. The fine plain on which the French were drawn up, seemed lists formed by nature for such an encounter, when the fate of kingdoms was at issue.

Early in the morning, the Austrians crossed the Bormida, in three columns, by three military bridges, and advanced in the same order. The right and the centre columns, consisting of infantry, were commanded by generals Haddick and Kaine; the left, composed entirely of light troops and cavalry, made a detour round Castel Ceriolo, the village mentioned as forming the extreme right of the French position. About seven in the morning, Haddick attacked Marengo with fury, and Gardanne's division after fighting bravely, proved inadequate to its defence. Victor supported Gardanne, and endeavoured to cover the village by an oblique movement. Melas, who commanded in person the central column of the Austrians, moved to support Haddick; and by their united efforts, the village of Marengo, after having been once or twice lost and won, was finally carried.

The broken divisions of Victor and Gardanne, driven out of Marengo, endeavoured to rally on the second line, commanded by Lannes. This was about nine o'clock. While one Austrian column manoeuvred to turn Lanne's flank, in which they could not succeed; another, with better fortune, broke through the centre of Victor's division, in a considerable degree disordered them, and thus uncovering Lanne's left wing, compelled him to retreat. He was able to do so in tolerably good order; but not so the broken troops of Victor on the left, who fled to the rear in great confusion. The column of Austrian cavalry who had come round Castel Ceriolo, now appeared on the field, and threatened the right of Lannes, which alone remained standing firm. Napoleon detached two battalions of the Consular-guard from the third line, or reserve, which, forming squares behind the right wing of Lannes, supported its resistance, and withdrew from it in part, the attention of the enemy's cavalry. The Chief Consul himself, whose post was distinguished by the furred caps of a guard of two hundred grenadiers, brought up Monnier's division, which had but now entered the field at the moment of extreme need, being the advance of Dessaix's reserve, returned from their half day's march towards Rivolta. These were, with the guards, directed to support Lanne's right wing; and a brigade detached from them, was thrown into Castel Ceriolo, which now became the point of support on Buonaparte's extreme right, and which the Austrians, somewhat unaccountably, had omitted to occupy in force when their left column passed it in the beginning of the engagement. Buonaparte, meantime, by several desperate charges of cavalry, endeavoured in vain to arrest the progress of the enemy. His left wing was put completely to flight; his centre was in great disorder; and it was only his right wing, which, by strong support, had been enabled to stand their ground.

In these circumstances the day seemed so entirely against him, that, to prevent his right wing from being overwhelmed, he was compelled to retreat in the face of an enemy superior in numbers, and particularly in cavalry and artillery. It was, however, rather a change of position, than an absolute retreat to the rear. The French right still resting on Castel Ceriolo, which formed the pivot of the manoeuvre, had orders to retreat very slowly, the centre faster, the left at ordinary quick time. In this manner the whole line of battle was changed, and instead of extending diagonally

across the plain, as when the fight began, the French now occupied an oblong position, the left being withdrawn as far back as St. Julian, where it was protected by the advance of Dessaix's troops. This division, being the sole remaining reserve, had now at length arrived on the field, and, by Buonaparte's directions, had taken a strong position, in front of St. Julian, on which the French were obliged to retreat; great part of the left wing in the disorder of utter flight, the right wing steadily, and by intervals fronting the enemy, and sustaining with firmness the attacks made upon them.

At this time, and when victory seemed within his grasp, the strength of General Melas, eighty years old, and who had been many hours on horseback, failed entirely; and he was obliged to leave the field, and retire to Alexandria, committing to General Zach the charge of completing a victory which appeared to be already gained.

But the position of Dessaix, at St. Julian, afforded the First Consul a rallying point which he now greatly needed. His army of reserve lay formed in two lines in front of the village, their flanks sustained by battalions *en potence*, formed into close columns of infantry: on the left was a train of artillery; on the right, Kellerman, with a large body of French cavalry, which, routed in the beginning of the day, had rallied in this place. The ground that Dessaix occupied was where the high road forms a sort of defile, having on the one hand a wood, on the other a thick plantation of vines.

The French soldier understands better perhaps than any other in the world the art of rallying, after having been dispersed. The fugitives of Victor's division, though in extreme disorder, threw themselves into the rear of Dessaix's position, and, covered by his troops, renewed their ranks and their courage. Yet, when Dessaix saw the plain filled with flying soldiers, and beheld Buonaparte himself in full retreat, he thought all must be lost. They met in the middle of the greatest apparent confusion, and Dessaix said, "the battle is lost—I suppose I can do no more for you than secure your retreat?"

"By no means," answered the First Consul, "the battle is, I trust, gained—the disordered troops whom you see are my centre and left, whom I will rally in your rear—Push forward your column."

Dessaix, at the head of the ninth light brigade, instantly rushed forward, and charged the Austrians, wearied with fighting the whole day, and disordered by their hasty pursuit. The moment at which he advanced, so critically favourable for Buonaparte, was fatal to himself. He fell, shot through the head. But his soldiers continued to attack with fury, and Kellermann, at the same time charging the Austrian column, penetrated its ranks, and separated from the rest six battalions, which, surprised and panic-struck, threw down their arms; Zach, who, in the absence of Melas, commanded in chief, being at their head, was taken with them. The Austrians were now driven back in their turn. Buonaparte galloped along the French line, calling on the soldiers to advance. "You know," he said, "it is always my practice to sleep on the field of battle."

The Austrians had pursued their success with incautious hurry, and without attending to the due support which one corps ought, in all circumstances, to be prepared to afford to another. Their left flank was also exposed, by their hasty advance, to Buonaparte's right, which had never

lost order. They were, therefore, totally unprepared to resist this general, furious, and unexpected attack. They were forced back at all points, and pursued along the plain, suffering immense loss; nor were they again able to make a stand, until driven back over the Bormida. Their fine cavalry, instead of being drawn up in squadrons to cover their retreat, fled in disorder, and at full gallop, riding down all that was in their way. The confusion at passing the river was inextricable—large bodies of men were abandoned on the left side, and surrendered to the French in the course of the night, or next morning.—vol. iv., pp. 275—282.

In conclusion, we have pleasure in pointing to one volume in the *Life of Napoleon* with unqualified commendation. It is that which introduces him on the stage, relates the tale of his early years, and conducts us through the vigorous and astonishing growth of his young fortunes to the completion of his first conquest of Italy. Of the literary merits and enchanting interest of this single part of the work—the third volume—it is difficult to speak too highly. The narrative being here one rather of personal adventure and achievement than of political history, the absence of deliberate consideration and comprehensive views is the less felt in the relation; and all the grace and spirit of Sir Walter Scott's pencil have here full employment, in painting the brilliant and eventful career of the youthful victor. The subject itself is one of very agreeable excitement, and Sir Walter Scott has wrought it up to a tone of a most brilliant and pleasing colouring. The early glory of Napoleon was unsullied by political or private crimes. His youth, and the late epoch at which he entered into the revolutionary arena, had saved him from incurring the atrocious guilt of preceding actors; his military fame was splendidly associated with the liberation of Italy, and his greatness hitherto bore the semblance of patriotic and honourable ambition. If the young victor of Monte Notte, of Lodi, and of Arcola, had died in the next hour after the signature of the treaty of Campo Formio, which proclaimed him the liberator of Italy from the Austrian yoke, his name would have descended to posterity in the full lustre of untarnished honour. Then his modesty and self-denial in recounting his own astonishing achievements, his solicitude for the promotion of his brethren in arms, his delicate and generous bearing towards his gallant but unfortunate enemy Wurmser, would all have left an air of simple magnanimity on his character, which was afterwards utterly destroyed in the corrupting influence of his imperial despotism. Sir Walter Scott has felt all the attractions of his hero's deportment at this fair and brilliant epoch in his fortunes; and he has done the picture ample justice. Indeed, the spirit with which he has every where treated the character and examined the actions of Napoleon, deserves the most unexceptionable praise. It is impossible for any judgment to be more admirably impartial. At later periods of Napoleon's life, indeed, the features of the portrait are too truly darkened with the lineaments of cruelty, revenge,



and obdurate tyranny; but at the epoch before us it is susceptible of less repulsive and more softened colouring; and Sir Walter has thrown it into all those expressive touches, in which he so inimitably excels. The whole of this third volume forms the most exciting and delightful fragment of heroic biography with which we are acquainted.

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ART. XII. *High-ways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces.* By a Walking Gentleman. Third series. 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. London: Colburn. 1827.

It looks like a paradox, to say of Mr. Grattan, that in proportion as he has become more familiar with the provincial scenery and manners of France, the less striking and characteristic have been those sketches of them, which he has produced for the amusement of the public. Had he been able to sustain the vigorous spirit of delineation, which appeared to so much advantage in the first series of his 'Roadside Tales,' we should have felt great pleasure in seeing him realise the promise of his motto:—'I have loved France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine.' (King Henry V). But from whatever cause it has arisen, whether from the original idea having lost its novelty, and having ceased to stimulate his powers; or whether from his having drawn the materials of his more recent productions, less from real life than from the stores of his imagination, it is indisputable, that his second and third series are inferior to the first in every respect, but particularly in their nationality.

In the tales now before us, we have few of those delicate traits of character and costume, still less of those social and conversational peculiarities, which should at once bespeak the French origin of the dramatis personæ. Change but the names of the actors and of the places where they are supposed to appear, and there is very little in any of these compositions, which might not be feigned to have taken place in England, with quite as much scenic propriety as in the North or South of France.

The reader naturally expects to find, in the course of the first tale—'The Cagot's Hut,'—not indeed a dry and detailed dissertation on the extraordinary misfortunes which have marked the history of that outlawed and unoffending race; not an elaborate memoir on the disputed sources from which they are said to have sprung, or on the loathsome diseases which have for centuries cut them off from all friendly intercourse with their civilised neighbours; but a narrative, whether feigned or genuine in its connecting links, which should display the principal features, at least, of the actual social condition of that degraded community. Instead of this, we have but some very slight and superficial allusions to the general theories which have been resorted to, for the purpose of elucidating the state of the Cagots, and even these allusions are chiefly

to be found thrown together in a compendious note. The hint is made use of merely as a rendezvous for a French lady and a Spanish gentleman, the heroine and hero of the tale, the thread of whose fortunes is intertwined with the adventures of a small detachment of "the army of the Faith," in the Pyrenees, in the year 1822. As far as any thing is brought to light that displays the habits and sufferings of the *Cagots*, the cottage of a Pyrenean shepherd might have been fixed upon by the author, with quite as much fitness as that which it has pleased him to name.

Neither is our disappointment at all compensated by the interest or conduct of the tale itself. It abounds with improbabilities both of character and situation, and drags its struggling length through a volume and a half with the most tiresome sluggishness. The hero is a Spanish patriot, named Don Melchior, who, from his having been brought up in the South of France, had opportunities of meeting Malvide, the daughter of a highly aristocratic nobleman. They became mutually attached, but Melchior's politics and poverty interposed obstacles to their union, which the young lady took a very summary method of removing, by eloping under the guidance of a servant to the *Cagot's* hut in the Pyrenees, where she appointed to meet her lover, then in the service of the constitutionalists of Spain, and employed in guarding a pass in the frontier, which was threatened by a band of the army of the Faith, under the command of a monk called Father Munoz. It is here that our 'walking gentleman' first sees her in the disguise of a *Cagot* girl—a disguise by the way, which, from the beginning is so transparent and so awkwardly managed, that no reader can for a moment be deceived by it. The common current of a mere love story is varied in some degree by the description of an action, or rather a skirmish, between the adverse troops, in which Melchior is severely wounded—a circumstance that enables the author to display the character of the Monk Munoz in a most magnanimous light. Although the armed and deadly enemy of the constitutional force, which he had just attacked, and by which he had been completely beaten, yet we find him in the capacity of a surgeon, bandaging up the wounds of his enemy, and finally restoring him to health. For this extraordinary benevolence the author has accounted, by telling us that Munoz and Melchior had been formerly school-fellows: but the magnanimity of the Monk is exposed to still farther trials. It appears that he also had seen Malvide in the bloom of her beauty, and that her image had followed him into his cloister. Yet is this the very priest whom our author selects to celebrate her marriage with his political foe; and his first attempt to perform that ceremony having been interrupted by the sudden appearance of the bride's father, he takes the most extraordinary steps for effectually securing their object. He causes Melchior to be removed in a litter into the interior of the Pyrenees

to some caverns which were of exceedingly difficult, not to say perilous, entrance, whither Malvide attends him, and there, among torches and pillars of stalactite, the nuptials are at length concluded. The whole of these contrivances, which were adopted merely for the purpose of enabling the author to introduce some local descriptions, are painfully puerile, inconsistent and ridiculous: and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the story, which they are made to bolster up, a signal failure.

The only passage worth extracting from 'The Cagot's Hut,' is that in which the scene of the Spanish encampment, and the preparations for action are sketched. It is in Mr. Grattan's best style; and we quote it the more willingly, as we have been compelled to speak in no flattering terms of the other portions of this tale.

'To my great surprise, I distinguished upon all the little paths leading down the hills in the direction of Gedro, a number of men, scattered in small groups or coming singly along. These I at once discovered to be Spaniards, and a little while confirmed my supposition that they formed a portion of the army of the Faith, having united their straggling bands, and being about to re-enter Spain, by the unfrequented, and, as it appeared, unguarded pass which lay before me.

'There was infinite variety and animation in the scene I gazed on. The sun shone out brightly on the peaks, and the snow glistened in his rays. Lower down, the dark shadows of the rocks, or patches of pine wood, contrasted with the brightness above; and, mixed in the sunshine and the shade, were the figures of the Spaniards, of whom I counted above a hundred, in their ragged yet romantic costume, all carrying muskets, pikes, or other weapons. Two or three bugles sounded at intervals, calling in the stragglers to the grand point of reunion, and frequently new objects were seen peering forth from the scanty covers of copse or furze through which they forced a way, to fall in with the more beaten track.

'A party had already halted at the opening of the gorge, in which the hut was situate, and just where the noisy waterfall deposited its frothy waves in a basin, from which they flowed in limpid and silent streams into the valley. That seemed to be the rallying point for the assembling Spaniards, and it had all the air of head quarters to their strolling bands. Several mules were standing, heavily laden with baskets and bales of different dimensions; three or four tents were already pitched; and others were about to be constructed. These were all of rude materials, blankets, carpets and the like; and they formed a clumsy and mis-shapen parody upon a military encampment. A number of monks, women and children, sat or lay upon the ground, some apparently asleep, others eating, drinking, or occupying themselves about their scanty baggage.

'On a rocky elevation about three or four hundred yards in advance of this encampment, but not so far from me, a group caught my attention. It consisted of six or seven persons, in better and more complete military attire than the rest, who surrounded and seemed earnestly to listen to the observations of one, who differed from them all in costume, and whose height also made him remarkable. This I ascertained to be Father Munoz,

in the full habiliments of his order, who had, it appeared, succeeded in his plans for rallying some of his followers, and was now on the point of executing his daring and desperate project of hostilely recrossing the frontier.

‘At one time, he reconnoitred with his spy-glass the distant heights, then he looked towards the baggage, and instantly one of the surrounding group hastened to the spot, where the bustle announced some movement, in obedience to the orders issued. Again, he pointed towards particular points, leading to the pass through which his advance was to be attempted, and detachments of his little force quickly moved forwards, under the direction of some one from the party composing his personal staff. All this seemed effected by an active yet composed attention on his part, and a ready obedience in those who served his orders, indicative of a share of discipline that must have proceeded alone from the respect in which this holy chieftain was held.

‘A strong contrast to his zealous and ardent measures was presented in the lazy and luxurious air of his brother monks, who were reclined in indolent enjoyment, if it could be called so, partaking every thing but their trouble with the worn out and wretched women of the party; or some riding up to the rendezvous, while the females, more delicate, but not so weak, plodded on beside their mules, burdened and bowed down by their young children, or large packages of clothes or provender.

‘Father Munoz having made all his preparatory arrangements for his enterprise, with an apparent combination of boldness and caution, placed his advanced parties at their posts, and assigned to the whole their several stations and order of march.’—vol. i., pp. 196—201.

The pass, however, was not so unguarded as our author supposed. The constitutional troops occupied a hill that lay in the dark shade of mont Perdu, whither the efforts of Munoz were directed.

‘The bugles sounding to arms, the bustle of preparation became general. The fighting men sprang from the earth with alacrity; the women busily commenced to re-pack and arrange the baggage, strike the tents, and load the mules; while even the ecclesiastical incumbrances showed some signs of activity, as if aroused from their torpor by the inspiration of the scene.

‘When a pause in the bugle-sounds allowed me distinctly to hear the hundred echoes, in which they beautifully died away, a sharper, but not less harmonious strain came from the mountain, distant and faint at first, but swelling, as each loud-mouthed cavern caught the tones and sent them downwards. I then knew the spirit-stirring trumpet blasts; and, as they vibrated around, I seemed to inhale the very breath of the freedom they proclaimed. The bugles from below loudly answered the defying notes. The trumpets again, and more fiercely than before, replied. Blast succeeded to blast, and echo angrily mocked echo, as if the strained throats of the mortal musicians had given sensation as well as sound to animate the voices of the hills.

‘During the continuance of this fierce concert, the monk had addressed, and read to his assembled followers, the to them inspiring, but, in my view, the impious proclamation. I could not bear his single voice amidst

the clangour of loud sounds, but I clearly saw his violent gestures, at every passage of his extempore speech, or printed production, which demanded particular emphasis. He proved himself in this instance as eloquent as he was zealous and brave, for no sooner had he finished his harangue, than the collected crowd bore testimony to its effect. The monk raised his sword and crucifix on high, and gave a signal shout, which was joined by full two hundred voices, each vying with the rest in force. Prolonged and repeated yells sent the signals of fanatic zeal into the narrowest and deepest recesses of the mountains, and every rock returned the salute in reverberations that reached the skies. The descending bands of the patriots, now becoming visible in every pass, caught the dying tones, and flung their hoarse shouts upon the vibrating circles of the air, till all the atmosphere seemed filled with sounds, as if thousands of aerial sprites were mocking this discordant, yet animating chorus.'—vol. i., pp. 215—217.

It would only impair the effect of this vivid picture, to add to it the account of the contest; and we shall therefore pass to the next tale, which is entitled 'Seeing is not Believing,' in contradiction of the old proverb. If possible, this story, though only occupying half the second volume, is still more fatiguing than the former one. It is "of and concerning" a ghost, which our traveller declares he saw with his own eyes, in an ancient auberge, situated in the good city of La Rochelle.

He evinces a surprising deficiency of tact, by commencing this wondrous narrative with informing his readers that, since he first began to use his pen for the purpose of scribbling for the public, one of his most ardent wishes had been 'to write a ghost story.' This is as much as to say at once, "gentle reader, now prepare, I am going to practise a slight imposition upon your judgment; I cannot help it, as really I have a very strong desire to see how far you can be frightened." He goes on to say, 'I have been long withheld (from this said fiction) by a notion that the supernatural was worn out, as a means not merely of terror, but of entertainment.' 'Reason seems fast exercising (exorcising, he means) the spirits engendered by imagination, and the millenium of good sense, or perhaps of common place, has fairly commenced.' 'We have lost our faith,' he adds, 'in those charming superstitions;' and therefore he trusts to the very continuance of that faith, for the acceptance of his narrative! An odd prologue, one should think, to such a story!

But it is not on this occasion alone, that the author very unnecessarily introduces his readers, as it were, into his laboratory, in order to reveal to them the process by which he is endeavouring to gain their attention, and to win their applause. We have no objection to his frequent mention of himself—as a spectator of the scenes which he paints, or a participator in the events which he recites. On the contrary, we would tell him to make no apologies on this point, as we think that his presence imparts a more natural and lively colouring to his narrative, than if it were all told in the

third person. But when he ceases to be a witness or an actor, and speaks, as he frequently does, in his character as author, of the persons whom he calls his heroes and heroines, and for whom 'he wishes to excite the interest of his readers,' he completely interrupts the delusion, which it is the most important triumph of the novelist to create and preserve to the very close of his operations.

Even in 'The Conscript's Bride,' the third and last tale in this collection, and the best; perhaps, as a mere tale, that Mr. Grattan has ever written, this mark of unskilfulness, which we have just noticed, is more than once conspicuous. It is but a trivial error apparently; an oversight, perhaps, that ought to be attributed to the intensity of feeling, by which the writer was evidently animated, while he was engaged in depicting the fortunes of his favourite Valerie. Yet it is scarcely conceivable what power so slight a bar possesses for breaking the spell, which otherwise would have completely commanded our attention.

The opening of this tale is peculiarly inviting:—

'It was fête day in the village of Flixecourt, in Picardy, but not exclusively there; for it was one of those national festivals, when the whole country pours forth its feelings in concurrent streams of gladness. It was a week or two before the consummation of that annual union which joins spring to summer—

A season between June and May—

when the coyness of the vernal bride melts in tepid showers, beneath the sighs of her glowing lover. It was, in fact, the feast of the Pentecost; with us familiarly called Whitsuntide; and it wanted two hours to noon as I stood on the rising ground northward of the village, and looked upon the valley extending at either side. The verge of the horizon all around was formed by a ridge of sloping eminences; and the hallowed circle beneath them was a pastoral vale, with Flixecourt for its centre.

'The great road between Aberville and Paris lay close to my left, but I descended a little, so as to lose sight of it entirely, for the rest of the scene owned no fellowship with the highways. A breeze sporting across the earth gave motion to the corn-blades and herbage which covered it. This undulating carpet was chequered with the brightest tints. Crimson patches of clover and sain-foin were contrasted with fields of yellow-flowered trefoil, with green varieties of grass and flax, and greyish shades of unripe barley, which waved over large spaces of the unenclosed plain, and looked in the distance, like the heaving bosom of the sea. Many footpaths wound through these fenceless fields. Groups of peasant girls came tripping along them, their heads just visible above the corn, and the white lappets of their caps seeming to move over it like sea-birds skimming the waves. There was not one cloud abroad. My shadow, stretching away towards the west, was the only dark spot between the brilliant blue above and the bright scene beneath me. The odour of clover and trefoil came floating on every smell of air: and an invisible choir of larks were trilling their songs far up the sky, each independent note dying faintly down, as if echoed from the very vault of Heaven.

'The contemplation of such scenes is at all times delicious, when we take

in draughts of enjoyment through every sense thus acted on. But most of all, when mankind is in harmony with Nature's less dignified productions—as it was on the day which I describe.

'Group after group of peasants passed by me. . . Nothing could be gayer than the colours of the gowns, and coats, and kerchiefs which they wore; nothing more blooming than the flowers they carried, nothing more light nor graceful than their gait; but not one individual displayed that boisterous mirth, so indicative of rustic happiness, in almost every nation except France. There in comparison with other countries, one seldom hears a joyous carol burst from a band of rural revellers, nor does the lightness of their hearts

Turn, as it leaves the lips, to song.

'The tolling of the church bell seemed to cause a quickened movement among the peasantry, and led my observation to the building itself, towards which every body was pressing, with an anxiety more animated than mere devotion could awaken. The period I treat of is so far back as the year 1814. I, insensibly following the general movement, struck into a path that led towards the church, through a deep hollow at one side of the village, forming a kind of rustic suburb, composed of detached cottages, standing irregularly in plots of garden ground, and thick plantations. Several observations which caught my ear as I moved along, led me to expect some ceremony, although I could not ascertain of what kind, beyond the mere church service. The *patois* in which the people conversed was not quite intelligible to me; so I stepped on still faster than they did, and soon reached the foot of the rising ground on which the church was placed. While I looked upwards, examining the appearance of the simple edifice, its white-washed walls and spireless steeple cheerfully reflecting back the sunbeams, a pressure of the people within became evident towards the door-way, and a party soon issued from it, which was followed by a crowd that gazed with looks of much interest, mingled with respect.

'My eyes glanced quickly on the several individuals of the group which approached me; but they were soon fixed upon the centre object, a woman dressed in the uncouth and unbecoming habilimenta of a *Sœur de la Charité*. She was not near enough to the place at which I stopped, when my attention was attracted towards her, to enable me to examine particularly the features shrouded by her projecting cap of stiffened white linen, with lappets hanging on her shoulders, and there joining the folds of a black serge dress with long tight boddice, large loose sleeves, and of a cut and pattern altogether the most ungraceful. A rudely-carved crucifix, suspended to her girdle by a silver chain, was held in one hand, and the other was pressed between those of an elderly man, whose arm was linked with her's, but whether supporting or supported, I could not distinguish.'—vol. ii., pp. 3—10.

This sister of La Charité, as we afterwards learn, is no other than the heroine, Valerie. Having presented her to the reader in this striking point of view in the first instance, the author goes back to the preceding history of her life, and relates it with captivating effect. She was the niece of Monsieur Lacourtelte, one of those small proprietors of land in France, who have grown up since the revolution, and are very truly described as 'the great link in the

chain of social life in that country, which binds the highest with the lowest class.' He resided in the valley of Flixecourt, his family consisting of his niece, and his only son Lucien. The cousins were about the same age; from infancy upwards, they were always together; but, until Lucien was drawn for the conscription, neither knew the extent to which their feelings of happiness centred in each other. He is represented as a youth distinguished for his manly beauty, and, like all the rising male generation of France under the imperial government, as actuated by an ardent ambition to serve in the army; but this impulse was checked in the first instance by the affection of his father, who paid a large sum for a substitute, rather than have his only son exposed to the perils of war. He therefore remained at home some time longer, during which his attachment to Valerie assumed a more fervent and a more avowed character.

This circumstance of the substitute introduces to the reader a person named Isambert Duflos, who, during a great portion of the tale, is an object of almost as much interest as Lucien himself. Isambert agreed to serve instead of Lucien, upon the receipt of ten thousand francs, for which, it may be said, he sold himself to M. Lacourtelle, in order to save his own father from severe family embarrassments. But, to procure so large a sum, M. Lacourtelle was obliged to place himself in the hands of a rapacious, usurious notary, whose sordid character and dark proceedings appearing in the back ground, contribute to throw forward the other persons of the tale in bold relief.

Isambert, of course, visits the valley of Flixecourt, before he sets out for the army; and if, under the circumstances, he was received with marked cordiality by Valerie, who saw in him the military substitute of her lover, it is as little to be wondered at, that she left an impression on his heart, which was not soon to be erased. Of this impression she, however, was innocent, as no attachment could be more sacred or sincere, than that which bound her to Lucien. Lucien's affection for her turns out in the end to be equally imperishable, though some doubts are thrown upon it for a season, by the extravagance of a young lady of noble birth and splendid fortune in his neighbourhood, who, in a fit of romantic excitation, fixed upon him for her worshipper. This piece of folly, on the part of the fair damsel, gives rise to some ludicrous scenes, which are well delineated, and give much variety and relief to the more pathetic parts of the tale.

Time wears pleasantly away for Lucien, until he hears of Isambert's good fortune, in gaining the cross of the "Legion of Honour," and other distinctions in Spain. This intelligence once more awakens his military ardour, which now becomes irresistible, and he volunteers for the army then setting out to Russia. It ought, perhaps, to have been before remarked, as, indeed, it is upon this feature in Lucien's character that the most improbable incident in



the tale must stake its chance of credibility, that stronger than his love, stronger even than his ambition, was his pride in his personal attractions. Yet his sense of superiority in this respect, did not prevent him from entertaining some fears for the constancy of Valerie during his intended absence, particularly, as by this time, Isambert had returned from the Peninsula, and was a frequent visitor at M. Lacourtelles house. Having, however, obtained from her a solemn pledge of her love, he took his departure for Poland, where he joined the army. For some time he corresponded with his family, but soon his letters arrived irregularly; and after the conflagration of Moscow, they wholly ceased. It was confidently supposed that he had perished on the retreat; and this supposition was believed by every body but Valerie, who insisted that he still lived. How far the instinct of affection served her in the place of inspiration, may be gathered from the following scene, which took place at a period when her faith in his existence began to assume the appearance of foolish credulity.

Valerie had for some weeks observed the peculiarly agitated and occupied air of Isambert, and for four or five days, a long absence for him, he had not been to see her. She made some observations on this unusual lapse in his visiting, to her uncle one day after dinner, but he seemed to waive the subject without concurring in her surprise, or expressing his usual regret at his favourite's non-appearance. He merely remarked that "that there was no doubt good cause for it;" and Valerie seeing nothing in the circumstance requiring more particular observation, let the remark pass, and occupied herself as usual in her afternoon domestic employments.

After some time she left the house, and remained awhile in the garden, in that close and care-taking intercourse with her plants and flowers, so much enjoyed and so well appreciated by every lover of rural pleasures. Thence she wandered out into the fields, and she followed whatever path presented itself without selection or care. Her mind, as it was wont, flew back to the by-gone days when she rambled over these same fields, with Lucien by her side; and many a melancholy recollection came fast upon her. It was almost dusk. The sun was down; and she was returning towards home by the copse-wood path, when a rustling among the trees caught her attention, and she observed, at some paces before her, a figure cross the path, apparently for the purpose of observation rather than concealment. Without a feeling of superstition, she possessed a portion of the nervous sensibility common to her sex; and her long state of agitation had increased tenfold this constitutional defect. She hurried on, and tremblingly crossed the stile; and just as she got safely into the meadow she saw the figure again, but more plainly, standing in the shelter of the hedge, and clearly courting her attention. It was evidently a man, wrapped in a long military cloak; and, without exposing his face, he courteously saluted Valerie, and by a pressing gesture invited her to stay, while he advanced cautiously towards her.

A thousand notions rushed upon her, and she was for a moment transfixed to the spot. But while she stood the man advanced, and terror

then seized her completely, she turned towards the house, and moved hastily forward. She looked behind her as she fled, and saw that the stranger had stopped, and by every possible attitude displayed his disappointment at her flight. Seeing that she observed him and paused once more, he took a paper from his bosom, and threw it towards her as far as it would fly, and then he retired to a considerable distance, to observe her movements.

‘Valerie’s hesitation was but of short continuance. She was now convinced that this mysterious stranger and his billet, had some connection with the one subject of her hopes and fears. She could not, even in circumstances of danger, have neglected any chance information—and now the long sought intelligence seemed within her reach, and proffered through a friendly medium. No sooner did she conceive this thought, than she hurried towards the spot where the paper lay. She took it, unfolded it, and read the following words, evidently written in haste, but for the purpose of quieting her apprehensions,—

“‘Fear nothing. It is a friend who approaches you—a friend of yours—of Lucien—the bear of his last wishes—of a letter written by his own hand! Have no fear!—but *be discreet!*—Receive the letter, and the token contained in it.—Speak your mind fully—but do not require *me* to speak, nor attempt to see my face. This is from a friend, be satisfied of that—and fear nothing.”

‘She trembled violently as she read these words. Her blood seemed chilled at the intimation that Lucien was no more—that she was about to receive a letter written by his hand, and containing his *last* wishes. The whole mystery of the scene, the hour of dusk, the dim light, the stranger, the prohibition to look on his face, or hear his voice—all threw a solemnity into the transaction beyond any common train of feeling; and Valerie was rendered utterly incapable of movement or speech, although her safety might have depended on either. The stranger, either taking her immobility for consent to his proposal, or resolved not to lose the advantage given him by her fears, came forward with quickened pace, holding a letter in his hand. Such was Valerie’s perturbation, that she nearly fell to the ground, and she felt that she must have sunk, had not the stranger’s supporting arm upheld her. He, too, she thought, trembled—and that feeling gave her new courage; for had he meant her evil, she thought he would have been more firm. Recovering her strength and fortitude, she determined to take the letter from his hand; and acting on the injunction she had received, and thus tacitly consenting to abide by it, she asked no question, nor did she make any attempt to see the face which was studiously turned from her, and concealed in the folds of a handkerchief, and shadowed by a large slouched hat.

“‘Read!” said the stranger in a hoarse and hollow whisper, which made Valerie shudder. Still leaning on his arm, she broke the seal. The page was but scantily filled—but she thought she could have sworn to Lucien’s hand! Her head began to swim, and she was obliged once more to pause.

“‘Read!” said the same voice, with an impatient, but not unfriendly emphasis, as if the suspense suffered by the stranger was still greater than her own. As Valerie, roused by this appeal, was about to read, something fell from the folds of the letter; and stooping to lift it from the earth, she discovered it to be a braid of hair—and on closer examination,

she distinguished some of Lucien's mixed with her own. This seemed to bring conviction of authenticity to what was passing—and Valerie proceeded in breathless palpitation, to trace the lines which the twilight rendered scarcely legible.

'They were as follows :

"Do not hesitate, dearest Valerie, to receive this as the genuine record of my sentiments. The hand-writing, the lock of our hair, the sentiments themselves, all speak the reality of this address. I have been long lost to you, and the world. I must renounce all hopes of you and it. Reasons which I cannot avow, nor enter into, make it impossible for you ever to see me more. I hereby absolve you from all obligation to be bound by that pledge, which in the hour of hope and youthful passion, we exchanged together. You have many days of happiness yet before you. One worthy man at least loves you ; he is my father's chosen friend ; he has my hopes for his success ; and if you become his, ye shall both possess my ardent prayers for your welfare and happiness. I thus renounce you, my Valerie, for ever. It would be cruel, indeed, to link you in misery to the fate which has doomed me to loose you. I write this far away from you, and our happy home, which after you receive this, I shall never, never see again. A thousand blessings on you, my beloved Valerie—and my father too.

"Farewell,

"Ever, ever yours,

"LUCIEN."

'Valerie's agitation increased with every word that she read ; and as she came to the conclusion of the letter, the tears which were almost choking her, forced themselves in torrents from her eyes. She sobbed aloud, and it required all her self-command, to save her from going into hysterics. She held by the arm of the stranger with both her hands, and she exclaimed, in passionate emotion,

"Oh, tell me, is this true ? Can it be ? for my heart gives it the lie ! Can Lucien have renounced me thus for ever ? Is it thus he repays my faith, and keeps his own ? Who are you, mysterious man, that come with this frightful letter ? You have desired me not to require you to speak—nor to look at your features. But I will do both—I demand of you to confirm the truth of this—to tell me of my beloved Lucien—and your hollow voice will not be enough. I must see you, to trace in your features the truth or the falsehood of what you tell me."

'The man gently struggled to shake her off, and attempted to escape.

"No, no," cried she, "you shall not leave me ; I will cling to you for ever, till I find out more of this—I have no fear of you—you can do me no harm, that will not be better than this agony of suspense. Oh, do not, if you be a man of common feeling, preserve this cruel silence—do not drive me to despair—tell me where is my Lucien—what has become of him—where have you placed him—what force keeps him from me ? Tell me, tell me, I beseech you."

'With these words she sunk on her knees, holding fast by the stranger's cloak, and retaining one of his hands in her's ; his trembled as she held it in her grasp, and he still kept his face averted, and a handkerchief held close to it. For some minutes longer, she continued to implore the stranger to speak, or to let her see his face—but in vain. He seemed

greatly moved, but he increased his efforts to loosen her hold, and he was nearly escaping from her exhausted efforts at detention, when suddenly a new light seemed to break in upon her, she started up in recovered energy, and flinging away the hand she had before convulsively held, she cried, in a tone of bitter upbraiding,

“Yes, at length I see through this mockery, this cruel, this infamous deceit! Shame, shame upon you, Isambert! How could you descend to this? Is it by vile means like these you could expect, or would condescend to win my consent, or force me to violate my pledge to my beloved Lucien? Oh! were his brilliant and beautiful features to flash their anger on you now, how would you shrink into yourself! Away from me—but I will keep this forged record of the base attempt, to strike you dumb, and make you hide yourself as you do now, if ever you dare approach me more.”

‘She was then turning to go towards the house, when the man threw himself on one knee, and with still increasing emotion seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. Warm tears fell on it, but they could not soften Valerie’s resentment. She drew her hand indignantly away, and without deigning to cast a look behind, she left the suppliant as he was, and hastened to the house.’—vol. iii., pp. 323—334.

Can it be believed, that this disguised suppliant was indeed Lucien? Can it be further credited, that he wished Valerie, after this scene, to bestow her hand upon the man whom he had never liked, and of whom he was nervously jealous? Nay more: is it within the sphere of probability that Lucien, after hearing Valerie confess how dear he still was to her heart, fled the country like a felon, and wandered, nobody knew whither? And what is the motive assigned for this absurd conduct? Simply this, that he had received a sabre wound in his face, which disfigured it so much in his opinion, that he was ashamed to exhibit it once more to the eyes of Valerie! There may be, for aught we know, a single precedent in real life for such consummate vanity as this; but upon the general principles of human nature, the thing is ridiculous beyond all expression. However, such being the case, and Valerie having ascertained it upon further inquiry, she assumes the garb in which she was first introduced to us, on account of the protection which it was calculated to afford her, and sets out in search of the fugitive; discovers his retreat in Germany, and is united to him; but such is the sensitiveness of this rustic beau, that he never could be prevailed upon to return to France!

There is interwoven with the principal tale, a pathetic episode of a maniac girl, a resident of the village of Flixecourt, who had lost her lover in the retreat from Russia. It is told with the most touching simplicity and pathos, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Grattan’s pen.

ART. XIII. *Two Years in New South Wales; a series of Letters comprising Sketches of the actual state of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c.* By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R. N. 2 vols. 12mo. 18s. London: Colburn. 1827.

It is no exaggeration to say, that there is more practical and valuable information, concerning the settled districts of New South Wales, contained in this work, than in all the volumes put together which have been hitherto published, on the condition and prospects of that most promising colony. It is a complete manual of Australia, as far as that country came under the author's observation, embracing, in the compass of two convenient volumes, a condensed mass of intelligence on every subject upon which emigrants proceeding thither, or persons already arrived there, can possibly desire to be instructed. It is written in a clear and popular style, intelligible to every capacity, and is full of novelty and interest even for those readers who may take it up from no more than the ordinary motives of curiosity.

We have, in truth, been surprised by the vast diversity of knowledge which Mr. Cunningham has displayed in this production. His chief employment, for some years, appears to have consisted in the no very agreeable task of superintending, in his surgical capacity, the voyages of convicts from England to New South Wales. We expected from him, as a matter of which he was most competent to treat, a full account of the mode in which that tedious operation was performed, and possibly some suggestions for its improvement. We were also prepared, by his professional character, for some general observations on the conduct and distribution of the convicts, after their arrival at the place of their destination; pointing out the manner in which they were employed, and the effects which their transportation to a new scene produced upon them. But Mr. Cunningham has not merely outstripped our expectations in these respects, he has gone a great deal farther; for there is nothing connected with the interests of the colony, to which he does not appear to have devoted his attention. Its topography was not, indeed, before involved in much obscurity; it is here fully described: the different soils of which it is composed are enumerated, and those pointed out that are best adapted for cultivation, for cattle and sheep pasture, and for plantations. Much useful information is given as to the management of those various soils; as to the grain, vegetables and fruits which might be grown upon them; as to the best means of preserving in a healthy condition the live stock which feed upon their herbage; and to the natural history of the colony. Several sensible suggestions are made for the introduction of grasses, fruits, vegetables, and animals, which have hitherto been strangers to its climate. Upon all these subjects Mr. Cunningham writes like a man who has become thoroughly

acquainted with them in a course of actual experience, and therefore the information which he gives concerning them cannot be too highly appreciated.

Many will doubtless incline to think that, when the author exhibits the advantages which New South Wales holds out to emigrants, he becomes occasionally an enthusiast in favour of that colony, particularly when he insists that it is in every respect superior to the Canadas, to South America, and indeed to any other portion of the known globe, in the facilities and prospects of opulence which it affords to the settler. But although such may be his real opinion, yet it does not deter him from pointing out the inconveniences and drawbacks, which are to be found in Australia as well as elsewhere; these he states in an impartial manner, though he endeavours to shew that they weigh lightly against the other side of the balance.

He advises no man, however, to go to New South Wales, who does not possess a capital of 1200*l.*, or thereabouts.

‘A man so situated, if he should resolve on endeavouring to brighten his prospects by emigration, will, it is my firm belief, find New South Wales the best of all the newly colonized countries he can possibly fix on, for the purpose of turning that capital, when devoted to agricultural purposes, to a beneficial account. Many are the difficulties and disappointments he will have to encounter in the outset; but by patience, perseverance, and prudence, he will gradually overcome these; feeling sensible that, while he enjoys the proud satisfaction of calling all that he sees about him his own, every improvement he makes is for his sole and individual advantage. He will see all his essential family wants administered to by the productions of his own land, without the night-mare of poor-rates, or, indeed, any other rates, to startle him from his slumbers, or detract from the efforts of his industry. He has the still greater pleasure, likewise, of seeing those very children who, in England, were possibly destined to lessen his wealth and diminish his comforts, here to a certainty tend manifestly to the increase of both. As soon as they ripen into youth, they constitute his most valuable assistants, since none can be so specially interested in his prosperity; while on their marrying, he has only to obtain for them a grant of land, and, furnishing them with portions from his surplus stock, to turn them forthwith into the world, almost confident of success,—knowing well that no individual, possessing any original capital, can possibly fail here, with a moderate proportion of common sense and perseverance to guide and urge him.’—vol. i., pp. 3, 4.

We agree with him, that on account of the diversity of language, religion, and national habits, the South American States ‘can never be desirable as a permanent asylum for Englishmen.’ There is, also, we must acknowledge, considerable force in his argument in favour of New South Wales, as compared with the United States and the Canadas.

‘In the American states, and the Canadas, you have to proceed seldom less than a thousand miles inland before you can obtain unlocated

ground, which even then, in the States, you are obliged to purchase, while your produce has all to be transported by land and interior water carriage from one to two thousand miles, before it reaches the point of exportation. In New South Wales, on the contrary, you may have abundance of land within from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles of the coast, upon terms neither irksome nor burthensome. In America, the soil is almost uniformly covered with such dense forests, that a cart cannot pass readily through them, without cutting down trees here and there on the route; while the grass is either completely choked by the fallen leaves, or so smothered by the overshadowing summer foliage, that its scantiness and sickly vegetation quite unfit it for pasture, except in the interior *prairies* and a few spots on the banks of rivers, where the soil is too wet for the growth of timber. Upon our very sea-coast, or as soon as you have traversed at farthest from twenty to forty miles, the country is generally so thinly timbered, that you may drive a carriage over it in all directions; while the trees also, being but slightly clothed, and all evergreens—consequently never shedding their leaves—afford both a cool retreat for the cattle in the summer heats, and a tolerable protection for the sward of native grass which every where abounds. Hence all kinds of stock may be kept here at the very outset—a thing quite impracticable in America.—vol. i., pp. 5, 6.

To these points a Canadian settler would answer, that the passage in the first place from England thither, occupies only three or four weeks, whereas a voyage to New South Wales is seldom accomplished under eighteen; that if he has the trouble of clearing his land of timber, he has the timber to build his house, to furnish the materials of his farming implements, and that in most cases, he may dispose of the remainder to advantage. But he would most probably lay the chief stress upon the degraded character of the convict population of New South Wales, and upon the great reluctance he would naturally feel to mingle with those who have been emancipated, as the term is; in other words, who have been pardoned, or have gone through the measure of punishment assigned to them: he might also very reasonably object to the employment of convicts as labourers, or indeed in any capacity. But it is the very number of these convicts, says Mr. Cunningham, which forms the wealth of the colony; for it keeps the price of labour low. This is perfectly true, but still it does not get rid of the prejudice, which is *as yet* inseparable from the idea of going to reside in a territory to which are condemned the refuse of the empire. We say *as yet*, because it is a prejudice, the influence of which every successive day serves to diminish, and it will soon cease to exist altogether.

We know not, however, after all, but that Mr. Cunningham is justified in recommending Australia to those who possess the sum which he mentions. To poor labouring emigrants, the Canadas offer advantages which they can obtain in no other colony; and this circumstance will of course decide their destination. But to families who can command sufficient capital, there is no doubt that Australia presents many attractions. It is free from ague,

remittent fever, and most, if not all, of those diseases, which prevail to such an extent in other unsettled countries. Mr. Cunningham thinks it even superior to Van Diemen's land, or Tasmania, as the Australians call it.

'Though the climate of Tasmania is generally cooler than that of New South Wales, yet on the extensive table lands beyond the fine pastoral county of Argyle, and at Bathurst, the climate differs little from that of Tasmania. In the latter country, the good land is now granted; so that an individual emigrating there with a rising family sees no prospect of acquiring ground for them on their attaining the age of manhood; when both policy and the course of nature prescribe for them a separate establishment. Besides, from this want of good unlocated land whereon to graze his superfluous stock, (when increased beyond the means of his farm's maintenance), he will be forced ineligibly to kill or dispose thereof. But in Australia, boundless districts of fine grazing land lie open to the north and south of Sydney for the selection of the emigrant man with a family, whenever the government shall render them accessible by means of roads from the sea-coast; in which districts all his children may have "ample room and verge enough," and all his superfluous stock means of pasturage.—The constant failure of crops at the English Cape settlement; the total want of a good harbour near it; the numerous savage animals existing there—human and otherwise; these circumstances combine to render any comparison between it and Australia altogether unnecessary.'—vol. i., pp. 9, 10.

The principal town of New South Wales, Sydney, occupies a considerable extent of ground, the houses being for the most part built in the detached cottage style, 'of white freestone, or of brick plastered and whitewashed, one or two stories high, with verandas in front, and inclosed by a neat wooden paling, lined occasionally with trim-pruned geranium hedges; they have besides a commodious garden attached, commonly decked out with flowers, and teeming with culinary delicacies.' The streets are wide, and at present neither paved nor lighted, but these are improvements which a little time will bring about. It contains two parish churches, a Presbyterian kirk, a Methodist and a Catholic chapel, and several breweries and extensive distilleries. The latter must be in a prosperous state, as upon an average not less than one hundred thousand gallons of ardent spirit are annually consumed in the colony. Hotels and taverns also abound there; lodgings are cheap, and merchandise of every sort may be had at the stores—not shops—which are assorted with every thing according to the American plan. Some difficulty has been experienced in supplying Sydney with water, nor is it yet altogether overcome. It has a good convict hospital, a school for orphans endowed by government, and a benevolent asylum supported by private charity, but as yet no theatre, nor any place of public amusement. Sydney, like other towns where the society is mixed, and has nothing else to talk about, is famous for scandal.

We are glad to learn that 'neatness of dress and personal clean-



liness form a very marked feature among a great proportion of the Sydney inhabitants, even when moving in rather an humble sphere,' for we may pretty confidently hope with Mr. Cunningham, that 'those who delight in a good exterior, are seldom either sottish or depraved.'

'Among the great majority of the houses, too,' he observes, 'even of mean exterior, inside cleanliness and comfort appear most conspicuously; and in passing along one of our back streets, about the dinner hour, you will almost uniformly observe a clean newly-unfolded cloth spread upon the table, with a shining shew of dinner-utensils upon it—all equally inviting; which, together with the pure whitewashed wall, and the articles of comfort and even luxury ranged round it, convey a very agreeable impression to the mind.'—vol. i., pp. 57, 58.

Such cleanliness perhaps would be as little expected by a free emigrant, as the personal security which is to be found even in the midst of thieves and pickpockets.

'When strolling through the streets of Sydney on first landing, very singular reflections will naturally intrude upon the mind, on perceiving the perfect safety with which you may jostle through the crowds of individuals now suffering, or who have suffered, the punishment awarded by the law for their offences: men banished often for the deepest crimes, and with whom, in England, you would shudder to come in contact. Elbowed by some daring highwaymen on your left hand, and rubbed shoulders with by even a more desperate burglar on your right—a footpad perhaps stops your way in front, and a pickpocket pushes you behind—all retired from their wonted vocations, and now peacefully complying with the tasks imposed upon them, or following quietly up the even path pointed out by honest industry.'—vol. i., pp. 61, 62.

Mr. Cunningham divides the inhabited parts of the colony into four: the first consisting of the counties of Cumberland (in which Sydney lies), and Camden; the second, of the counties of Argyle and Westmoreland, and the unnamed county to the southward of Sydney; the third, of the counties of Northumberland and Durham to the northward of Sydney; and the fourth, of the counties of Roxburgh and Londonderry to the westward of Sydney. The two latter counties are situated beyond the Blue mountains, and are best known by the name of Bathurst, a remarkably rich tract of territory, which was only discovered in 1813. Besides Sydney, Cumberland contains the towns of Paramatta, Windsor and Liverpool, all fast increasing in population and rising into importance.' No towns have yet been founded in Camden, which as well as Cumberland is badly watered. There is, however, a great deal of good land in both counties. The settlements in Northumberland and Durham are considered the most respectable in the colony, being principally in the hands of military and naval officers, or free emigrants. But perhaps no part of the colony promises to reach a higher degree of prosperity than Bathurst. 'The quantity of sheep and cattle in this territory is now immense, the greater

proportion of the wool exported from the colony being furnished therefrom.' It is also as famous for its cheese as Cheshire! It boasts of a good 'classical and commercial school,' a 'literary society,' and a 'hunting club,' and the salubrity of its climate may be inferred from the fact, that 'the only death owing to natural causes, from the period of its first settlement, took place in 1826, after a space of twelve years!'

Coal has either been found, or indications of its existence have been observed, in 'a direct coast line of one hundred and twenty miles, extending from Port Stephens to Botany Bay, and interiorly for about a hundred miles along Hunter's river.' It is, however, generally small and dusty, and is chiefly used for smith's work, though it is said, that its supply is inexhaustible. Mr. Cunningham thinks that the tea plant might be cultivated with advantage in New South Wales, and he recommends that it should be entrusted to a settlement of Chinese, 'permitting them to export it to England, and all her territories, for a certain number of years, duty free;'—a recommendation which we hardly think the East India Company will easily allow to be carried into effect.

We have already hinted, that the society of Sydney is upon rather a limited scale. It would seem, however, that even on this delicate point, the hand of improvement is not altogether palsied.

'Etiquette is, if possible, more studied among our *fashionable* circles than in those of London itself. If a lady makes a call, she must not attempt a repetition of it until it has been returned, on pain of being voted ignorant of due form. *Morning* visits, too, are made in the *afternoon*; afternoon calls near the hour of bed-time; while cards are ceremoniously left, and rules of *precedence* so punctiliously insisted on by some of our *ultras*, that the peace of the colony was placed in imminent jeopardy only a few years back by the opening of a ball before the leading lady of the *ton* made her appearance;—the hurricane being fortunately smoothed down at its outset by the facetious master of the ceremonies assuring the indignant fair, that it was nothing more than the experiment of a few couples to try the *spring of the new floor*, and that they were still waiting her arrival to commence.

'Dinners among the gentlemen,—followed up by tea or coffee, evening parties, and *petits soupés* (to include the attendance of the ladies), are the usual routine here;—dancing and music winding up the entertainments. The name-cards are elegantly printed by our colonial press, and sometimes such a fashionable intimation as "Mrs. B. at Home" brightens the gloom of our winter evenings.

'Sundry public balls during the year vary the sameness of more common enjoyments: while the routine of balls, dinner-parties, and *petits soupés*, lately commenced by our worthy governor and his lady, tend still farther to advance the hilarity of our social circles. There are also in anticipation the amusements of the promised theatre; and the public concerts lately established can scarcely fail to introduce harmony in one sense, if not in another.

'The first of our subscription-concerts took place on the 7th of June,

in the present year, and was attended by one hundred and twenty of the *select*, admittances being decided by ballot.—Mrs. Governor Darling's ball, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, was the most splendid and most numerously attended of any yet given in the colony—two hundred individuals being present on this occasion, a considerable portion of whom would be qualified by their wealth and respectability to move in genteel society in England. This ball has been immortalised in our annals as the *first*, since the foundation of the colony, in which the ladies *equalled* in numbers the gentlemen,—a circumstance which has given rise since to much pleasant speculative conversation among the bachelors.'—vol. ii., pp. 119—121.

It is a decisive proof of the rapid progress of the colony, that the "Sydney Gazette," which, when the author was last (1826) in New South Wales, was published only twice a week, is now become a daily paper, and is as large as even the largest of our London journals. To this are added, the "Australian," which appears twice a week, and the "Monitor," once a week.

The author's observations on the construction of juries in New South Wales, seem to us to be founded in good sense. He says—

'With respect to civil cases (such, for instance, as relate to property), the law as it now stands is best adapted to our present state of society. If both parties agree to it, a jury is called in; but if one dissents, the case is forthwith tried before the judge and two magisterial assessors. In libel cases, however, and criminal cases too, jury-trials may no doubt be rendered very beneficial by making the right of a juryman to sit depend as much upon the question of *character* as that of *property*; reducing the number of jurymen, on each jury, in every place of trial, according to its population, and allowing the decisions to go by a *majority*, instead of by *unanimity*. If every individual in the colony were given a right to sit as a criminal juryman on being qualified by property alone, there would be no control whatever over the most iniquitous conduct, and serious mischief might be occasioned before a change of law could be made: while, to an individual who had been a convict, the title to that as a *right* could never have the same beneficial influence on his moral behaviour, as when awarded as a distinguishing *boon* to *good conduct*. The man who could claim this privilege as an inheritance the moment he acquired a certain property, would, as is very evident, care less about character than when he saw that *without* character his property availed him nothing. To have twelve jurymen, also, in *every* case, would be most oppressive in our thinly-peopled districts: while, to prevent the bribery or guilty participation of a single juryman from defeating the justice of the law, *majorities* ought to decide the case, the foreman simply certifying to the judge the number of *ayes* and *noes*. If the county magistracy were enjoined to draw up annually a list of *all* individuals in the colony entitled by property to serve, making distinguishing marks in favour of those of good character, to *insure* their being put upon the jury list, while from those rejected even, the governor might still select such names as he deemed proper (in order to counteract any vexatious conduct on the part of the magistracy), a jury system might be formed beneficial to the colony at large, and capable of effectually serving all the purposes required, till the state of society here

admitted the mere qualification of property to suffice.—vol. ii., pp. 135—137.

He objects, we think, with equal justice, to the idea which has entered the brains of some of our modern reformers, of giving to this colony a house of representatives. He states, that the emancipists would compose at least four-fifths of the electors, and that the voices of the free emigrants would be entirely overwhelmed in the elections for members of such an assembly—a circumstance which could hardly be deemed useful to the interests of the colony. He recommends, however, that the council, which at present acts as a legislative body, should be formed on a broader scale, and that its sittings should be open, its proceedings reported, and ‘all the acts proposed, printed and distributed at least a month before discussion, so that they may be digested by the public at large, and their defects pointed out.’ If such a reform as this were effected, the colony would have no good reasons for several years to come, to complain of its having no house of representatives. We trust that the suggestion will be attended to.

We have been a good deal amused by our author’s observations on some of the convicts whom he has taken out. If he sometimes fall into the low idioms which prevail amongst them, yet he compensates for his violations of the rules of good taste, by the thorough knowledge of the human heart which he displays. His advice for the establishment of an effective police among the convicts is curious.

‘The petty officers must be composed of thieves of highest repute for the number and nature of their offences, inasmuch as these are most likely to keep down the others. The veteran thief assumes the same sort of lofty port and high-toned consequence over the juniors of the *profession*, that the veteran warrior of fifty campaigns does over the raw bumpkin of yesterday; and what he cannot force these tyros to do by bullying, he will exact from that sort of willing obedience which the more unsophisticated in every calling are ready to pay to those distinguished therein.

The old thieves are besides actually more *trust worthy* than the young; as, seeing the die is cast with them, and that it is only by adhering to those who have *power* they can hope to improve their condition, they deem it best to adopt at last the hackneyed motto, “Honesty is the best policy:” and while making the best overseers and constables, they also usually make the most trusty servants; for although they may rob you themselves, they take special care that nobody else shall (whereas the young thieves are constantly made the dupes of their elders). They have a sort of spurious law among them, the most important article of which is, “Never steal yourself when you can persuade another to steal for you;” therefore the young thieves are as generally found to be the *perpetrators*, as the old thieves are to be the *planners* of robbery. It is a good booty alone that will make a cunning old rogue *crook his finger*; whereas the sprightly young bantam will peck at every barleycorn which his senior points out.—vol. ii., pp. 225, 226.

Though we may expose ourselves to the charge of being disciples

of the "Tom and Jerry school," yet we cannot help extracting a few traits, which, according to our author, marked the conduct of his protégées.

'The fellow that attempts to humbug the rest by pretensions to *honesty* had better hang himself at once. He is esteemed if he can impose thus upon the *officers of the ship*; but to attempt to foist himself off upon his comrades is an offence never passed over by them. The best way, in fact, for a fellow of small note in the larcenous line to maintain a sort of respectable footing, is to keep strictly his own counsel, when he may acquire the reputation of being a "deep file" without having the smallest pretensions thereto.

'The adventures of some of these men are certainly both extraordinary and amusing; and the tact with which they will humbug the very individuals whom they are plundering, might serve to entertain even the plundered party. It is the rogue's interest, of course, to make the adventure tell well to his own *credit*, and therefore considerable deduction must generally be made for the embellishments wherewith he garnishes his tale. I once listened, unobserved, to the relation of an adroit and facetiously-managed robbery, which the hero was detailing with great glee; and the admirable manner in which the whole was wound up, called forth such a spontaneous burst of laughter and applause from the throng around, that he rapturously exclaimed, while striking the bench with his firmly clenched fist (his whole countenance beaming delightedly), "By G—, I could steal a shirt off a fellow's back without his knowing it!"—vol. ii., pp. 229, 230.

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'Sometimes, too, they hold regular Old-Bailey sessions, and try individuals in exquisite mock-heroic style. A friend of mine, who had the heavy charge of three hundred and seventy-two convicts, happening to be a little short-sighted, glided disrespectfully one day into the *very middle of the court*, with his hat on; and no doubt felt most awkward at finding himself in such offensive trim in the awful presence of the chief justice of England, perched upon a three-legged stool, with a bed under him for a cushion—a patchwork quilt around him for a robe of office—and a huge swab combed over his dignified head and shoulders in lieu of a wig. Barristers, with blankets round them for gowns, pleaded eloquently the causes they were engaged in, brow-beating and cross-questioning the witnesses according to the best-laid-down rules, and chicanery of law; while the culprit stood quaking in the dock, surrounded by the *traps* of office, awed by the terrific frowns which the indignant judge every now and then cast upon him, when the evidence bore hard upon the case.'—vol. ii., pp. 237, 238.

Mr. Cunningham speaks very slightly, though we apprehend very justly, of the great reforms which some of our missionaries imagine they have brought about among the convicts in the hulks, and in New South Wales, by lecturing them, and distributing among them tracts of piety.

'It is, in sober sadness, time fruitlessly expended, to attempt the reformation of these people when crowded thus "knave upon knave:" those who may be seriously inclined are jeered out of it by the rest, and the *reformation* you bring about is a mere bam meant to be turned to gainful account by making a dupe of you. All you ought to attempt, under such circum-

stances, is to bring about regularity and decency of conduct. If you aim at more, you only make *hypocrites*, which is ten times worse than permitting them to remain (as you found them) open downright knaves.'—vol. ii., pp. 254, 255.

It is one of the many unjust and unaccountable anomalies in our law, that unless in cases where the actual property stolen can be identified by the prosecutor or his witnesses, the prisoner convicted of robbery is allowed to retain for his own use, all the cash which he may happen to possess. If he takes away bank notes which can be sworn to, he must refund; but if he takes gold or silver coin, or if he be expeditious enough in converting the stolen property into gold or silver currency, or into jewels or other valuables, he may enjoy the fruits of his plunder in the genial climate of Australia! We apprehend that this enormous injustice has arisen from the impossibility of procuring negative evidence to shew, that the money found upon the prisoner, and not sworn to on the part of the prosecution, is not, in point of fact, his property. But this grievance might be remedied by rigidly exacting a forfeiture of all the convict's goods to the crown, and by recompensing the prosecutor with them, as far as they could be made to extend.

Mr. Cunningham concludes his work with some very sensible suggestions, as to the rules which ought to be adopted, for the purpose of enabling the colonial authorities to acquire accurate information, as to the characters and previous pursuits of the convicts who are sent out. Such information might easily be furnished by means of a list accurately framed at home, with the assistance of the committing magistrates, the constables, and the keepers of the prisons. It would be particularly useful, as a guide to the colonial officers, in their management of the convicts after their arrival.

Upon this, and, indeed, upon all points, connected with convict discipline, Mr. Cunningham has advanced many rational opinions, which are entitled to great weight, from his known experience; and we think he has added greatly to their value, by expressing them uniformly in a candid and manly manner.

## NOTICES.

ART. XIV. *Stray Leaves, including translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany, with brief Notices of their Works.* 12mo. pp. 165. 6s. London: Treuttel & Würtz. Edinburgh: Clark. 1827.

VERY few, if any, of the works of the Lyric poets of Germany are known in England. We therefore feel grateful to the gentleman, who has attempted in the little work before us to introduce into our language some of the most popular pieces of this class of composition. In a very modest preface he states that his chief object is, to 'draw the attention of others more competent to the task, and to engage them at length to do that justice to the

*Poets*, which the novelists of Germany have met with in this country.' Some of his translations deserve our commendation for their fidelity; they are occasionally deficient in vigour and harmony, but when we consider how extremely difficult it is to clothe the effusions of the German muse, in an English dress, we should rejoice that the translator has done so much, rather than nicely examine how far his work is short of perfection. We subjoin his version of a winter song from Stolberg.

'When once I leave the town behind  
What rapture animates my mind!  
Rejoiced I hail heaven, earth, and sea,  
So dear is this fair scene to me!  
Around I look with gladden'd eyes,  
Like some exulting bird that flies  
From forth its narrow prison door,  
And mounts and sings still more and more.  
And all around appears so fair,  
Though drest in winter's vesture bare!—  
The frozen lake—so hard and white!  
The woods in twinkling diamonds bright!  
Among the branches to and fro  
The little songsters come and go,  
Rejoicing in the transient ray  
That streams upon the withered spray!  
Here infant seeds prepare to glow,  
Peeping beneath their covering snow:  
Down to the vale the roebuck hies,  
Where soft sweet moss attracts his eyes.  
Whatever change thy features mould,  
Nature, to me, thou'rt never old!  
Nature! so kind and true a mate,  
And yet so awful and so great!'—pp. 14, 15.

To his translations from the German the author has added several original compositions, which breathe an ardent spirit of liberty.

ART. XV. *Little Plays for Children*. By Maria Edgeworth. 18mo. pp. 255. London: Hunter.

To write a book suited to the mental capacities of children, is no easy matter. It should be at once instructive and amusing, simple and correct; blending information, good sense, and moral precept with a lively interest, arising out of trivial circumstances. Indeed, it requires that the writer should possess an intimate acquaintance with the infant mind, and an almost intuitive tact for this species of composition.

Miss Edgeworth, to whom parents are so greatly indebted for her exertions in the cause of education, has here presented them with a volume, of a novel character; displaying, in a dramatic form, the peculiar excellences of her little narratives. Her children are drawn to the life; and we are bound to excuse the uniformity of her papas and mammas, inas-

much as they are supposed to be personified abstractions of human perfection. The different stories are well chosen; the dialogue is lively, and the plots consist of a happy union of the probable and surprising. It is a difficult experiment, however, and one whose successful adoption in this instance will, we doubt, hardly reconcile parents to the dramatic exercises. Of the approbation of her young readers, we think the fair authoress may be quite certain; indeed we can fancy their delight in the perusal of this addition to the juvenile library, from the pleasure which we ourselves derived from it.

ART. XVI. *The Heart, with other Poems.* By Percy Rolle. sm. 8vo. pp. 126. Westley & Co.

A BRIEF, modest and sensible advertisement, in which the author states that 'these verses are the production of his boyhood,' but acknowledges that this can be no apology for 'clumsiness or incapacity' in him who by publishing 'voluntarily enters the lists with the public,' prepossessed us in favour of this little volume; nor was the impression weakened when, in the third stanza of his first poem, after a somewhat strained denunciation of love, as bearing 'not dart and myrtle-wreath,'

'But the red lightning's shaft, whose blasting touch is death,'

we met with the following imagery:—

'This *thou* canst witness, maiden, wronged, disowned,  
Thou of the marble cheek, and locks that wave  
Around a brow where sadness sits enthroned;  
Is there no hope—no balm—can nothing save?  
No, thou art his—the tyrant's!—yes, his slave,  
And he of all, even life, will soon bereave thee;  
But there is peace and rest in the calm grave,  
Death is thy friend when other false friends leave thee,

Thy patron—his still home is open to receive thee.'—p. 2.

In the tenth stanza of the same poem, we were rather pleased with the following personification:

'What maid walks forth beneath the twilight sky,  
With lofty brow, and cheek serenely pale,  
And a sweet sadness nestling in her eye?  
Thou sainted maid, fair MELANCHOLY, hail!  
My comrade through the world's uneven vale,  
My Mentor.'—p. 6.

and,

:'Thou art TRUTH's medium;—as the natural sun  
Is more distinctly seen through clouded glass,  
So through thy veil, thou meek and lovely one,  
We behold TRUTH,' &c.—p. 6.

appeared to us as a just reflection conveyed through the medium of an image better selected than expressed. We are, however, obliged to acknowledge that, though not destitute of poetic talent, Mr. Rolle must drink deeper of the streams of inspiration, and educate his ear to a finer perception of the sweet and expressive charm of harmonic numbers, before he can claim a distinguished niche in the temple of the Muses. We select the following, as one of the most pleasing of the smaller poems.



'The dove his golden plumage hath,  
The rose its fragrant breath,  
The rippling stream its sunny waves;  
Its purple flower the heath.  
The nightingale her melody,  
The very storm its light;—  
I but my soul's deep bitterness,  
It's weariness, and blight !'

ART. XVII. *Six Mois en Russie. Lettres écrites à M. Saintenes, en 1826, à l'époque du couronnement de S. M. l'Empereur*, par M. Ancelot. 8vo. pp. 416. Paris. 1827.

MR. Ancelot is one of the poets of the day in Paris; he has written some tragedies that have been played at the Theatre Français, and some of his other poetical productions have had a respectable portion of success. He occupies apartments in the hotel of Marshal Marmont, the Duke of Ragusa, and it appears, that when the poet assembles some of his literary friends to hear a new tragedy or poem read, the Duke condescends to make one of the number. This condescension on the part of the warrior, has been immortalised by the pencil of Madame Ancelot, the poet's wife, in a picture representing one of these confidential readings, which was for a long time before the eyes of the public, at the exhibition of pictures for the benefit of the Greeks, which was opened some months back in Paris. When the Marshal was sent as extraordinary ambassador, to compliment the Emperor Nicholas on his coming to the throne, and to be present at his coronation, the poet accompanied him to Russia, witnessed the coronation ceremonies, was present at the banquets, balls, rejoicings, &c., that followed them, wrote the letters now before us to one of his friends in France, and returned with the embassy to Paris. The author, in his preface, seems very anxious to defend himself against the suspicion of his having been attached to the embassy, the more particularly, as several of the minor literary journals of Paris had been very facetious on the subject of his journey, and had designated him as *rimeur d'ambassade, poete salarié*, &c. These qualifications he indignantly disclaims, denies being attached in any official way whatever to the embassy, and adds, that he was indebted for the opportunities he enjoyed in Russia, only to the same kindness and attention with which the Marshal had honoured him in Paris. It is but justice to Mr. Ancelot to remark, that, though travelling with the representative of a sovereign, and probably at his expense, his observations are frequently characterised by boldness and impartiality, and do not resemble, but in very few instances, the flattering language of a diplomatist. A good proof of this is, that some of his remarks upon Russia have been found singularly unpalatable to some of the inhabitants of that country, as a defence of the autocratical régime, and of the Russian people, has already appeared, in answer to Mr. Ancelot's publication\*.

\* Six mois suffisent ils pour connaitre un pays? ou observations sur l'ouvrage de M. Ancelot, &c. Par I. T——y. Paris. 1827.

ART. XVIII. *L'Homme (homo) Essai Zoologique sur le Genre Humain.* Par M. Bory de Saint Vincent. Paris. 1827.

THIS is an exquisite sample of that species of philosophy, appropriately and vituperatively designated as French. The *Essai Zoologique*, displays a profusion of superficial knowledge, a boldness of assertion, and a sweeping generalization, well calculated to dazzle the ignorant; whilst its professions of respect for, and abstinence from interfering with, revealed religion, even should they serve to delude some unwary or careless readers, but flimsily veil the author's decided contempt for, and insidious attacks upon, the Bible. It must be confessed, however, that such contempt is by no means confined to the inspired writers; they merely take their share amongst all authors, past and present, with the solitary exception of the fellow, or rather sub-labourers of M. le Colonel Bory de Saint Vincent, (so we are taught in the *Avis des Editeurs* to denominate the Essayist), in the *Dictionnaire Classique d'Histoire Naturelle*, of which this treatise originally constituted the article *Homo*; somewhat condensed we should hope, and to which, whatever be the subject matter, we are constantly referred for information, as the only repertory of facts and opinions worth consulting.

We shall not weary our readers by attempting to explain our author's notions of the progress of the separate races of man; from the state of more than half brutal savages, wandering mute and stupid in the woods, to the perfection of civilization. Respecting this, and many other matters of incidental speculation, such as the conversion of some sort of grass into wheat; the selfish views of England in abolishing the slave-trade for the sole purpose of aggrandizing India by the ruin of the sugar islands, her own among the rest; the prodigious mental superiority of a negro in the Isle de France to all his own countrymen; the future succession of Hayti to the present intellectual and moral supremacy of France, &c. &c. &c.; we must request our readers to take our word, that the manner in which they are discussed, is equally remarkable for its logic, philosophy, originality, and probability. One statement, however, it is our duty to make, in justice to our fanciful theorist, lest, by intimating that he is a French philosopher, we should have exposed him to incur the suspicion of being a scholar of Jean Jacques:—M. Bory de Saint Vincent is so far from preferring the state of nature to Parisian elegance, that he cannot allow a single virtue, not so much as courage or fortitude, to the savage hunters of North America, who cannot even dress themselves. He attributes their calm endurance of being roasted, and, as he seems to think, eaten alive, if such calm endurance be true, a circumstance touching which he is incredulous, to sheer physical insensibility.

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ART. XIX. *Manuscrit de mille huit cent douze, Contenant le précis des Evénemens de cette Année, pour servir à l'histoire de l'Empereur Napoléon.* Par le Baron Fain. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Delaunay. 1827.

NAPOLEON seems destined to be an inexhaustible theme among his contemporaries. The transactions of the year 1812 form the subject of the work before us; a great number of volumes had been previously written respecting the same occurrences, but being almost without exception the

productions either of the passionate admirers, or of the inveterate enemies of Napoleon, they exhibit the facts often disfigured and often contrary to the exact truth. In the midst of the different works, published on the Russian campaign, the reader remains in a state of uncertainty, and being wearied with the never-ending details of contradictory statements; contained in former publications, he will read with pleasure the narrative of M. Pain. This gentleman having been the secretary of Napoleon during the whole of that campaign, was admitted to the confidence of his master, and knew all the particulars of his operations, which he presents to the reader totally divested of every species of academic language, as he attaches himself to the task of impartially tracing all the essential circumstances, and stating those facts about which no controversy exists.

He begins his work with a view of the actual state of circumstances, both at Paris and St. Petersburg; at the beginning of the year 1812. He points out the motives that impelled Napoleon to make war on Russia, and traces the triumphant route of his victorious armies to Moscow, after having narrated the taking of Smolensko, and to the sanguinary battle of Moskwa. He then draws our attention to the horrid spectacle of the conflagration of Moscow; he explains the different overtures (hitherto but little known), made by Napoleon to the emperor Alexander; and at last describes his departure from Moscow, and the disasters which attended the French armies during their retreat.

This work has an appendix of authentic documents, which attest the truth of the facts, and is further illustrated by maps and plans, which enable the reader to trace the progress, and follow the movements of the respective armies.

ART. XX. *Nouvel Almanach des Gourmands.* Par A. B. de Périgord. 12mo. Paris. 1827.

THE readers of the original *Almanach des Gourmands* will be deeply disappointed in the perusal of the New Almanack. M. A. B. Le Périgord is a very unworthy successor of M. Grimod de la Reynière. He not only wants the spirit, vivacity, and brilliant causticity of style, which marked the early volumes of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, but the extensive information about matters of gastronomy which distinguished its latter tomes. M. Périgord professes to have wished to make his book a practical manual for the use of the middling classes; and in thus departing from the original plan, he has only succeeded in making a dull book. A gastronome should despise expense; otherwise he is unworthy of that illustrious name. There is, however, some sound advice in M. Périgord's book. The rules for choosing your dishes at a restaurateur's are excellent. All our readers who have ever ventured upon a restaurateur's carte in the neighbourhood of Paris, will concur in the following sage observations:—

‘Vous êtes-vous égaré dans les environs de Paris, et avez-vous couru la chance d'un restaurateur de rencontre, je devrais vous gronder, mais j'aime mieux vous offrir les moyens de réparer votre faute. Fuyez les ragoûts, préparations nauséabondes, non moins révoltantes pour le palais que dangereuses pour l'estomac; et, songeant aux mœurs naïves de nos aïeux, réagissez dans une simplicité complète. Bornez-vous à la soupe à l'oignon, au poulet rôti, à la côtelette, aux œufs frais. Buvez très-peu d'un

vin ordinaire toujours équivoque ; noyez-le d'eau, et gardez-vous d'en demander de plus distingué. Ces flacons diaboliques sont comme l'enfer de Milton ; ils recèlent les vertiges, les nausées, la déchirante colique ; ils réunissent tous les maux. L'art d'empoisonner avec du vin a pris naissance par delà les barrières ; et c'est de ce point qu'il s'est élancé dans les faubourgs ; fléau désastreux, fécond en douleurs, qui fait le désespoir de tous les estomacs bien nés.—pp. 53, 54.

The directions for housekeeping are rather economic than gastronomic, and the treatise on truffles not at all suited to this work. The anecdotes are very trivial, and the wit execrable. The cafés and restaurants of Paris are in general pretty fairly characterised,—but M. Périgord's recommendations of some of them, have very much the air of puffs.

ART. XXI. *Treatise upon the Origin of Language : translated from the German of J. S. Von Herder.* 8vo. London. 1827.

WOULD it be impossible for man, who has contrived to measure the heavens and to subdue external nature, to form a language for himself?—This argument, which is in the mouths of all the world, is one of simple induction, and is similar to a mass of electricity concealed in a cloud, which warms, but enlightens us not. In Germany, the subject has been assailed with great boldness and penetration, and the abyss has been sounded with earnestness and resolution. In this spirit of investigation, Herder is the writer who has distinguished himself most conspicuously : he is possessed of a genius well adapted to research and analysis, enriched with information and experience ; and, like a philosopher of merit and eminence, he has not only attempted by means of the most decisive argumentation to maintain the exclusive human invention of language, but he has also demonstrated, that there would arise contradiction and absurdity from ascribing its formation to a supernatural power.

Man, he contends, considered as a mere animal, possesses a natural language. The most violent convulsions of his frame—the most powerful emotions of his soul, are immediately manifested by his cries, his tones, and by inarticulate sounds. The wild animal that endures suffering, as well as the hero Philoctetes, overpowered by pain, weeps and groans, even if found in a desert island, and out of the reach of any external succour or relief. All creatures seem to breathe with more ease and freedom, when they can give a ready vent to their wounded feelings—they seem to relieve their sufferings, and derive from the ethereal regions a new energy of endurance, when they can fill the air with their lamentations. Nature has not formed us like masses of rock in an insulated state. Our sensibility is powerfully excited, and addresses itself to the external world, without any premeditated design or inclination. The strings of the soul, when once touched, perform their particular destination, resound in harmony, and invite the echoes of sympathy, even when no reply is expected to the sound. This is a double law which nature has imposed on man—"feel not only for thyself, but make thy sentiments resound around thee :—let thy sentiments resound in unison with thy own race, and thou wilt be listened to by one and by all." Our emotions, when once excited, actually spread like the rays of light, and communicate themselves to the most remote arts, which, tuned to the same key, are shaken as if by an oscil-

history, motion, of an invisible chain, and precipitate themselves towards the unknown and imperceptible Being from whom they emanate. These sighs, these cries, these inarticulate sounds, constitute a language; it is the language of sentiment—which really exists, and is an evident law of nature.

These artless expressions of the soul, when first awayed by the agitation of its own feelings, are not as yet words, but only tones for future words; they are not exactly the roots, but they form the sap which is destined to feed the future fibres of an elaborate discourse. The reliefs of these primitive tones can be easily traced in all the early languages: in those, for example, of barbarous nations, whose speech keeps nearer to its original form than that adopted by civilised states. The roots of their simplest nouns and verbs, are only the sudden exclamations of a sensibility that is responsive for the first time to the impressions of external nature; whereas in a more advanced state of refinement, reason, experience and practice, can only produce modifications and combinations of the original stock of words. Hence in the dialects of these simple tribes, it is found impossible for foreigners ever to arrive at a correct pronunciation of the strong, and animated terms of their speech, and the flexibility of the sounds to which they give utterance. This is a fact, which is fully ascertained by the various accounts of all the travellers that have visited these tribes, and had opportunities of a close examination of their language.

Having laid the foundations of his system, the author pursues his analysis, and continues it from the unformed state, to the most correct and perfect improvement of languages: and demonstrates how the simple exclamations of feeling powerfully excited, are transformed by degrees into more regular and settled interjections; and by the same gradual transition, these are transformed into verbs, nouns, and all the other complicated parts of speech. In his further progress, the author does not fail to elevate his mind to still more general inductions, which by themselves present a wide field for profound and philosophical meditation. The four following propositions, which he considers as so many positive laws of nature, and which he discusses and unfolds with wonderful sagacity, will afford a luminous example of his manner. 1. Man is a free, thinking, active being, whose powers operate progressively, and as such is a creature formed for speech. 2. Man is by destination a gregarious and social creature; the cultivation of language is therefore natural, essential, and necessary to him. 3. The human race could not possibly continue only one flock, confined to one language; therefore, the formation of different national languages became necessary. 4. In all probability the human race constitutes one progressive totality, from one source, and forming one vast household; the same principle refers to languages, and with them to the whole chain of cultivation.

A rigid reader will perhaps often find some obscurity in the form of expression adopted by Herder, and will still more frequently observe a dogmatic and decisive tone in the enunciation of his opinions. But he will not fail to remark, that that obscurity sometimes proceeds from the profound nature of the sentiments, with regard to which language does not present sufficient resources for selecting expressions more simple and perspicuous; and that an abrupt and positive mode of expression, which is so ridiculous in the half-witted and the half-learned, is frequently in superior men the effect of a strong internal conviction, which induces them,

to dogmatise truth, as soon as they imagine that they have grasped her with a firm and triumphant hand in the very recesses of her sanctuary. The learned Englishman, who has recently translated this work of Harder from the original German, does not intend to make it a solitary publication. He expresses his intention of publishing, as a system of philosophic literature, a series of treatises selected from those German works that attain the highest celebrity in that country, so as to popularize in England the bold conceptions of a continental nation, which has rendered such important services to science, and acquired so just a title to the esteem of the great European family. The enterprise is laudable, and merits encouragement; particularly as the barter of useful knowledge is the most profitable commerce that can engage the attention of mankind.

ART. XXII. *Storia di Milano di Pietro Verri, continuata da P. Custodi.*  
4 vols. 8vo. Milano.

VERRI, one of the most enlightened, and at the same time one of the most upright men Italy has ever produced, published the first volume only of this history of his native country. He had begun printing the second, when death put an end to his labours, in 1797. His friend, Frisi, completed the publication of the second volume, in which the narrative was carried to the middle of the sixteenth century. It was; however, known that Verri had left the manuscript of the third volume; which brought it down to 1750; and Baron Custodi, a learned biographer, has now effected the publication of this, and of a fourth volume, which he has compiled chiefly from Verri's notes and memoranda, and which completes the history of Milan, to the death of the Emperor Leopold, in 1792; after which, the annals of Lombardy become blended with the general history of Italy, in consequence of the great fusion produced by the French invasions, and concomitant revolutions.

The publication of this work has been hailed with reverential gratitude by the lovers of sound, enlightened principles, and sincere patriotism in Italy; by those who, steady in their benevolent views, amidst all the crash of falling fortunes, endeavour to refer their countrymen to the authority and example of those great and unassuming men, who adorned Italy, especially Lombardy, in the latter part of the last century; of such men as Beccaria, Parini, Carli, and Verri—men, independent but wise, religious but tolerant—who approached sovereigns and ministers without flattery or self interest, and who advocated the cause of the people without courting popularity, or favouring license and tumult.

Before Verri wrote, Milan, the principal city of Upper Italy, and capital of a state which has been the cause of so many wars, and has undergone so many vicissitudes, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day, had no other history but rude and shapeless chronicles. Count Giulini compiled an account of the darkest centuries of its records; but his was more the work of an erudite antiquary, than of an historian. Verri gave his native country a true history—accurate, impartial, dignified, and intended to enlighten by the safe torch of experience; and to direct thereby the minds of his countrymen to public good. He was well versed in political economy, as he proved by his "*Meditations on Political Economy*," and his works on the Corn Trade; in which he approximated to

those principles concerning the causes and the use of wealth, which were afterwards proclaimed by Adam Smith. Verri was a nobleman, a landed proprietor; he filled offices of distinction in his native country, was elected counsellor under the imperial government of Maria Theresa; and it was then that he devoted himself to a labour, which was calculated to draw upon him the envy and hatred of the selfish and the interested part of the administration. This was an exposition of the abuses which grew out of the practice, prevalent in some Italian states, of farming the public revenues; by which both the sovereign and the people were sufferers. His report was sent to the minister Kaunitz, at Vienna, who directed him to form a table or budget, demonstrative of the income and expenses of the state. Verri was then appointed to the supreme council of economy, which effected the reforms by him suggested. He also became an active member of the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, and Manufactures, instituted in Lombardy, by Maria Theresa.

Such a man was certainly, of all others, calculated to write the history of his country.

‘Count Verri,’ says the editor and biographer, Custodi, ‘despised the absurd fables with which municipal vanity has encircled the birth of its favourite city; he disengaged from the gloom of the dark ages, the progress of civilisation; he exposed the abuse of power by the few, to enslave the mass of the nation; and the re-action of the latter, which had acquired strength, through industry, commerce and union. He exhibited the vicissitudes of the clergy—at first venerated by all ranks, as the mediator of peace, and the harbinger of consolation; then caressed by the sovereigns, as a useful instrument to repress the pride of the patricians; afterwards become the defender of the people, against the pretensions and vexations of the Imperial party; emboldened since by the influence thus acquired, we find it claiming for itself, prerogatives greater than those refused to the nobles, and to the emperors themselves; and, at last, when finding the sovereigns united to the people too strong, it lowered its exorbitant pretensions, and contented itself with a pre-eminence of courtesy and consideration, to which that order is always entitled.’

ART. XXIII. *Lo Spettatore Italiano, preceduto da un Saggio critico sopra i Filosofi morali e i dipintore de' costumi e de' caratteri*; opera del Conte Giovanni Ferri di S. Costante. Milano. London: Rolandi.

This work belongs to that interesting class of philosophy, which has been illustrated by the pens of Montaigne, La Bruyere, and Addison. It is a book of practical morality, in which the author proposes to himself to trace with simplicity, the manners and character of man in social life; and while he allows a due share of dignity to those virtues and amiable qualities which he brings to light, he, at the same time, lays bare the vices and errors to which the infirmity of man is hourly exposed. On this point he discovers great penetration and address, and the modes of discussion which he has adopted, are equally agreeable and instructive. We are pleased with a succession of lively portraiture, diversified by tales and anecdotes, presenting to the imagination of the reader, scenes at times most delightful and attractive, at other times, mournful and melancholy; but still possessing a fund of exquisite sentiments, as well as a

treasure of moral wisdom. The author has been regularly on his guard against the ennui which steals imperceptibly on discussions of this description, especially when the writer assumes the senseless tone of declamation, or indulges in the wantonness of bombast. While he speaks of virtue, he has the art to engage us by an irresistible charm, to love her, and walk in her paths; and, by a lively exhibition of the conjugal, filial and parental affections, he possesses the power of exciting tenderness—frequently even to tears. When, on the contrary, he paints the horrors of vice, he does not employ the sanguinary scourge of the misanthropist; who is displeased with others because he is angry with himself, but he adopts the gentle style of an indulgent friend, who offers us his counsel and support, in order to render us less wretched in the thorny path of our existence.

The historical essay on the moral philosophers of antiquity, is a pure model of taste and erudition. The author uniformly maintains, that morality ought to be built entirely on religion. We cordially recommend the work, as one that may prove useful to every class of readers.

ART. XXIV. *Arte de Hablar en Prosa y Verso*. Par D. Josef G. Hermosilla, *Secretario de la Inspeccion General de Instruccion Publica*. 2 vols. large 8vo. Madrid. London: Salva.

WE are pleased to find that in Spain, a country of all others where clearness of ideas and perspicuity of expression might, we fancy, exert a salutary influence on the minds of a fine, but misgoverned race of men, a person of the talent and character of Mr. Hermosilla, an inspector, too, of public instruction, has bestowed his attention on the improvement of the art of speaking, for such he styles his work on the rhetoric and literature of the Spanish language. In the choice of examples illustrative of his rules, he has taken those which deserve to be imitated, indiscriminately from any author in whose works he could find them; but those which contain faults to be avoided, he has extracted from first-rate writers, because more dangerous, by the influence of their reputation on the minds of youth. He has properly confined himself to the study of Spanish eloquence: he has not encumbered his treatise with dissertations and criticisms upon the ancient classics, as has been the practice with some French rhetoricians; but he has endeavoured to teach his countrymen how to write in good Castilian. His first volume is chiefly elementary. In his second, he becomes more generally interesting; for he gives, in the course of his remarks, a review of Spanish literature. In treating of oratory, he adverts, of course, to political eloquence; and here we felt anxious to see how a Spanish inspector of public instruction under the absolute king, would speak of political orations: 'This kind of eloquence,' he observes, 'so frequently resorted to in the ancient republics, disappeared with their fall; because, under the military empire of the Romans, although questions on national affairs were still agitated in the councils, either public or secret, of the state, yet the irresistible authority of the monarch rendered debate useless, and the timidity of the counsellors made them confine themselves to corroborate by their vote, or to encourage by the most base flatteries, the least hint of the sovereign will. When, in the middle ages, a sort of national representation was established, by the assembly of the barons and of the prelates, popular eloquence revived; but, imperfect as it then was,



it was again eclipsed after the revival of letters, because, the authority of the monarch having increased, *most happily for the welfare of the people, through causes which it does not concern us to point out here*, those general assemblies ceased to be convened. Therefore, it was only in England, and in the aristocracies of Venice, Genoa, and Holland, that deliberative assemblies continued to be held; until the establishment of a democratic republic in North America, the revolution in France, and the establishment of representative governments in several other countries, have partly revived the ancient manner of haranguing a numerous assembly, on political subjects:—(v. ii., p. 36). What else could Mr. Hermosilla say on this delicate subject at Madrid? Perhaps some people there have thought he had said too much, for we understand that his work, although written by a public magistrate, and dedicated to the queen, has been suddenly prohibited in Spain!

## LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### *Foreign and Domestic.*

THE Literary Souvenir, for 1828, under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts, is, we understand, in a state of great forwardness. It will, beside other decorations, contain twelve line engravings, from the *burin* of many of the most eminent engravers of the day, after original paintings by various distinguished artists. The literary contents of the work will be composed of a great variety of original contributions, in prose and verse.

The Amulet, for 1828, is also, we understand, nearly printed. It is to be illustrated by various engravings.

The Abbé Ciampi, author of several dissertations and *brochures*, has discovered in the Magliabechi library at Florence, a manuscript volume, which he believes was written by Boccaccio. His reason for this belief, is founded upon the similarity of the writing with a few lines found in another volume of the same library, and which are the only ones hitherto known of the author of the Decameron. The volume which the Abbé Ciampi attributes to Boccaccio, formerly belonged to the Strozi library, in which were many books that had been made use of by Boccaccio. The Abbé brings forward other proofs, which though not altogether decisive, render the supposition probable: Boccaccio was in the habit of transcribing those passages which pleased him in the old chronicles. The volume in question is composed of similar extracts. The first is part of a Latin Chronicle, by Paolino, Bishop of Pazzo, who lived in the time of Robert, King of Jerusalem and Sicily. Amongst other singular stories contained in it, is that of an Englishman, who wished to exhume the bones of Virgil, for the purpose, no doubt, of carrying them to his native country; but King Robert refused him permission to do so. The copyist has written in the margin of this passage the word *fabula*. The volume contains besides, an account, written in Latin, of the discovery of the Canary Isles, by a Genoese captain, in 1341; several letters, and a Latin discourse of Messer

Zenchi, secretary to the Court of Naples, and some sonnets, complete this volume, which must, no doubt, be considered a precious discovery, should the Abbé Ciampi succeed in establishing the truth of his assertion.

A literary war is now waging in Paris, on the subject of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, between Mr. Champolion and Mr. Klaproth. The latter having attacked the system of the former, Mr. Champolion, in his reply, endeavours, particularly, to justify the Egyptians against the reproach, that their hieroglyphics were nothing more than a tissue of wretched enigmas. Mr. Klaproth has renewed his attack in a second letter addressed to Mr. Goulianoff, a Russian, who had already written a pamphlet against what he calls the pretended discoveries of Mr. Champolion.

Some Portuguese, residing in Paris, have commenced a periodical work in their native tongue, entitled *Novos Annaes das Sciencias e das Artes*. Though it was announced that the work should appear every two months, the only number yet published is that for January. The greater portion of this first number is taken up with a report of the sittings of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and extracts from French works, upon chemistry, physics, and medicine: the only original article it contains is an analysis of a heroi-comic poem, entitled *Donna Bianca ou a conquête do Algarve*. Donna Bianca was, or is supposed by the poet to have been, the daughter of Alphonzo III. King of Portugal, and Abbess of Corvao. Her adventures form the subject of the poem, which is modelled, according to the editor's opinion, upon the Oberon of Weiland: the poet is not named, but his work, it is given to understand, will shortly be published.

The Chronicle of Normandy, in verse, known under the name of: *Le Roman du Rou*, by Robert Vace, chaplain to one of the dukes of Normandy in the 12th century, is now printing in Paris. This chronicle, containing such valuable materials for the history of Normandy, has hitherto been known to the public only by extracts. It will form 2 vols. 8vo. The text has been carefully collated with various manuscripts in the public and private libraries in Paris.

Mr. Mignet, the author of a History of the French Revolution, which has already run through several editions, is now occupied in writing a History of the League.

Some of the German literati are now occupied in preparing editions of several Sanscrit works, to be published in the same form, and at the same price, as their collections of the Greek and Roman writers. Professor Schlegel, at Bonn, has announced his intention of publishing a complete edition of the epic poem called Ramassina, with a translation and commentary. He has also started a periodical work, entitled "The Indian Library," which is not as interesting as it might be, partly in consequence of the little communication the editor has with India. Like all German *amateurs*, Schlegel indulges too much in reveries and day dreams, so that we have fine spun theories, and wire-drawn commentaries, instead of facts and positive knowledge. Mr. Schlegel is assisted in his dreams by Mr. William Humboldt, of Berlin, who finds in the Sanscrit works, treasures of wisdom and wit, of which, in all likelihood, the Indian authors were totally unconscious. Another professor of Bonn, Mr. Weber, has under-

take a new edition of the Byzantine historians, which he promises shall be more complete than that published in Paris in the last century. The Prussian government has engaged to take a certain number of copies, notwithstanding which, the success of so voluminous and expensive an undertaking must still remain very problematical.

All the liberal journals of Paris have concurred in representing Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, as a partial and inaccurate history, and abounding in the most erroneous judgments. They reproach the author with having neglected to seek the truth, by comparing conflicting testimonies. They point out several of his narrations of facts as being in contradiction to the best authenticated accounts of the same events. They accuse him of having sat down to write under the influence of national prejudices; and of having but too often declaimed, as an Englishman, when he should have only narrated and reasoned as a historian. According to these same journals, his work is a complete failure, and will, after the angry feelings it has excited have subsided, fall into oblivion.

A Count de Viel-Castel has commenced the publication of a collection of costumes, arms, and articles of furniture, illustrative of the history of France. Some of the designs have been taken from old monuments: others are copies of engravings in works already existing. Five numbers have already appeared.

Duke Albert of Saxony, a great amateur of the fine arts, had succeeded in making a collection of original designs, to the number of 14,000. Amongst others, there was an entire port-folio of designs by the hand of Raphael. This collection is now in the possession of the Archduke Charles of Austria. It is said, that a selection of the most remarkable of these designs will be lithographed and published.

A French composer has just been inspired by the presence of the Cameleopard, and has produced a grand, brilliant fantasia for the piano-forte, entitled "*The Voyage of the Cameleopard*," which is, in fact, but a sort of musical biography of this wonderful animal. First, we have the description of his mode of life in Egypt; then, his taking leave of his brother animals is conveyed with peculiar pathos; after that, we have his passage by sea—the storm which overtakes him—his landing—and arrival at Paris—and his enthusiastic reception in that capital—all struck off, and made intelligible to the meanest capacity. The "*Battle of Prague*" certainly is inferior to the fantasia, unless indeed, the offer of that amateur composer be agreed to, who proposed to add a few bars to the preliminary part of the old piece, in which the whole discussion—the *pros* and the *cons*—the opening and replying speeches, at the council of war, held before the battle, would be accurately and faithfully described.

There are in the Netherlands, besides the six universities, and three superior colleges, the royal institute of the Low Countries; the Brussels royal academy of sciences and Belles-Lettres; the Haarlem society of sciences; the Leyden society of Netherlandish literature; the Zealand society of sciences; the Utrecht provincial society of sciences and arts; the Dutch society of fine arts and sciences; the Amsterdam society of public utility, for the propagation of religion, morality, and toleration; and a great number of other institutions for the cultivation of national history, medicine, painting, architecture, sculpture, and music.

**LITHOGRAPHY.**—We have watched with much interest the progress of this beautiful art, which has this advantage over other methods of engraving, that it multiplies the artist's own touches, and puts every purchaser in possession, as it were, of an original drawing. It is also susceptible of more freedom of manner, and presents a greater variety of tint and softness of tone, than copper-plate. Several works have recently appeared, executed by the leading artists in this new department of art, which exhibit a marked progress towards perfection, and effectively display its resources. Among them, we particularly notice the *Sketch Book of Captain Lyon in South America*, two numbers of which have just been published, consisting of views in that country, and representations of the costume, dwellings, &c., of that people. The drawings are very minute, and exquisitely finished, by Messrs. Lane, Gyles, and Childs. They combine the peculiar softness and richness of lithography, with the clear and brilliant effect of line engraving. Mr. Baynes has also produced some beautiful drawings of Roman Antiquities, from accurate and picturesque views by Mr. Wightwick, which are remarkable for their similarity to engravings on copper. The same artist has executed some very pleasing views of the great Falls of Niagara, from sketches by Mr. Vivian, that give a very correct idea of the magnificence of the scene. The recent improvements made in lithography in this country, owing in a great measure to the ability and perseverance of Messrs. Hullmandel and Engelmann, deserve a separate notice; and we intend devoting a few pages of a future number, to an article on this interesting subject.

A century ago, the eminent archæologist, Heræus, keeper of antiquities to the Emperor of Germany, collected and prepared for publication, a series of medals of the various princes of Europe, from the fourteenth century to his own time: They amounted to several hundreds, and were engraved on 63 folio plates; but circumstances intervening that caused the work to be abandoned, only a few imperfect impressions were taken from the plates. The coppers were afterwards supposed to be lost or destroyed, till, a short time since, they were fortunately discovered in the cabinet of medals at Vienna. In consequence of the recovery of these plates, so interesting both to the lovers of the fine arts and to the students of modern history, a prospectus has been issued by Heubner, of Vienna, announcing that the work will shortly be published, accompanied by sixteen sheets of letter-press, containing a short account of each individual, an explanation of the inscriptions and the emblems on the reverse of each medal, and a general historical index. The plates are engraved in a very superior style.

# MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

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## ARTS.

London in the Nineteenth Century, in a series of Views of the new Buildings, Improvements, &c. In parts, 1s. each.  
Architectura Campestre, displayed in Lodges, &c. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
Balwer's Views in the Madeiras, fol., 3l. 3s.  
Flora Australasica, part iii., 3s.

## HISTORY.

The Reign of Doctor Joseph Gaspard Roderick Francia, in Paraguay, 8vo., 9s.  
Sherwood's Chronology, 8vo., 6s.  
Journals of Sieges carried on by the Army under the Duke of Wellington in Spain, 1l. 8s.  
Lempriere's Lectures, 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Butler's Questions in Roman History, 5s.

## LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

A Manual of the Practice of Parliament in passing Public and Private Bills, 7s.  
Observations on Humphries' proposed Code, 2s. 6d.  
Commercial Treaties and Conventions, and reciprocal Regulations, at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, 3 vols., 2l. 2s.  
Williams's Abstracts, 7 and 8 Geo. IV., 8vo., 8s.

## MEDICINE.

Shearman's Observations on the Treatment of Chronic Debility, 7s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Montenth on Woods and Plantations, 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Wadd's Mem. Maxims, and Memoirs, 8vo., 9s.  
Remonstrance of a Tory to Mr. Peel, 8vo., 2s.

Ivimey's Pilgrims of the Nineteenth Century, 3s. 6d.

Short on the Duties of Outposts, 8vo., 6s.  
The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 12mo., 5s.  
Bruce on Society in the Age of Homer, 8vo., 5s. 6d.

Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 1, 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Bibliotheca Parriana; a Catalogue of the Library of the late Dr. Parr, 8vo., 16s.  
Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum, 18mo., 7s. 6d.

Van Hallen's Imprisonment, 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 8s.

The Seventh Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, 7s. 6d.

Macdonald's Treatise on the Harmonic System, 15s.

## PHILOSOPHY AND THE SCIENCES.

A Course of Elementary Reading in Science and Literature, 3s. 6d.

The Encyclopædia Metropolitana, part xxi. 4to., 1l. 1s.

Euclid, systematically arranged, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

## POETRY.

Butler's genuine Poetical Remains, 8vo. 15s.

The Influence of Apathy, and other Poems, 5s.

Imlah's May Flower, 12mo., 6s.

Montgomery's Pelican Island, 12mo., 8s.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, 8s.

## RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

A Solution of the Registers and Genealogical Tables of Jesus, 6s.

The entire Works of Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, 10 vols., 5l. 5s.

Time's Apology for the Waldenses, 8vo., 2s.

Townley on the Law of Moses, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Brief Narrative of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the King of Ava, in 1826—7.

West's Second Journal, 8vo., 5s.

#### FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

##### America.

The American Annual Register for the year 1825-6, 8vo., 16s.

Captain Symmes' Theory of Concentric Spheres, explained by a Citizen of the United States, proving that the Earth is hollow, open at the Poles, and inhabited in the interior. 12mo. Cincinnati.

The North American Medical and Surgical Journal. Vol. iii. Philadelphia, 1827.

##### France.

Gallery of Contemporaries, sixteenth part, being a Collection of the Portraits of Women who have been celebrated in France, and in Foreign Countries, since the end of the Eighteenth Century, with Historical Notices. Paris, 1827.

Selections from the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches. Tomes 17, 18, 20. Paris, 1827.

A Geographical Summary of the Iberian Peninsula. By Colonel Bory de Saint Vincent. 18mo. Paris, 1827.

A Collection of the principal Speeches, and a Selection of the Reports and Opinions delivered in the Chambers of Peers and Deputies; arranged in chronological order. 2 vols. Paris, 1827.

Dufrenoy and Elie de Beaumont's Metal-

lurgical Travels in England. 8vo., with an Atlas, 18s. Paris, 1827.

Mathieu's edition of Delambre's History of Astronomy in the Eighteenth Century. 4to., 2l. 12s. 6d. Paris, 1827.

Dupin's Productive and Commercial Wealth of France. 2 vols. 4to., 1l. 16s. Paris, 1827.

##### Germany.

Germanic Antiquities, published by F. Kruse. Halle, 1827.

The Museum of the Rhine, dedicated to Jurisprudence, Philology, History, and Greek Philosophy. 8vo. Bonn, 1827.

Materials for the History of the Political Legislation of the Austrian Empire. 2 vols. Vienna.

##### Italy.

The Betrothed, a Milanese Story of the Seventeenth Century; discovered and retouched by Alexander Manzoni. Milan, 1827.

Memoirs of the Royal Turin Academy of Sciences. Tome xxx. Turin.

##### The Netherlands.

The Influence of Commerce on the Prosperity of the Low Countries. 8vo. Brussels, 1827.

Leonard and Lotze, a poem. By E. U. Van Dam Van Isselt. 8vo. Breda, 1827.

The Poetry of Ph. Lebraussart, being the third volume of a Collection of the Belgic Poets. Brussels, 1827.

##### Sweden.

Notices of the State of Literature and the Fine Arts in Sweden. By Marianne d'Ehrenstrom. 8vo. Stockholm.

#### ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following errata, which occur in the second sheet of the present number; that sheet having been accidentally sent to press without having been revised.

Page 21, line 13 from the top, for *poising* read "poising."

— 15 from the top, for *then* read "though."

— 23, — 17 from the top, for *impression* read "impressive."

— 13 from the bottom, place a full point after "said."

— 24, — 8 from the bottom (in the notes), insert "or" after "foot."

— 27, — 6 from the top, for *languages* read "language."

— 17 from the top, for *triad* read "head."

—, dele the inverted commas in the three last paragraphs.

— 31, line 12, for *combinations*, read "combatants."

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1827.

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- ART. I. 1. *Hymns, written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year.* By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 8vo. pp. 153. London: Murray. 1827.
2. *The Psalms of David, attempted in Verse, regular and irregular, in the Way of Paraphrase, &c.* By Senex, a Clergyman. 8vo. pp. 169. Carlisle: Thurnam. 1826.
3. *Idolatry; a Poem, in four Parts.* By the Rev. William Swan, Missioner at Selinginsk, and Author of Memoirs of Mrs. Paterson. 12mo. pp. 151. Glasgow: University Press. London: Holdsworth. 1827.
4. *Jubal; a Dramatic Poem.* By R. M. Beverley, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 239. London: Hatchard. 1827.
5. *The Liberation of Joseph; a Sacred Dramatic Poem, in two Parts: The Beauties of Vegetation, with digressive Sketches of Norwich, &c. in four Cantos: and other Poems.* By Miss Hamilton, Author of Sonnets, Recollections of Scotland, Translation of the "Art of War," &c. Post 8vo. pp. 178. London: Mawman. 1827.

It has always appeared to us a little extraordinary, that what is called sacred poetry should in general consist of mere mawkish inanity; since there are no themes better calculated to awaken all the fervours of the poetic mind, than those connected with devotion. How seldom it is that even poets of celebrity soar above mediocrity, when they aspire to such subjects! Milton, indeed, has shewn us how capable the mysteries and moralities of the Christian religion are of all the grandeur of harmony, and even of the terrors of sublimity; and Cowper has no less convinced us, how gracefully scriptural topics and sentiments may appear in the garb of familiar simplicity. Pope, also, in his *Messiah*, rose above himself in the selection of his language and imagery, and the modulation of his couplets; and Addison, who can scarcely be said to have been truly poetical in any other of his attempts, has left us four hymns, to whose charms no ear of true perception ever can be insensible. But where, except in one of the instances now before us, are we to look for another name, to add to the list of those who have sung the strains of Zion, in such accents as the harp of

Zion might be expected to accompany? That of the venerable and pious Dr. Watts may, perhaps, be suggested; but we are not among those who think that his hymns are calculated to gratify a poetic taste; his conceptions are frequently strained, and seldom truly imaginative; and his sentiments will not always bear the test of sound ethical reasoning.

In the mean time, the press has often been burthened, and is at present teeming with volumes upon volumes, in all sizes, and upon all qualities of paper, of what is called devotional poetry, through a single page of which, one would suppose that no readers, except those who toil through nonsense as a penance for their sins, could be induced to wade. How does this happen? Is it that jargon has, with a certain description of readers (or, at least, writers), come to be regarded as the essence of piety, and mystification, as the true mystery of the sublime? Are the ravings of delirium to be taken as the true evidences of holy inspiration, and senseless simpleness as the perfection of divine simplicity? The guileless purity of a devotional spirit, is occasionally typified in scriptural language by the innocence of childhood; but should the language of devotion therefore degenerate into the babble of childishness? We will not amplify upon another suggestion, that in the strong re-action of religious feeling, or profession of it, which has taken place, after the current had for some time been apparently flowing in another direction, there are many who, however disqualified either by intellect or attainment, for any species of literary occupation, have discovered, that any one who does but cant in a certain strain, and can string together a few scriptural phrases with a semblance of good intention, has a tolerable chance of some degree of patronage among those good people who are ready to take the will for an act, which in some way or other may be turned to profitable account.

Here, for instance, is the psalmist of Carlisle, 'Senex,' as he calls himself; who tells us that he is a clergyman (but whether of church, conventicle, or field, we know not), and that he *versifies* both 'regular and irregular.' Now mark his irregularity—

'Blessed is he that hath not walk'd, as wicked men advise,  
Nor wanderéd in paths of vice, where pride and scorn arise;  
But who delighting in the law, of *Him* whom we adore,  
By night, by day méditatéth, upon its sacred lore;  
That man shall flourish like a tree, which by the river grows,  
Whose fruit is in due season ripe, whose leaf with *verdure glows*;  
His leaf also shall not withér, but bloom among mankind;  
While the ungodly trembling fly, like chaff before the wind:  
In judgment they shall nót stand up, nor with the just be found,  
But be as strangers in the land, wide scatteréd around.'—p. 1.

From the commencement of Psalm iv., we present a specimen of another of our clergyman's regular metres.

'The Lord is merciful; in righteousness  
He visits me, he sees my wretchedness;  
My people follow vanity and lies;  
They wound my honour, and my fame despise;  
But *thé* upright, for God himself will choose.'—p. 3.

Whether our psalmist means to tell us, that, '*thé* upright will choose *himself*' for his God,' or what else he means, we must leave the reader to discover. As a specimen of this versifier's Pindaric quality in the irregular, we suppose we may take the commencement of Psalm lxxxviii.—

'Great Lord of our salvation, Jehovah!  
Vouchsafe to hear my cry,  
I am in tribulation, night and day,  
Despair and misery,  
Counted as one already in the grave,  
And *free* among the dead.'—p. 100.

But if Senex of Carlisle, as we have seen, modestly professes himself merely as a versifier, the Rev. Mr. Swan, missionary at Selinginsk, and author of *Memoirs*, comes before us with much more formidable pretensions, and lays claim, at once (still, however, with becoming modesty), to the lofty title of a *poet*; and in 304 Spenserian stanzas (two thousand seven hundred and thirty-six lines!!!) sings of Idolatry and of Idolaters, 'who are left to perish,' and with whom 'Christians can have no fellowship.'

With the zeal of the *missionary*, or with his particular notions of the only saving faith, we do not interfere. It is with the poetical execution of his work which, by way of 'relaxation in the hours when study and weariness called for amusement,' he has undertaken (pref. p. 4), and which the approvers of his 'good intention,' have concurred in sending into the world, that we have to deal. And, in this respect, we must look with equal eye upon Christian and Pagan. It is not necessary to be a believer in the divine attributes of Jupiter and Minerva, to estimate the merits of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, or to adopt all the religious tenets of Milton, before we can taste the beauties of the *Paradise Lost*; and if any of our readers, after having patiently perused one of the four parts of this "lengthy" production, should be little disposed to persevere through the other three, we do not know that we should feel ourselves completely justified, in pronouncing him either an infidel or a heretic on that account.

Mr. Swan, as he informs us (p. 1), having seen the abominable gods that claim the worship of the heathen; and sojourned in countries where—

'Before him shone  
The embodied spirit of all that *doth* degrade  
And *devilize* the hearts of them that groan,  
In fetters forged by sin—bound to a stock or stone.'—p. 8.

he "vowed a vow,"

' That if to him days were vouchsaf'd again,  
A consecrated verse should witness how  
The vision touch'd his soul \*.'

And it is thus he speaks of the meditative rambles and pleasures of his boyhood, which fitted him no doubt for the poetical redemption of his pledge.

' For then all things were lovely, and to me,  
So new—so cheerful—so harmonious all—  
I lov'd to catch the poet's reverie,  
And fancy this vast *million-peopled* ball,  
Which sprang from nothing at its Maker's call,  
Did in a ceaseless hymn his praise rehearse;  
Then, echoing to the winds and waterfall,  
Or distant roar of ocean, my weak verse,  
The mighty chorus join'd of the wide universe.'—p. 5.

' But when I turn'd my listening ear to man,  
I heard a jarring string : man alone jarr'd  
The universal harmony.—His notes ran  
Through the great circuit of the world, and *heard*,  
Louder because so dissonant, still grated *hard*  
Upon the ear, else sooth'd with the fine flow  
Of fair creation's harp.—Does God regard,  
When man, his own vicegerent here below,  
*Doth* not present to Him the homage he *doth* owe?'—p. 6.

*Dids* and *does* and *doths*, it may be observed, are among the favourite graces by which our missionary poet helps out the quantities of his lines, till they are of proper lengths for the clenchings of his very accurate rhymes; and are used so freely, in every part of his poem, that we may find them in union with almost all the other poetical beauties that characterise his imagery or adorn his style. Thus, when speaking of the spirit of idolatry

' Gender'd by the love of sin and secret dread  
Of one to punish it,'

he tells us that

' Their minds to rid  
Of this abhorr'd belief, they fabricate  
A system of fair compromise amid  
Contending claims :—make gods that cannot hate,  
And will not punish those that *did* themselves create.'

So, in combination with such graceful compounds, as 'Babel-building pride' (p. 11), we have a 'blind devotion' that 'on the

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\* In this, as in many other places, it may be fairly asked, Who makes the verse—the poet or the printer?

work did smile.' In p. 13, we have an idolatrous procession, with all its flaunting equipage and ladyship air, that

' Veil minds as barren as yon blasted sands *are bare* !

' By ornaments and looks that female group,  
Aiming to fascinate the gazer's eye,  
Fancy may paint transform'd into a troop  
Of trick'd out skeletons, who vainly try  
To hide their fleshless forms, shrivell'd and dry ;—  
The eyeless sockets show a brainless head ;—  
They breathe—no—through their bones the breeze *did* sigh,  
Their clattering motion strikes the soul with dread :  
We see the mask of life, worn by the spectral dead !'

Again also, in p. 14, we may find the same favourite expletive, together with some fine touches of the graphic.

' Within the porch, the Kurda with its bell  
Slowly rolls round its load of prayer and charm ;  
For every votary wheeling it *doth* swell  
His plea of merit.

' Now on his lofty throne  
Nearest the shrines, sits the great high priest, grown  
To such a bulk, he scarce can kneel to pray—  
But every lama there him chief *doth* own.'

And two stanzas further on (p. 15), we have a ' hungry soul' that ' feeds on ashes,' and (O marvellous !) that food can but procure

' A more tormenting thirst, which *doth* for age endure.'

Should our readers complain, that of these detached passages they can neither form head nor tail, we have only to entreat them to turn to the poem itself, and try what they can make of the context. We looked for original information relative to the superstitions and ceremonies (a subject of great curiosity and interest), of the idolatrous nations among whom the missionary poet had sojourned, but we have found nothing but tirades\* about sin and devilizing, and the ' idolatrous road to hell,' and ' core-corroding taints,' and ' hell-derived sway,' and the deity '*templing* himself in hearts†.' We learn, indeed (p. 17), that the wicked idolaters drink tea and eat mutton :

\* We have looked also into the notes ; but find, even there, only the same sort of declamation.

† ' He whose hand of skill and might *did* rear

The fabric, to restore it knoweth well—

Can form the heart anew, and *templed* in it dwell.'—p. 18.

And yet we are told in the very same breath, that this *fabric* of a heart in which the Almighty temples himself, is a harp of wondrous workmanship !

‘—Their elders slink, each to his tent,  
There to partake the feast he so enjoys,  
His mutton and his tea.’

But this is nearly all the information concerning their habits with which Mr. Swan favours his readers.

Of Miss Hamilton, we are sorry that we cannot speak in favorable terms. Her pious poetry appears to us not much more inspiring than her martial. The liberation of Joseph is a dramatic poem on the Grecian model, perfectly *simple* in plot and fable, and of course with its moralizing chorus. The following passage, in which poetical enthusiasm forges *fetters* out of a *wildering maze*, and turns a *smile* into a *finger post*, will speak sufficiently for the choral lyrics.

‘Astonished man, the wildering maze,  
That fettered all his soul, surveys,  
Affrighted views the scene,  
While Virtue’s smile serene  
Points to the holy path in her fair bower,  
Where maddening passion loses all its power.

‘When Typhon’s impious fury broke  
The laws that bound this lower sphere,  
The passions at his voice awoke  
To horrid energies and guilt severe.’—pp. 6, 7.

With equal brevity we may exemplify the pathos of the dialogue. Asenath, daughter of Potipherah, ‘illumes with charity’s beam divine’ the darksome cell of Joseph; or, in other words, visits him in prison; where the governor thus bears testimony in behalf of his captive.

#### GOVERNOR.

‘No wonder, princess, that the prisoner stays  
Unheeded thus, for his oppressor’s power  
Is great within these walls, and he is poor,  
A hapless stranger in a foreign land.

#### ASENATH.

‘Enough, I feel the awful force of truth;  
For thou, O Governor, would’st not have given  
The sacred place of confidence he holds,  
Hadst thou not judged that Joseph was deserving  
Of holy trust, in virtue uncorrupt.’—vol. i., pp. 14, 15.

After a little more colloquy, equally dramatic and poetical, the princess departs, assuring Joseph that compassion shall *burst* the *prison’s gloom*, and the gaoler tells him how he shall joy to see his merits shining

‘Within the noble sphere of liberty.’

Asenath, of course, is as good as her word; the chorus and

semi-chorus resume their strains of lyrical enthusiasm, and the scene closes.

We have then various hymns, which, some how or other, the late bishop of Calcutta overlooked in his selection; notwithstanding their sublime ideas. Of the miscellanies, and 'the Beauties of Vegetation,' a *didactic* of about thirteen hundred verses, we shall merely say that they are in general as pious, and altogether as poetical, as the specimens we have already presented.

Of the other dramatic poem, Mr. Beverley's 'Jubal,' it is not quite so easy to speak in proper terms; and it may perhaps be doubted whether, instead of *sacred*, we ought not to have classed it under *ad is tincthead*, namely, that of *bedlam poetry*. The subject is not, as might have been expected, scriptural. Jubal, instead of the songster of Zion, being a Swiss—of what rank or condition, even after having read through the performance, we cannot exactly say: only that for some reason or other, he is of importance enough to be tempted (with the courteous permission of Raphael), by the big devil in person. The purpose of the drama, however (as far as incoherency can be said to have a purpose), is evidently religious. From the *dramatis personæ* we were disposed to expect that, in every thing but its enormous length, it was formed on the model of our old monkish mysteries: for the characters are as follows. Force, Lucifer\*, Raphael, Spirits, Wizards; Jubal, Neanthes\*, Jana, Old Shepherd\*, Chorus of Swiss Peasants, Priest: and the prologue, which is spoken by the mystical, or allegorical personage *Force*, much in the way of those of the old mysteries, gives us a sort of moral history of the world from the creation and the deluge, to the time when the action is supposed to commence. The author does not trouble us with either preface or advertisement; but a note informs us that several passages are imitated, and sentiments and expressions taken, from the Bible, Æschylus, Milton, Goethe, and various other sources; so that we are prepared to expect not a homogenous composition of original matter, but a rich Mosaic of poetical gems. The commencement of the prologue (which we quote as a fair specimen of the general style of the blank verse), it will be seen, blends as it were the voices of Milton and Sir Isaac Newton; nor is it long before the chemical nomenclature lends its assistance to enrich and diversify the language of our dramatist.

' My name is Force, and in the exalted sun  
My mansion is, where in the central realms  
I give my orders to the vassal globes  
To wheel their course aright; where'er I turn  
My mystic wand the glowing satellites  
Follow in speed and drive in furious haste  
Through all the empyrean, coursing round the sun

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\* Lucifer, Neanthes, and the Old Shepherd, turn out in the sequel to be but three shapes of one and the same person.

In path enormous, nor does not the rage  
 Of bickering comets' fiery rebel force  
 Own my strong arm, although their blazing cars  
 Gallop in frightful hurry through the skies  
 Of neighbouring systems, throwing far and wide  
 Combustion terrible, and ruinous heat,  
 And volleying flames, and omens of dismay.  
 Me, have men worshiped under varied names  
 From the first times, since I truly am  
 THE PHYSICAL PRINCIPLE opposed in war  
 To things spiritual, and by sense alone  
 I rule the mind, and by the brutish part  
 Of carnal man am worshiped as a God ;  
 For when man first was named Creation's Lord  
 His empire was the MIND, the intellectual part,  
 With meditation, that should aye aspire  
 To heavenly things, leaving earthly thoughts  
 As vapours dense that soil the ray serene.  
 But man grew proud, and when pride came he fell.'—pp. 1, 2.

We have here a proof in 'nor does not the rage,' and we have others as we proceed, that our author can make free also with some of the most favourite idioms of the Poet Laureate, who with such frequent grace makes two negatives supply the place of one affirmative. Thus, in p. 43, instead of 'Dethroned gods attend,' we have, 'nor did not attend dethroned gods,' by which we get *nine* syllables, instead of six ; and, again (p. 54), in place of 'the towers of Nineveh quaked,' we have, 'nor did the towers of Nineveh not quake ;' by which, also, the style is enriched by three syllables more, and by a beautiful inversion, so poetically remote from the mere common-sense of prose ! The reader will further observe in this passage, how adroitly our author occasionally supplies the deficiency of a foot, or half a foot, in one line, by an equal redundancy in some other ; a mode of keeping up the metrical balance, of which it would be easy to select much more striking examples. But we must attend to beauties of a higher order : what an example of sublime phraseology is contained in the following lines !

' God gave me his commands  
 To work destruction, wheresoe'er I moved  
 Unceasing thunders clanged their iron bolts,  
 And gloom and horror clapped their raven wings  
 And screamed death's pæan in my path of woe.'—p. 3.

' In the realms  
 Of towering cities and enormous fanes  
 By giants reared ; the dolphin and the whale  
 Spouted and led their tribes obscene : and where  
 In spacious halls that nations could contain,  
 Senates had sat, the monster craken *whelped*,  
 And spread his thousand arms of flesh and *slime*.'



Again, in p. 5, we have a description of the 'seas of blood,' spilt in 'riotous and wicked days of desolation,' whilst

'The dissonant and *obscene* Mars,  
With shout unmusical and *rampant march*,  
Through human harvests drives his sweeping plough.'

This beats Mr. Westmacot's statue of the Duke of Bedford, ploughing his turnip field in ducal robes, all to nothing. But the sublime appears to be the natural element of Mr. Beverley, not only in phraseology, but in imaginative conception also; and, accordingly, we are soon introduced into scenes that unfold to us the true demonological character of his composition, and evince that, whatever of his dramatic plan has been derived from the monkish model of the whole mysteries, still more has been taken from the Faustus school. The first scene introduces us to a troop of wizards.

'FIRST WIZARD (*rising out of the Lake of the Dead*).

Learned Wizard, whence comes thou ?

SECOND WIZARD.

From the wreaths of upper snow,  
From the arrowy sleet of frost,  
Where I have been thunder-tost,  
All amongst the hail-storms driven  
From the belching guns of heaven—  
Battling clouds, and uproar dire,  
Heat with cold, and rain with fire,  
Clattering ice, and tumbling snow,  
Have I passed to talk with you.

THIRD WIZARD (*on the back of a skeleton mammoth*).

And I, too, have come on my skeleton steed,  
With the sting of a scorpion I flogg'd him to speed,  
And though he's a mammoth I've made him my horse,  
To join the fell crew of the servants of Force.

FOURTH WIZARD.

Hecla's stinking sulphur mud  
Held me in its lava flood,  
Years two hundred have I been  
Blasted with miasmas keen,  
And with simmering, softened limb  
In the hell-broth did I swim,  
Rolling in that cup of woe,  
Rising high and sinking low,  
Till a grand eruption came,  
And in volleying storms of flame  
Shot me to the upper sky—  
With a north wind did I fly,  
Ninety days I passed above,  
Far in circles we did move ;

But the danger now is past,  
And you see me safe at last.

## FIFTH WIZARD.

Ye filthy wizards, mine's a sorer case,  
For I have lain  
In the abominable main  
Nearly three thousand wretched years—  
Down, down below,  
Where waves nor toss nor tempests blow,  
But all sleeps silent from the weight above.  
There is no particle of my green skin  
That has not pungent salt within.  
The pressure of the intolerable sea  
Has searched my very bones and blood.  
I am all salt.'—pp. 8, 9.

The immediate object, however, for which their monarch has summoned these antediluvian wizards together, seems to be, that they may co-operate with Lucifer, who, in the person of Neanthes, is tempting Jubal into the proud sin of seeking knowledge beyond the permitted limits; a project in which the arch-enemy but too well succeeds, in spite of the warnings and conjugal entreaties of Lana: for, in this instance, it is the Adam in whom the sinful curiosity exists, and against whom, as the more assailable vessel, the tempter directs his power; while the better Eve suspects the lurking fiend, and recoils from him. Neanthes conducts Jubal, each mounted on a cream-coloured horse, fleet as the lightning, and with fire-streaming hoofs, through Hades, amid sights and adventures that beggar all the extravagances of all former Diaboliads; and thence, in angelic semblance, through elements and planetary systems, apparently to the gates of heaven; whence, after assuming his own dread shape, he hurls his victim headlong down to earth, where we find him in the morning, lying on his face, "stunned, not insensate with his fall." He thenceforth, in despair and terror, resists all the consolations and entreaties of his afflicted, exhausted, and bleeding wife; who, bruised and lacerated in the frantic search after him, in which she had consumed the night, finds him, on her return, in this wretched condition. He abjures her, tears himself from her, and leaves her to die of a broken heart; witnesses, afterwards, her funeral—raves and abuses the priest and villagers who officiate at the ceremony—but, after all, when Lucifer again, in the likeness of an old shepherd, comes to tempt him, and with plausible insinuation and sophistical logic, endeavours to persuade him to 'curse God and die,' he proves himself another Job—frustrates the deceiver, who, lightning-struck, spreads his infernal pinions, and flies in great horror through the air; while his not fully accomplished victim falls to prayer, and is cheered by a voice from heaven with hopes of ultimate forgiveness.

Such is the vehicle through which the piety of Mr. Beverley endeavours, by the alternate means of incidents outrageously supernatural, and sermonising dialogue of immeasurable and soporific length, to convey religious instruction, not unmingled with a bitterness of political satire, which some readers might, perhaps, call jacobinical. In the journey to, and progress through, the infernal regions, it is but justice to say, that there are some traces of daring imagination; though much more of what might be described as the coinings of a distempered fancy—in which the sublime and the ludicrous of downright madness, are occasionally mingled: and, upon the whole, we should be disposed to say, that if this would not be admitted as good evidence under the Statute of Lunacy, it is not easy to conceive what it is that, in an authorial shape, could be so considered.

But we have dwelt long enough upon the exposition of what religious poetry ought not to have been; the more agreeable task remains of shewing it, such as it ought to be. The hymns of the lately demised Bishop Heber breathe throughout a spirit of piety and poetry, so happily expressed, that, of themselves, they are sufficient to rescue Christian devotion from the imputation of unfitness for the lyre. These hymns, we are told in the preface, were arranged by Bishop Heber, with a hope that they might be deemed worthy of general adoption in the Established Church. It was his intention, it seems, to have published them soon after his arrival in India; but the arduous duties of his situation left little time, during the short life there allotted to him, for any employment not immediately connected with his diocese. The work is now given to the world, 'in compliance with his wishes, and from an anxious desire that none of his labours in the service of Christianity should be lost.' It is published by his widow, and dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The volume is not exclusively from the pen of Dr. Heber. Among the contributions, besides several from the pen of Mr. Milman, and one from Sir Walter Scott, are three or four that are anonymous, to which, however, the author, or authors, need not have blushed to have set a name. Among the selections, are two of Bishop Taylor's compositions, and the like number of Bishop Kenn's; three of Drummond's, of Hawthornden; the four hymns by Addison, mentioned at the commencement of this article; one of Cowper's; one by Dryden; a well selected extract, arranged in four stanzas, from Pope's *Messiah*: a very beautiful one from Logan; and some three or four from among the best that occur in the popular versions of the Psalms; which, with those of the good bishop himself, present a hymn for every Sunday (and in several instances two or three), and for every service of the Established Church throughout the year.

We will confine our observations to the productions of Bishop Heber himself: a process which makes our task almost as easy

as it is agreeable ; for criticism here has little to do—we have only to quote,—the beauty and sublimity of the compositions will speak for themselves ; and there is little occasion even for selection. We present, however, in the first instance, his hymn for the second Sunday in Advent.

‘ The Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;  
And, withering, from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind !

Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world’s highway ;  
By power oppress’d, and mock’d by pride ?  
Oh God ! is this the crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !  
Go, seek the mountain’s cleft in vain !  
But Faith, victorious o’er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !—pp. 5, 6.

Though the image in the first two lines in the third hymn for the second Sunday after Epiphany, is not exactly to our taste, the composition, upon the whole, is eminently beautiful.

‘ When on her Maker’s bosom  
The new-born earth was laid,  
And Nature’s opening blossom  
Its fairest bloom display’d ;

When all with fruit and flowers  
The laughing soil was drest,  
And Eden’s fragrant bowers  
Receiv’d their human guest ;

No sin his face defiling  
The Heir of Nature stood,  
And God, benignly smiling,  
Beheld that all was good !

Yet, in that hour of blessing,  
A single want was known ;  
A wish the heart distressing ;  
For Adam was alone !

Oh God of pure affection!  
By men and saints adored,  
Who gavest thy protection  
To Cana's nuptial board,

May such thy bounties ever  
To wedded love be shewn,  
And no rude hand dis sever

Whom Thou hast link'd in one !'—pp. 33, 34.

There is one of these fine poems—as a poem, perhaps, one of the finest in the collection—which appears to us to have little in it of the peculiar character of a hymn. It is neither a song of praise, of acknowledgment, nor of prayer. We should designate it rather as a fine specimen of sublime and moral satire: not trespassing, however, beyond the bounds of that sedate and monitory sentiment which is fitting to be heard in the religious congregations of the people. We are glad to meet with it in its present place and form. It has little chance, we fear, under any other circumstances, to be heard in those circles where its warnings are most needed. It ought to be hung, in legible characters, with the scatheons round the pompous hearse.

' Room for the Proud ! Ye sons of clay  
From far his sweeping pomp survey,  
Nor, rashly curious, clog the way  
His chariot wheels before !

Lo ! with what scorn his lofty eye  
Glances o'er Age and Poverty,  
And bids intruding Conscience fly  
Far from his palace door !

Room for the Proud ! but slow the feet  
That bear his coffin down the street :  
And dismal seems his winding-sheet  
Who purple lately wore !

Ah ! where must now his spirit fly  
In naked, trembling agony ?  
Or how shall he for mercy cry,  
Who shewed it not before !

Room for the Proud ! in ghastly state  
The lords of Hell his coming wait,  
And flinging wide the dreadful gate,  
That shuts to ope no more,

" Lo here with us the seat," they cry,  
" For him who mock'd at poverty,  
And bade intruding Conscience fly  
Far from his palace door !"

One short quotation more we must indulge in, for the sake of a

beautiful peculiarity in the structure of the stanza. Bishop Heber does not seem to have been one of those who believed that "in the whole range of English versification, there was not a single spot for experiment." In his hymn for the 16th Sunday after Trinity, he has ventured on what may be called untrodden ground; and has attempted in the alternate lines (the first and third of each stanza), to introduce the genuine Sapphic measure; and in three out of the four of those stanzas, it will be perceived that, to *all effective purposes*, he has succeeded. The appropriate solemnity of the cadence in the second stanza, deviates, it is true, perceptibly from the model: but the variety is in that place rather a beauty, than an imperfection.

'Wake not, oh mother! sounds of lamentation!  
Weep not, oh widow! weep not hopelessly!  
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,  
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him: :  
Hide his pale features with the sable pall;  
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :  
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?  
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd?  
"Set down the bier—he is not dead but sleeping!  
"Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obey'd!

Change then, oh sad one! grief to exultation :  
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.  
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation!  
Strong was the word of God to succour thee!'—p. 113.

We quit with regret this delightful and invaluable collection of genuine devotional poetry; and congratulate the religious community of our country in general, on this accession to our hitherto scanty stores of sacred song, from the classical pen of the late Bishop of Calcutta.

ART. II. *Bibliotheca Sussexiana. A Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices of the Manuscripts and Printed Books, in the Library of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.* By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S. &c. &c. &c. Vol. i., in Two Parts. Royal 8vo. London: 1827.

BIBLIOGRAPHY is much indebted to Mr. Pettigrew for this splendid addition to its stores. The absurd prejudice that works of this description must needs be insipid, has long been extinct; and the compiler of a catalogue raisonné, begins to receive the meed of his industry and research, in the gratitude of the reading public. In fact, who contributes so essentially as he does to the ease and

comforts of literary men? A judicious cataloguist saves us a world of trouble. He selects and culls for us the choicest fruits and the rarest exotics. He pilots us over the ocean of learning—or rather, roams with us through its elysian fields, pausing to call our attention to some lovely vista, presenting some curious specimen to our examination, or exploring and imparting to us some hitherto undetected treasures. If such were the feelings with which we rose from the perusal of the "*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*," they have in no wise been abated by the interesting volume before us, which reflects equal credit upon the industry and talents of the author.

The first portion of the '*Bibliotheca Sussexiana*,' is appropriated to manuscripts, above 300 in number, and arranged according to languages; viz., Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, English, Irish, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Pali, Singalese, and Burman. The second part treats of printed editions of the Holy Scriptures, disposed under the several heads of Polyglotts of the Old and New Testament, and detached portions thereof; Hebrew Bibles, Hebrew-Samaritan, and Hebrew Pentateuchs; portions of the Old Testament in Hebrew; Greek Bibles, Greek Pentateuchs, and portions of the Old Testament in Greek; Latin Bibles, and parts of the Old Testament in Latin; forming an aggregate of 499 articles; many of which are among the rarest and most valuable in sacred bibliography.

Happily, the task of introducing this interesting collection to the public notice, has fallen into competent hands. Mr. Pettigrew has communicated much important and diversified information respecting the various editions of the Holy Scriptures—information which, in the bibliographical works hitherto published, was altogether a desideratum. His descriptions are accurate and concise; at once supplying the deficiencies, and correcting the errors, of former writers in this department. The biographical notices are sketched with a masterly hand, and from authentic sources; interspersed with critical anecdotes of authors, and curious specimens of metrical versions in Latin and English. The engravings, including an admirable likeness of his Royal Highness, are twenty in number; the lithographic illustrations of the illuminated manuscripts, and the fac-similes of early typography, are executed in the highest style of art; the whole evincing, that no expense has been spared by the talented and enterprising author, to render it worthy the accomplished Prince, of whose literary taste and discernment it forms an imperishable record.

The Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible, are of two sorts—the rolled, used in the service of the synagogue—and the square, found in private collections. The Sussex library contains four of the former, and forty-four of the latter. According to the Jewish rules, they must be written on parchment, or the skin of a clean animal. The skins must be prepared by a Jew. Every skin must contain a precise number of columns of a specific length, and a cer-

tain number of words. These must be written with the purest ink, and each word must be orally pronounced by the copyist before he transcribes it. The smallest defect or redundancy whatever, vitiates the whole MS. These minute directions certainly tend to preserve the integrity of the sacred text, which is further secured by the extraordinary labours of the Masorets, a body of Jewish critics, whom Dean Prideaux designates as "a monstrous trifling sort of men, whose learning went no farther than numbering the verses, words, and letters of the Bible;" but of whom Dr. Adam Clarke speaks thus:—

"The Masorets are the most extensive Jewish commentators of whom that nation ever could boast. The system of punctuation, probably invented by them, is a continual gloss upon the law and the prophets. Their vowel points, and prosaic and metrical accents, give every word to which they are affixed a peculiar kind of meaning; which, in their simple state, multitudes of them can by no means bear. The late Granville Sharpe, Esq., one of the first Hebrew scholars in England, says that, 'The Masoretic Bibles are not the Word of God, but a Jewish comment on that word. It is the unpointed Hebrew text, that exhibits the words of Moses and the prophets faithfully, and in that text alone can we safely confide.'"  
—part ii., p. 136.

The fact, that no pointed or illuminated copies are suffered to be used in the synagogue service, would confirm the latter invention of the vowel points, which is ascribed to the Masorets, a set of Jewish literati, who flourished soon after the commencement of the Christian æra. The probable use of these vowel points, was to fix the pronunciation of a language, which, from the various migrations and captivities of the Jews, had ceased to have any regular standard of orthoepey.

Among the square Hebrew MSS. in the Sussex library, are various Rabbinical and Cabalistic Commentaries on the Old Testament, of which the "More Nevochim" (Instructor of the perplexed), is not the least interesting. It is the production of the celebrated Moses Maimonides, a Cordovan Jew, of the twelfth century, and one of the most learned and extraordinary men of the age, and has been regarded as perhaps one of the most rational works that ever proceeded from the pen of a Rabbín. It is a critical, philosophical, and theological explanation of the most difficult words and phrases in the Old Testament; and its publication gave rise to various controversies amongst the Jews, most of whom were attached to the Fables of the Talmud\*.

The Jewish phylacteries, in Hebrew (*tephelim*), consist of portions of the Pentateuch (chiefly Exodus and Deuteronomy), written

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\* 'The Jewish Talmud consists of two parts, the Mishnah and the Gemarah. The Mishnah is a collection of the various religious traditions of the Jews, compiled by Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh (i. e. the holy), about the second century after Christ. The Gemarah is a Commentary on the Mish-



on small slips of fine vellum, and sewed up in separate compartments, in square pieces of leather or skin, attached by a leather thong. They are of three sorts, and specimens of each are in the Sussex library. 1. For the head, worn on the forehead between the eyes. 2. For the arm. 3. For suspending on the door-posts of the houses and chambers. These last are inclosed in small cases or reeds for that purpose. The Jews attach much superstitious veneration to their phylacteries. They swear by touching them; and they use them as amulets or charms, to drive away evil spirits, Christians formerly wore phylacteries suspended about their necks; and St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and St. Augustine, used to inveigh vehemently against the practice, which was prohibited also by the council of Rome, under Gregory II., A. D. 721.

Passing over the Greek MSS., of which the most valuable is a very ancient MS. of the Greek Testament; we turn to article 17, in the Latin manuscripts. It is an exceedingly curious metrical history of the Bible, known under the name of Aurora, and allegorised throughout after the style and manner of Origen. We give an extract from the first chapter of Genesis. After a metrical description of the creation, the author allegorises it thus;

\* \* \* \* \*

‘ Quid prædicta notent, prudens, intellige lector  
Nam quasi de Petra suggero mella tibi.’

‘ Principium Jesus, et cælum creat auctor in ipso  
Per quem cælestes efficit esse viros.  
Terra prius vacua notat ecclesiam sine fructu,  
Donec Christus adest et sibi jungit eam.’

‘ Ejus in adventu, datæ ecclesiæ nova proles  
Nam brevis haud ullis ad bona fructus erat,  
Scripturæ tenebras caligo figurat abyssi  
Mystica Scripta quidem clausa fuere dñi,  
Sed veniente Jesu reseravit scripta; beatum  
Pneuma super ferri commemoratur aquis.

Huic inito sequitur quod facta luce recedunt

Et fugiunt tenebræ, lucida terra patet.

Nempe Sacri Flatûs reseratur clave magistrâ,

Quicquid scripturæ janua sacra tenet.

Lux notat, a tenebris divisa, quod a tenebrosia

Distinguît vitas lucida facta bonus.’

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nah, and composed by the learned Jews of Babylon and Judea. Hence there are two Talmuds—the Jerusalem and the Babylonish. (See Prieux's Connection, &c. vol. ii., p. 392, Ed. xvi.

‘ The Targum is a paraphrase of the Old Testament, made in the East-  
Armenian, or Chaldee dialect. The earliest Targums of which any traces  
are extant, are those of Onkelos and Jonathan, in the time of our Saviour.  
They are generally believed to have been subsequent to the Septuagint ver-  
sion.’ (See Bib. Sussex, P. ii., , 79).

'This work is attributed to Petras de Riga, a canon of Rheims, who flourished under the emperor Frederick I.' (P. i., p. 94).

While on the subject of metrical versions, we may notice Art. vii. of the Polyglott Psalters, (P. ii. p. 115), entitled, 'The Psalms of David, in four languages and in four parts, set to the tunes of our church by William Slatyer, anno 1643;' a work which Dr. Burney calls the most curious and beautiful production of the kind during the seventeenth century. It is certainly, in a poetical point of view, fully equal to old Sternhold and Hopkins. Here follows a specimen :—

"The man is blest y<sup>t</sup> hath not bent  
T<sup>e</sup> ill counsel foot nor eare,  
Nor tooke the way y<sup>t</sup> sinners went  
Nor sate in scorner's chair.  
But in y<sup>e</sup> law of God y<sup>e</sup> Lord  
Doth set his whole delight,  
And in y<sup>e</sup> law, th' Eternal Word,  
Doth meditate day and night."

Sandy's Paraphrase of Job, (art. 1. English MSS., P. i., p. 153) is also curious. The high character of Mr. Sandy, as a poet, is attested by Dryden, who calls him the best versifier of the age; and Pope, who declared that English poetry owed much of its present beauty to his translations. He was gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., who used to delight in reading his Paraphrase, while a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle.

We could linger with delight over some of the Italian MSS. in the Sussex collection; especially the *Historia del Vecchio Testamento*, in the old Italian language and Gothic character. It forms a sort of *Biblia pauperum*, and is perfectly unique as far as Mr. Pettigrew has been able to learn. Exceedingly interesting are the illuminations, (of which plates 12 and 13 are exquisite tracings). The groupings are well managed, and the variety of grotesque habits and the style of armour, have induced Dr. Meyrick (whom Mr. P. consulted), to date it in the year 1420.

'Many fashions, prevalent in the time of Richard II. and Henry IV., as the capuchon a la queue, scalloped sleeves, &c. &c., besides the form of the armour, are retained. But that which principally guides Dr. Meyrick, is the total absence of the vizored salade; which, though of German origin, was worn by all the military during the reign of Henry VI., and indeed, until the commencement of the sixteenth century. Plates 12 and 13 furnish examples of the ventail attached to the basinet; and again, basinets without the ventails; the ordinary salade of the infantry; the lamboys made of steel instead of cloth (as they may be actually seen in the Tower of London, on the armour of Henry VII.), open in front and behind, for the convenience of riding; Jupons laced all the way down in front, others down the side; the former as seen in the monumental effigies of Edward III.'s time, the latter on that of the Black Prince, still preserved at Canterbury; the espaulieres, corresponding with the lamboys—the

oval and pointed shields—kite-shaped and oblong pavois—the glaive—the dagger and sword—gis-armes, pole-axes, martels-de-fer, &c. &c.,—P. i., p. 133.)

There are many rare and precious oriental MSS. in this collection. The Sad'harmā Lankāra, ('a needful and virtuous doctrine'), a beautiful Singalese MS., contains a summary of the Buddhoo religion, as professed by the inhabitants of Siam, Ava, Ceylon, &c., and is written on slips of the leaves of the *Coriphœa umbraculifera*, which are much more scarce and durable than those of the *Borassus flabelliformis*. Sir Alexander Johnstone is in possession of many works written on the former, which, though supposed to be above 300 years old, are not in the least decayed.

But we must hasten from the interesting treasures of the MS. department, and take a cursory glance at the splendid collection of Printed Books. Our attention is first arrested by the magnificent Complutensian Polyglott of Ximenes; a stupendous monument to the munificence of that celebrated Cardinal, under whose superintendence and by whose bounty it was projected and executed, aided by a host of eminent theologians and critics, of whom biographical notices are given by Mr. P. There is also a letter of some importance (and we believe now for the first time made public), from Dr. Adam Clarke to his Royal Highness, in which that learned Orientalist explains some particulars respecting a variation in the title pages and prefatory matter of some copies, so numerous as to prove a re-composition and a re-printing of those parts. The learned Doctor thus concludes:—

“The Complutensian Polyglott contains the sacred texts as they exist in the Hebrew, Septuagint and Vulgate, and the Chaldee in the Pentateuch. Now it is very probable that all these were either taken from or collated with ancient MSS. In this work the Greek of the New Testament was for the first time printed; and the letter which was cut on purpose for this edition, was evidently taken from MSS. of the eleventh century. I conclude, therefore, that the Hebrew, Septuagint, Vulgate and Chaldee (as far as it goes), and the Greek original of the New Testament, are as they stand in the Complutensian Polyglott, equal in critical value to MSS. of these texts and versions of the tenth and twelfth centuries, or even higher. This cannot be said of these texts in other Polyglotts, for they have been printed from this, with additional typographical errors, &c. And though some of them, as the London Polyglott, are more useful, yet they never can be of so much critical value as the Complutensian Polyglott.”—(P. ii., p. 21).

This Polyglott is remarkable for containing the disputed passage, 1 John v. 7. And Erasmus deferred so much to its authority, as to insert that text in the third and subsequent editions of his Greek Testament. Mr. Pettigrew, however, states after Dr. Clarke, that there is only one genuine Greek MS., viz., the Codex Montfortianus, in the library of Trinity-College, Dublin, in which the text in question is to be found. The Codex Guelferbytanus is a MS. of the seventeenth century; and the Codex Berolinensis is a

forgery, being a copy from the text of the Complutensian Polyglott. These are the only three MSS. in which it is found, while there are upwards of one hundred MSS. in which it is wanting.

Of the other Polyglotts in the Sussex library, the most remarkable are the Plantin (royal, or Antwerp), Polyglott, edited by Arias Montanus, and printed by Christopher Plantin, who, through the influence of Cardinal Spinosa, obtained the sanction and pecuniary aid of Philip II. But Dr. Dibdin states that the money was only lent to Plantin by that niggardly monarch, who afterwards drove the poor printer to extreme distress for its repayment. Next is the Parisian (or Le Jay's) Polyglott, containing the first printed edition of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which differs materially from the Hebrew, as to the chronology between the Deluge and call of Abraham, making that period considerably longer, and herein nearly coincides with the Septuagint. We next have the London Polyglott of Brian Walton, a work not unjustly called "the glory of the English church and nation, surpassing the splendour of many, and superseding the necessity of all the continental Polyglotts." The notices respecting this extraordinary work are highly interesting. The learned and laborious editor, Dr. Walton, seems, like Plantin, to have struggled against severe pecuniary difficulties. The only national aid he received, was a permission from Cromwell, to import the paper free of duty; and in return for this, the Protector expected that the Work should be dedicated to him. This was accordingly done in such copies as were printed previous to the Restoration; but in those subsequent to that event, there is substituted the dedication to Charles II. for that to the usurper. Copies of the two editions are thus respectively designated, as republican or loyal; the former are very rare. A republication of this great work was projected by Dr. Clarke and the Rev. Mr Pratt, in 1810, and the prospectus submitted to the highest quarters. 'But,' says Mr. Pettigrew, 'though all approved, nothing was done; though Augustus reigned, there was no Mæcenas bishop.' (P. ii., p. 66). It is pleasant to contrast their apathy with the enterprising spirit of Mr. Bagster, the well-known publisher of "Bagster's Polyglott," in 4to. and 8vo., London, 1827; a work, whose size as well as cheapness, render it a great acquisition to the lovers of sacred literature. The copy of this Polyglott in the Sussex library, was presented to his Royal Highness by the venerable bishop of Norwich, with the following dedicatory lines from his Lordship's pen, viz.—

Altissimo

AUGUSTO FREDERICO

Georgii Tertii, Britanniarum Regis Filio, Duci de Sussex, &c. &c. &c.  
 Principi, nostrorum temporum doctissimo;  
 Libertatis publicæ et religionis veræ amico;  
 Qui illustris avitæ stirpis splendorem  
 Illustrioribus virtutis et doctrinæ radiis adauget;  
 Et qui, in Hebraicis literis præcipue tantum profecit

Ut perpauci sint veteris Testamenti Lectores,

A Quibus,

‘Plenius ab ipso fonte bibuntur Aquæ,’

Librum hunc sacro sanctum

Observantiæ et amoris pignus,

Humillimè offert,

HENRICUS EPISCOPUS NORVICENSIS.

It redounds, indeed, highly to the honour of our country, that however splendid the biblical treasures for which we are indebted to the theologians and learned printers of the continent, yet, as far as regards the original text of the Hebrew, the Septuagint, and the Greek of the New Testament, nothing can surpass the productions of the English press. The Hebrew Bible of Dr. Kennicott, one of the most perfect efforts of modern times for the advancement of biblical literature—was published by subscription, under the munificent auspices of his late majesty George III. and the University of Oxford. In the execution of that work, the collation of not less than 600 Hebrew MSS. and 16 Samaritan MS. Pentateuchs, besides versions innumerable, occupied nine years; the collations were transcribed in thirty folio volumes; the printing completed in two folio volumes in seven years, and the work published in 1780. Nor is the reign of his present Majesty, the accomplished patron of literature and the arts, less distinguished by the same anxious regard for the advancement of sacred learning. The Septuagint of Dr. Holmes, published under the auspices of the University of Oxford, with the various readings from a collation of nearly 300 Greek MSS., and a vast number of printed versions in various languages, ranks next to the Kennicott Bible in value and importance.

But perhaps the most interesting publication of the age, is that now nearly completed by the assiduous and learned labours of the Rev. Henry Hervey Baber, librarian to the British Museum. It is a *fac-simile* of the celebrated *Codex Alexandrinus*, a MS. of the whole Bible, one of the most beautiful specimens of Greek calligraphy; which once enriched the Patriarchal library at Constantinople, and was presented to Charles I., through his then ambassador at the Porte, Sir Thomas Roe, by the Patriarch Cyril. It is said to have been written by Thecla, an Egyptian lady, in the fourth century; but Wetstein conjectures, more probably, that it is the production of an Acoemet, one of a class of monks who flourished in the fifth century, and were so called because they kept up divine service in their chapels night and day without intermission. Mr. Baber had commenced printing this work in 1812, with the types cast for Doctor Woide's *fac-simile* edition of the New Testament from the same MS. But being unable to continue it without further aid, he submitted a memorial to his present Majesty (then prince Regent), in 1814, the prayer of which was graciously accorded; and liberal parliamentary grants having since been sup-

plied, as required from time to time, its completion may speedily be looked for; and in a style of typographical splendour worthy the age and country\*. We are happy to learn that the high attainments and literary assiduity of the learned editor, have been at length noticed by a signal mark of royal favour†.

But it is time to close. Were we to indulge ourselves, we might amuse and instruct our readers, by enlarging our extracts, and cul-ling some rare particulars from the biographical sketches interspersed in these volumes. Our theological readers would find ample gratification in notices of the eloquent and zealous Chrysostom;—the learned and pious Athanasius (who, by the way, was not the author of the famed Athanasian creed,—which is the production of a Latin author, Vigilius Tapsemiss, an African bishop of the fifth century); the amiable and erudite Gregory the Great,—to whom we owe, with other good things, the invention of expressing musical sounds by the first seven letters of the alphabet; the imperious and unpopular, yet most extraordinary, Sextus Quintus—under whom, the first complete Latin edition of the Bible was published,—a volume so unceremoniously anathematized by his successor, Clement VIII., who, three years after, substituted his own edition, correcting that of Sextus in 2000 material errors; the self-mortified Thomas à Kempie, whose book “*De Imitatione Christi*,” is said to have gone through more editions than any other work, the Bible only excepted (the same, however, is said of Bunyan’s “*Pilgrim’s Progress*”); the subtle Bellarmine; the amusing Nicholas de Lyra,—(Dominie Sampson’s “*Learned de Lyra*,”) whose Postils, or Metrical Comments on the Bible, with his other labours, are said to have led to the reformation, and of whom it was written

“*Si Lyra non lyrasset,  
Lutherus non saltasset :*”

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\* The Rev. Mr. Horne, in his critical introduction to the study of the Bible, has a curious fact respecting this MS., which he relates from Aubrey, the celebrated antiquary, as follows: “The Thecla MS. (Codex Alexandrinus), was sent as a present to king Charles I., from Cyrillus, Patriarch of Constantinople, as a jewel not fit to be kept amongst infidels. Mr. Rosse (translator of Statius), desired his Majesty to be at charge to have it engraved in copper plates, and told him it would cost but 200*l.*, but his Majesty refused. Mr. Rosse sayd, that it would appear glorious in history after his Majesty’s death.—‘Pish!’ (sayd Charles), ‘I care not what they say of me after I am dead.’”

† It was among the latest acts of Mr. Canning, to recommend the Rev. Mr. Baber to his Majesty’s notice, who was graciously pleased to confer upon him the valuable living of Streatham. Mr. Canning’s attention to the expressed wishes of Lord Liverpool in this particular (who had a very high opinion of Mr. Baber’s merits), is one of the many traits of honourable and generous feeling, which distinguished that eminent and deeply lamented statesman.

or, as Hoffman (Lexic.) says, "Si Lyra non lyrasset, tum totus mundus delirasset," and also, Lyra Luthero equum admovit et stapedes tenuit quo illum commodius conscenderet;" the unfortunate Servetus, whose "Christianismi Restitutio," published at Vienna, in 1553, contains the earliest notice of the doctrine which has immortalised Harvey, i. e. the circulation of the blood. Notices of these and countless others would delight our theologian readers\*; while the enraptured bibliographer would glean endearing reminiscences of Aldus Manutius, that prince of printers, "who combined the lights of the scholar with the industry of the mechanic," and gave to the world no less than twenty-eight first editions of Greek classics, besides editions of almost every Greek and Latin author of celebrity—that almost father of typography, "an art which is the chief organ of thought, the chief instrument of civilization, and the insurmountable barrier against barbarism;"—who invented the Italic, or running-hand type, in imitation of the handwriting of Petrarch; or again, of those reputed magicians of their day, Fust, Gutenberg, and Schœffer, whose press sent forth the first Bible, which is also supposed to be the first book ever printed with metallic and moveable types, in 1450-55†, and a beautiful copy of which is in the Sussex library.

We have been irresistibly led thus far by the intense interest of Mr. Pettigrew's volumes, the commencement of that Herculean labour which he has imposed upon himself. The Sussex library consists of 50,000 volumes of MSS. and printed books, 12,000 of which are theological, and of these the work before us notices scarcely one-twelfth part. If Mr. Pettigrew be gifted with life, health, and industry, to complete his intended task of cataloguing the entire collection,—anticipating, as we must, a consistency of design and execution in the remainder, the *Bibliotheca Sussexiana* will prove one of the most magnificent and valuable productions in the range of bibliography. Nor can we close our strictures without a renewed expression of national congratulation on the happy union of taste, discernment, and liberality, evinced by the illustrious owner of this collection. His discriminating good sense spurns at the littleness of bibliomania. His library is not burthened with useless duplicates, nor with costly but worthless rarities, like the *Boccace de Valdarfer*, that magnet of the Roxburghians. He has wisely preferred the utile to the mirum; and if any thing could add to our

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\* The word theologian is thus explained: "By the council of Lateran, 1215, it was decreed that the Metropolitan churches shall have a Theologian, or Theological, to teach the priests the holy Scripture, and what concerns the directions of souls." (Bib. Sussex, P. ii., p. 242).

† The first book printed, with a certain date, is the *Psalmorum Codex*, Mayence, by Fust and Schœffer, 1459, in folio. Only seven or eight copies are known, and each differs from the other both in number of pages and orthography. (Ed.)

admiration of the collection itself, it is the affable and gracious condescension which renders its treasures accessible, and throws them freely open for consultation, to every lover of literature.

ART. III. *The Zénana; or a Nuwab's Leisure Hours.* By the Author of "Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo." 3 vols. 12mo. London: Saunders & Otley. 1827.

To the author of these volumes belongs the merit of having first attempted, under the agreeable form of fictitious adventures, to illustrate the character and manners of the native population of India. In noticing his *Memoirs of Pandurang Hari*\*, we welcomed that new effort to familiarise the English reader with the peculiarities of Hindostanee life; and we offered rather a favorable estimate of the general qualifications of the writer—who, we understand, was formerly an officer in the Company's army—for the amusing design in which he had engaged. We recognised the intimacy of his acquaintance with the people, and the localities of India, though he appeared to us to have formed a prejudiced and exaggerated opinion of the universal depravity of the native community. We admired the liveliness and spirit which he occasionally threw into his sketches of particular customs and places; and we bestowed some tribute of praise upon the variety and interest of the imaginative narrative, in which these faithful pictures were interwoven. But, in some respects, we could not felicitate him upon his originality: for *Pandurang Hari* was a palpable copy of *Hajji Baba*, and far inferior in execution to its prototype; nor had the author succeeded in infusing into the memoirs of his Hindoo, any portion of that perfectly oriental cast of thought, which made the great charm of Mr. Morier's admirable portrait of the witty and mercurial Persian. In *Pandurang Hari*, there was no "good keeping" of eastern sentiment, or even of eastern phraseology; and in every sentence, in the turn of idea and expression, in dialogue, narrative, and description, the European mind was perpetually and unpleasantly appearing.

We recur to this enumeration of the merits and defects of the memoirs of "*Pandurang Hari*," because the volumes now before us form, avowedly, the continuation of the author's purpose of 'illustrating the manners and habits' of the natives of India, and are distinguished by very nearly the same characteristics. But we are compelled to add that, so far from exhibiting any improvement, they are, on the whole, inferior in materials and composition to his former production. They are written with less animation and vigour; they present us with fewer vivid

\* Monthly Review, vol. i., p. 83.



delineations of local scenes and customs; and they are still more deficient in the consistent preservation of a true oriental colouring of feeling and diction. The ordinary machinery of narrative and plot, too, is here far less skilfully applied, than in the memoirs of Pandurang Hari: the incidents are often devoid of interest and dramatic probability, and sometimes even absurd and puerile.

How far, indeed, our author himself is, in the present work, chargeable with these defects of narration, must be determined by the degree of credence which he may seriously mean us to attach to the following statement in his preface. Observing that 'shortly after his arrival in India, he had the good fortune to be nominated to a civil appointment at an out-station, a considerable distance from the Presidency,' where, to enable him to discharge his duties properly, it was indispensable that he should acquire a thorough knowledge of the Persian and Hindostanee languages; and that, for this purpose, he found it necessary to direct his attention to colloquial intercourse with the natives, as well as to private study, he proceeds:—

'Having conquered the first and greatest difficulty, viz. proper pronunciation, the author was naturally led to desire a further intimacy with the languages, as well as manners and customs, of the people amongst whom he was placed. As well, therefore, for amusement as instruction, when evening closed in, he assembled the natives of his establishment, and those who felt competent to the task, requiring from them the relation of some entertaining tale, which the author's moonshee (or tutor), who was invariably present on such occasions, committing to writing, was on the following day translated, by his assistance, into English. At first, considerable hesitation was evinced by the people called upon for this purpose; some pleading ignorance, others want of courage to appear before *Master* in his own apartment, to narrate tales; a promise of reward, however, to him who should relate the most amusing story, removed all difficulty. Although but one man in the author's establishment could claim any pretension to ability, nevertheless the report having gone abroad, in a few days others, offering their services, related several popular and traditional tales, with evident willingness and good humour.

'Returning to his native land, the author ventured to offer the public a sketch of Indian manners and habits in a former production, entitled "*Pandurang Hari*." Gratified by the flattering reception that work has met with, and remarking that an episode therein contained appeared to afford satisfaction, he was led into the idea that a set of Indian tales would probably be acceptable. For the accomplishment of this purpose, therefore, he searched his MS. translations of stories (acquired in the manner above-mentioned), which for many years had remained untouched. Conceiving the plea of originality to be no justification for the publishing an improper or uninteresting tale, it required no little time and attention to separate the dross from the more worthy particles contained in the genuine stories, amongst which are many of birds and beasts, giants and magicians, extravagantly childish or extraordinarily absurd. On the other hand, there are some replete with deceits and intrigues of women, both

immoral and improper, and far from either instructive or amusing. The former were rejected; the Author being anxious to avoid insulting an enlightened public by offering such absurdities to them; and the latter, being unwilling to offend their delicacy: independent of which, ample information respecting the infidelity of Asiatic women is already before the public in a work lately published, entitled "The New Arabian Nights Entertainments."

'Having selected what appeared to the author the best amongst the collection, he proceeded to form on the basis and leading features of them, the following Tales, which may be more approved of than if sent forth in their original shape.'—vol. i. Preface, pp. iv.—viii.

We confess that we are usually prepared to receive with very sceptical distrust, such grave explanations of the authentic origin or discovery of MS. materials, with which romance-wrights have in all ages seemed to think themselves required and privileged to usher in their veracious histories. It is always difficult to know whether a modern novelist, in thus prefacing his matter, is in earnest, or merely intends that his preliminary declarations shall be received as a part of the fiction, to heighten the illusion and increase the attractions of the story. But if, in the instance before us, the author be indeed seriously given in his preface, we can only regret that, instead of attempting to build his invention upon the framework of his 'genuine stories,' and to improve the rude workmanship of those originals, he had been contented to publish his first translations precisely in their most literal condition. As 'popular and traditional tales' of the natives of India, they might have been valuable: however 'extravagantly childish, or extraordinarily absurd;' they must, if only in their illustration of the puerilities of the Hindostanee mind, have been exceedingly curious; however inartificially or wretchedly constructed, they would at least have afforded some insight into the real state of manners and feeling among the people to whom they appertained. But our worthy author may rest assured that, in having altered their shape and modified their substance, he is very far from having increased their value or interest. If they have been formed from any Indian materials, all oriental quaintness of relation and sentiment has been utterly destroyed in the transmutation: if he is not responsible for the tame and feeble character of the incidents, he is blameable in judgment for having divested them of the only attraction which they could possess—that of their pristine simplicity. And whether the weakness of the invention has been wholly his own, or in part borrowed from the popular tales of the natives, he has produced only a composition of incongruous patchwork, in which the colours of European taste and oriental expression, English ideas and Indian scenery, are grotesquely admixed and strangely confounded.

In the choice of a vehicle of introduction for his series of Indian tales, our author has at least been a free agent; nor can we say

that the details of his contrivance here reflect more credit upon his ingenuity or inventive resource. The tales are supposed to have been related about the middle of the last century, in the Zenana or harem of the Nuwab, or Muhammedan viceroy of Surat, for the amusement of his 'leisure hours.' That an oriental ruler should seek to break the tedium of his indolent repose, with the recitations of the story-tellers for whom the East has ever been famous, is in itself a supposition as natural and appropriate, as that an European party should have recourse to the same mode of cheering their confinement in the gloomy season of a pestilence, or of beguiling their wayfaring hours during the stages of a pilgrimage. If, therefore, our author had been contented with so simple an idea, it would have formed a sufficient connexion for his series of tales. But he has aimed, more ambitiously, at weaving the occasion itself of their relation into a regular romance; and nothing can be more ridiculous or improbable than the expedient upon which he has fallen. A Persian fair one, of distinguished birth and transcendent beauty, has been iniquitously kidnapped from her own country and consigned to the captain of an Arab ship, who brings her to Surat, where she is purchased by the minister of the Nuwab, as an acceptable addition to his master's seraglio. But the Nuwab, awed into a respectful passion by the virtuous dignity of her deportment, treats her honourably, and intimates his design of making her his wife, or, as it is expressed in a marvellously un-eastern figure of speech, of 'offering her his hand.' The fair Mheitab, however, having left her own true love in Persia, and not daring positively to decline the distinction reserved for her by the Nuwab, invents various pretexts for evasion; and at last, after all other excuses are exhausted, she informs him that, according to the astrological laws of her destiny, she is forbidden to entertain any offers of marriage before the close of the year, when, provided no other male person than himself shall have been suffered in the interim to look upon her, she shall be at liberty to communicate her final answer to his proposals. The Nuwab, with exemplary patience, submits to the delay; and time rolls on, until the fatal year is near its expiration. But, at this juncture, the lady expresses a desire to visit the gardens of a country palace, and is gratified by her indulgent suitor, who, to prevent the possibility of her being seen by any male person, commands 'that all the houses of Surat shall be shut up, and not an inhabitant appear in the streets under pain of death.' Notwithstanding this precaution, Mheitab succeeds in her secret design of being seen in the palace gardens by some unknown male intruders, who immediately escape; and she then protests that her answer to the Nuwab's suit must be deferred for another full year. The enraged despot, unable to discover the offenders, resolves to wreak his vengeance for this new disappointment on the whole population of his city, and dooms one in every thousand to the lot of death. But the lovely cause of his fury

interposes against this ferocious sentence, and suggests that, in lieu of its execution, and in order to beguile away the new year of delay, the chief persons of each trade and profession should be compelled to attend at the Zenana, and each to relate in succession some entertaining story, when he who should prove to have told the least amusing one, might be selected to make by his punishment the atonement required for the city. In lieu of the lively pastime of cutting off an assortment of heads, the Nuwab is thus induced to forget his chagrin in the less exciting occupation of listening to an equal number of stories; and thus were produced the tales of the 'Zenana, or the leisure hours of Nuwab!' At the conclusion of the third volume, Mheitab discovers that her Persian lover has been murdered; and she then obligingly 'accepts the hand' of the Nuwab, to cut short both the number of the tales and the period of his suspense.

Such is the main story of the *Zenana*, in which the others are inserted; and such the best scheme which the author has been able to concoct for the exhibition of his 'traditional and popular Indian tales.' Upon the wretched clumsiness and elaborate impotence of the whole design, it would be idle to waste further words: yet the development of this precious plot engrosses full one volume out of the three, with no other relief than some overstrained description of the paltry intrigues which occupy the Nuwab's rival ministers, and a long and uninteresting retrospect of the history of Mheitab and her first lover. In short, this tale, which forms the principal subject of the book, is altogether worthless: its humour vapid and forced, its narrative prolix and dull, and its incidents not so much merely improbable, as absolutely silly and childish. But putting aside the absurdity of the occasion on which the stories are supposed to be related, there is also a violation of consistency and dramatic propriety in the mode in which they are assigned to their several narrators. Sentiments are ascribed to the speakers utterly in opposition to the character, the habits, and the religious belief of their order. Thus one of the tales is related by the captain of the Rajpoôt guard, necessarily therefore a high-caste Hindoo, and as a Hindoo, in fact (vol. i., p. 296), specially described. Yet, in referring to a subject of Hindoo superstition, this man (vol. ii., p. 156), is made to speak of the 'cruel Hindoos' as an 'ignorant and superstitious people,' and in another place to make respectful mention of the 'pious Moslems' and the 'ordinances of Islam.' So again, Tambadass, the coppersmith, another of the story tellers, is also mentioned as a Hindoo; but in his tale he speaks of Gunputty and Juggernaut as idols, and reverentially quotes the 'laws of the holy prophet' against indulgence and wine: while, in describing a jatra, or purification of the Hindoos, one of the most solemn of their religious festivals, he observes of it, in the spirit of an European, or at least, of a Mussulman, as if it were a matter of curiosity foreign from his own worship, that

(vol. iii., p. 20), 'the mode which the *idolâtrous people* adopted to ensure such absolution and forgiveness, is of so singular a nature that it demands full explanation.' But this is only one example out of a hundred, of the manner in which the author is perpetually forgetting the proper language of the character which he has undertaken to represent, and suffering the English dress of his mind to appear under the imperfect covering of his oriental disguise.

Notwithstanding these general discrepancies, and the little worth of the main story, we are, however, far from intending to pass a sweeping sentence of condemnation against the tales themselves which compose the series. As pictures of Hindostanee life, they are amusing and curious; and though doubtless neither altogether genuine nor unadulterated, there is a great deal in their character which disposes us to think that they may really have been constructed on the ground-work of some of the popular stories of the country. They all turn, more or less, upon the subject of love; and the discovery of hidden treasure, the operations of magic, the vicissitudes of foundlings of high birth, and scenes of bloodshed and strife, are the varying incidents of the successive plots. Almost all the pieces exhibit the workings of the baser passions which form the ordinary vices of the Asiatic mind: avarice, dishonesty, cunning, and cruelty. Miserly and hard-hearted parents, and faithless children, are stock characters; and the hero and lover is often no more than an exemplary knave. Every species of roguish chicanery and duplicity is in fact assumed as a matter of course in the ordinary business of Indian life: but all this is not so extravagantly overdrawn as in *Pandurang Hari*; nor is it coloured with the enormous villany, to the delineation of which, in that work, we objected as so unnatural and incredible.

The stories in the series are seven in number, and are supposed to be related successively by the cotwall or police minister, the captain of the Rajpoot soldiery, and the chiefs of some of the crafts of Surat—the barbers, the butchers, the tailors, the coppersmiths, and the dyers. Of these by far the best is the coppersmith's tale, of a certain Sanscrit 'book of knowledge,' whose contents direct the fortunate owner to the discovery of caverns full of untold treasure, but require of him the observance of precepts of virtue, the neglect of which will convert all his wealth only to his destruction. This book is first possessed by a pious Brahmin, from whom it is stolen by a young Mussulman, at the instigation of a Jew. The Israelite obtains the fatal prize, and in attempting to use it, perishes by a violent end, the victim of his avarice and fraud. The volume then passes into the hands of the young Mussulman, who enriches himself enormously from the stores of the cavern, weds his betrothed, and for some time endeavours to make a good use of his theft: until growing proud and unmindful of the duties of charity and humility, the retribution foretold in the volume overtakes him.

His wife, in clandestinely visiting the cavern to rob it of a sum which he had refused to her pleasures, is ignorant of the mystery which regulates the egress, and dies there miserably of hunger; and the husband, discovering her lifeless body, is overwhelmed with grief and repentance, and restores the book to the injured Brahmin. This is the only tale in the volumes in which there is any defined attempt at a moral: the chain of intrigue by which the 'book of knowledge' is stolen from the Brahmin, is very amusingly told; and the whole story reminds us, not unpleasingly, of some of the pieces in the Arabian Nights.

The dyer's tale is also worth perusal: it embraces the *separate* history of three maimed beggars, who each relate to the emperor Aurungzebe, the course of fortune whereby they have been reduced from respectable stations in society to their mendicant and crippled condition. Mingled with the evil exploits of a magician—again forcibly reminding us of the style of the far-famed thousand and one nights—there is, in parts of this tale, a great deal of wild and shifting viscissitude, which gives a lively and, doubtless, a natural picture of the adventures of a vagabond life in the East.

ART. IV. *A History of the Right Honorable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, &c.* By the Rev. Francis Thackeray. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 128. London: Rivington. 1827.

A LIFE of Lord Chatham might be one of three things: it might be a brief statement of all that was peculiar to himself in his public conduct and professions—together with the preference of these deeds and sayings to the general political principles which they enforced or violated: or it might be a display of his individual mind—of the propriety or impropriety of the moral direction which he gave to his powers—of the mode he adopted for developing his own nature—and of the advantage he obtained, as a mere adventurer, from his resolute decision, and (as far as money goes) incorruptible honesty: or lastly, a Life of Lord Chatham might be two ponderous quartos, elaborately written, and magnificently printed; embodying every syllable he spoke and every scrap he wrote; in which a narrative, dull as the Annual Register could supply, is occasionally interrupted by puerile reflections, arrayed in the borrowed and tarnished finery of antiquated bombast.

That the latter is a complete description of Mr. Thackeray's work we do not by any means pretend to say. What we have, thus hinted, is perfectly accurate; but the author has some merits, which ought to be thrown into the other scale. It is true, that he seems to imagine that a general rule in politics would be as absurd as a general rule for the presentations to livings: true it is, that he has said nothing about Lord Chatham which has not been said by every one of his previous panegyrists; and, unfortunate it is,

that his philosophy is made up of truisms, and that his eloquence is in the worst possible taste. But we believe most firmly that his statements are never wilfully inaccurate; and that he has even taken considerable pains to arrive at the truth. He praises Mr. Pitt highly for those qualities for which he deserves most praise; he never, that we remember, calls him a heaven-born minister; and he talks wonderfully little about the wisdom of our ancestors. On account of these various merits, his work seems entitled to the brief notice which we mean to bestow upon it.

In every biography, that which we look for with the most anxious interest, is the account of the childhood and youth of the subject of the story. Instead of any particulars as to the earlier years of Chatham, our author supplies us with a genealogy, stretching back to the reign of Henry VII., a college copy of his hero's Latin verses, and a panegyric of his own, upon the scholastic discipline of Eton. Mr. Thackeray says, that the information we ask for could not be obtained; and we can but respond, that only in the hope of finding it would any one dream of consulting his labours; as the want of it is the only lacuna in the well known history of Chatham. At p. 5 (vol. i.), he is convinced that Master Pitt was fitted by nature to become a great poet: and at p. 6, he is equally ready to swear that Cornet Pitt would have made the first of generals—judiciously subjoining a decision of a moot point (we presume) in the following words: 'It is my opinion that no man who does not possess eminent quickness of sight, is capable of becoming a perfect general.' At p. 12, he shews us Mr. Pitt, at the beginning of his political career, making a speech in honour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his marriage. This is the first opportunity for remarking that which has frequently occurred to us in the perusal of this work; viz., that the author by no means inflicts sufficient chastisement on his hero for his casual errors and delinquencies. The speech in question, about which he talks a good deal, is nothing more than a mass of verbiage, without eloquence or argument, rhyme or reason; in the course of which the orator has the face to utter the following laudation of two of the most imbecile of princes: '*Filial duty* to his royal parents, a generous love of liberty, and a just reverence of the British constitution; these are public virtues, and cannot escape the applause and benedictions of the public. These are virtues, Sir, which render his Royal Highness, not only a *noble ornament*, but a firm support, if any could possibly be wanting, of that throne so greatly filled by his Royal Father.'

Mr. Pitt came into public life at the close of the long career of Sir Robert Walpole, and was *in* at the political death of the veteran. He assisted with great vigour and vehemence in the cry which drove the aged minister from office; and when we read the ardent declamations which he had thundered at his opponents, their tone of unmeasured bitterness strangely and painfully con-

trasts with our sense of the merits of Sir Robert Walpole. He was almost the only minister England has enjoyed, who acted systematically upon the principle, that for every nation, and how much more for an insular and commercial people, war is in nearly all cases, a needless and costly luxury. Walpole had little of the brilliant and towering ambition of Pitt, and seems to have been strongly influenced by avarice—a passion from which the latter was free. As a man, we can regard him with little liking, and less respect; but, as a minister, he was of more service to England than Chatham, or than the son of Chatham; or, indeed, than any statesman we can name, except the lamented spirit who has so lately sunk beneath the horizon. The downfall of this practised politician produced no general change in the administration. Mr. Pitt continued a member of a joint-stock opposition, half of it determined Toryism—half discontented Whiggery—and, as one of this ill-assorted body, continued to assail the rashness of Carteret with no less resolute fury than he had attacked the cautious corruption of Walpole. Lord Carteret, by succession Earl Granville, resigned in November, 1744, and the party of the Pelhams was supreme. After an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the king, in 1746, to construct a new ministry, under the direction of the Lords Bath and Granville, he was obliged to have recourse to his former advisers, and with them Mr. Pitt obtained office as Paymaster of the forces. Mr. Thackeray relates, with just and honorable exultation, the unprecedented honesty of his hero's behaviour in this tempting situation; but we do not exactly see why he should take occasion to attack Demosthenes for receiving a bribe from Harpalus, when the story rests, we believe, on no better authority than that of Plutarch; and is, at all events, doubted by Mr. Mitford. For the unsatisfactory peace of Aix la Chapelle, Mr. Pitt, from the subordinate character of the office he held, was of course in no degree responsible. His conduct previous to this peace lays him open, however, to graver charges than that of having acquiesced in its provisions. He first made himself known in Parliament as denouncing our interference in continental wars, and condemning the maintenance of standing armies. Possessing office under the Duke of Newcastle, he held directly contrary language, and either noisily or silently sanctioned measures exactly similar to those he had previously reprobated. The author before us, attempts to palliate the conduct of his hero; but it is perfectly evident that he said in both cases exactly what would best serve the purposes of party animosity and personal ambition: though he may no doubt have persuaded himself that he acted throughout from the purest motives; and the wisest and most honorable principles.

In narrating the history of the Pelham ministry, which left Mr. Pitt little occupation but obscure obedience, the author pauses for a moment to introduce some of those pleasing letters to his



nephew, for the publication of which we are indebted to Lord Grenville, and which have been long, as they deserved to be, in every school-boy's hands. He laments, at the same time, that so few details have reached us of the private life of the subject of his volumes; and, in his regret for this want, we most heartily sympathise. How infinitely easier would it have been to catch the proportions and the little natural graces of the form we are examining, when withdrawn from the glitter of a court, or the glare of a senate, to the pure and quiet light of domestic and social converse! With regard to generals and statesmen, who live in the broad blaze of fame, this minute and domestic observation is more especially necessary for every one who wishes to discover their real dispositions and habits. The strange animals which were led in a Roman triumph, might be arrayed to dazzle the throng, in every variety of costly magnificence; but the philosopher who wished to study their nature and customs, would seek them in their native recesses, and steal upon them when unconscious of his approach, wandering at will in the desert, or reposing in the shade of the forest. It is the absence of all those anecdotes and characteristic touches, whereby the man might be separated from the statesman, and the individual distinguished from the class, which renders the history of Chatham so dull and lifeless a record—a mass of negotiations, speeches, coalitions, and hostilities; arising, to our apprehension, not from a living spirit, but from a cunning and strong automaton, moved only by some political instinct or energy;—a vague but lofty shadow, with the robes of honour and the glance of authority, but without the every-day human emotions, and capricious tints of sentiment, in which we are inclined most frequently, and most warmly, to sympathise.

Early in 1754, Mr. Pelham died; and, shortly afterwards, Mr. Pitt married. After a good deal of skirmishing and negotiation, it was arranged that Mr. Fox should be Secretary of State, the Duke of Newcastle remaining at the head of the ministry; a plan which seemed to seal the exclusion of the great orator from his favourite objects—a seat in the Cabinet, and a considerable share of authority in the measures of government. Accordingly, at the commencement of the session of 1755-6, he went into strong opposition; and after his first speech, a very energetic declamation, he was deprived of the paymastership, and accepted a pension of 1000*l.* a-year. The ministry were on the threshold of a war with France; and all before them was doubt, and gloom, and difficulty. The losses of Minorca, Calcutta, and Fort Oswego, speedily brought them into still greater distresses; which were taken all possible advantage of by their vigorous antagonist. Towards the close of 1756, Mr. Fox resigned his office. The Duke of Newcastle could not stand alone; and Pitt became Secretary of State. Before he had held the seals six months, or had been able to attempt, much less effect, any measure of great importance, the prejudices of the

king drove him from office: but a few weeks restored him to his former appointment, in coalition with the Duke of Newcastle. From this time began that celebrated series of naval and military operations, which produced the triumphs of the seven-years' war, and have given to Lord Chatham all that portion of his renown, which does not accrue from his oratory. We cannot conscientiously pay Mr. Thackeray's narrative of these events any higher compliment, than to say that it is tolerably clear, and sufficiently accurate. The copies of the minister's instructions and despatches, documents obtained by our author from the State Paper Office, and by him, for the first time, published, shew that his hero had much more merit in planning his various undertakings, than we should attribute to him, from their mere prosperous conclusion. He seems to have calculated not only the result of each, but the details of the mode in which it succeeded.

It is unnecessary for us to enter into any narrative of the occurrences which took place during this period; any common History of England (bad as all are which relate to those transactions), exhibits a sufficient account of them. The work before us contains some despatches from Mr. Pitt, to our ambassador at Madrid, and our envoy at Paris; which were written during the war. They have the merits of clearness, fullness, and decision, which are all that ought to be looked for in such performances. The instructions addressed to the Earl of Bristol, at Madrid, leading to no satisfactory result of the negociation, Mr. Pitt, in the first year of the reign of George III., proposed an immediate declaration of war against Spain. The greater part of the cabinet differed from him in opinion, and the king preferring their judgment to his, and that of Lord Temple, he resigned his office on the 5th of October. A pension of 3000*l.* a-year was settled upon him and his descendants for three lives; and his wife was created Baroness Chatham, with remainder to her issue. Again in opposition, he attacked the peace; and some time afterwards took a decided and brilliant part against the American Stamp Act. In 1766 he came into office again as Lord Privy Seal, with the title of Earl of Chatham. His health, however, was such, that he could take no active share in public business; and two years after he again retired from the ministry. His conduct with regard to the expulsion of Wilkes, and the dispute with the North American colonies, on both which questions he opposed the government, was highly honourable to his patriotic feelings, his rhetorical powers, and his political sagacity. On another great question, the Bill for the Relief of the Protestant Dissenters, he spoke with no less vigour and wisdom. But of that speech the Rev. Mr. Thackeray (vol. ii., p. 246) observes, that it 'is not calculated to augment his reputation;' and after a few sentences, gives us to understand that Lord Chatham was highly blameable, because, forsooth, he wished to emancipate the dissenters, in opposition to the intolerance of the bishops! His

subsequent efforts were almost all directed against the conduct of Lord North towards America; and it is impossible not to feel the deepest sympathy in perusing every one of these noble speeches; except, indeed, his last and dying appeal against the recognition of American independence. Lord Chatham died on the 11th May, 1778, a few days after he had been seized with convulsions in the House of Lords, while attempting to reply to the Duke of Richmond. All the honours which the sovereign and the legislature could bestow, were showered around his memory; and, above all, the national sorrow for his loss was displayed by the settlement of an ample provision upon his family, and the payment of his debts.

It cannot be denied, that Chatham was the most distinguished orator of his time. His speeches are rapid, vigorous, and impassioned, with nothing of the elaborate and evasive insincerity of forensic rhetoric. The imaginative ornaments in which they abound, seem rather the product of a zealous and over-boiling conviction, than of an intellect very prompt to seize the finer and more remote relations of ideas—or of a fancy which expatiated in a wide domain of selected and treasured allusions. They have an appearance of commanding decision, and of delicate sensibility to the national point of honour, which is striking and interesting. But we miss in them those merits which exist, in the highest degree, only in the writings of Burke, and are in them marvellously united; a wide and powerful compass of political philosophy, together with all the colours of the most varied imagery. Lord Chatham's reading, we should imagine, was extremely confined; and he was not very moderate in his usurpations on that literary territory to which he had access. He shewed a just and manly taste in selecting Barrow for his favourite study; and his speeches bear marks of the liberal use he made of the admirable sermons of that eminent divine. Dr. Barrow, we remember, has somewhere spoken of "*Fortune, that unaccountable name of nothing*," which wise men so little trust, and fools so much complain of." At the opening of the session, in November, 1759, Mr. Pitt observed in his speech, that "there was no such thing as chance; *it was the unaccountable name of nothing*." As an orator, however, he had vast excellences of his own; though his speeches probably derived more aid from manner, than those of any other Englishman. They seldom contain any reasoning which would not occur to ordinary men; but the praise of clearness and liveliness, and, in general, of strength and even originality of diction, cannot, we think, be withheld from them.

His pretensions as a statesman, embracing an immensely greater variety of considerations, are far more difficult to be measured. As he was undoubtedly incorruptible by money, he is entitled to all the credit of what is commonly called honesty. But he was, we believe, uniformly true either to his temper or his ambition; and is not, therefore, to be recorded as a person of disinterested and lofty

virtue. Yet his temper was usually excited by questions of the national dignity or prosperity, and his ambition struggled to become the instrument of what he believed the true greatness of England. His furious opposition to Walpole arose merely from the wish to lead the natural cry of his party; and he acknowledged, by repeated panegyrics, in later life, the merits of his early antagonist. His conduct of that part of the seven-years' war of which he had the direction, displayed to great advantage his powers of daring enterprise, and instantaneous decision; and the greater part of his opinions and proposals with regard to the dispute with the North American colonies, demand our most sober approbation. But on innumerable points which underwent discussion during his long political career, his declarations and principles are full of vacillation, inconsistency, and error. Many examples of this kind, which will occur to every man acquainted with the details of his history, we need not at present mention; but we cannot help expressing our gratitude to Providence, that the legislature did not agree with Lord Chatham in dreading the abolition of religious disabilities in Canada.

Before we take our leave of Mr. Thackeray, we must remind him, that at p. 83, vol. i., he uses the word '*Palatine*' instead of "*The Palatinate*," as the name of a territory, mentioning 'the suffrages of the whole Germanic body, with the exception of those of *Bavaria, Palatine, and Saxony*.'

At p. 177—8, vol. i., the author tells us, with an eloquence unusual even in him, that Frederick, Prince of Wales, was at the time of his death, 'past that age when the impetuous tide of health, power, and passion, too often dash the youthful votary upon the rocks of intemperance, and there crash or overwhelm him. \* \* \* \* In the midst of all his views, of all his promises, and of all his expectations; in the flower of his age, the prince was called away, his breath went forth, he returned to his earth, and all his thoughts of power and dominion perished.'

'As,' in the words of the author (p. 157, note), 'his grandfather, archdeacon Thackeray, was chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and honoured with much of his Royal Highness's notice,' we cannot help suspecting, that the above choice effusion is extracted from the funeral discourse with which the respectable dignitary, doubtless, honoured the memory of his patron.

Page 558, talking of George III.'s resolution to marry, which was taken in the midst of the successes of the seven years' war, Mr. Thackeray gravely tells us, that 'his heart had yielded to softer impressions'—forgetting that the king had at this time never seen the lady, and did not much admire her when they met.

Vol. ii., p. 65, the author coolly lays it down, that Mr. Burke's disposition was vindictive, and throws into a note, as proof of his proposition, the following dictum:—'I think this is apparent, from the violent part he took in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings.'

The notion on which this supposition is founded—if, indeed, our author ever heard of any foundation for it at all—is a rumour, of a fact, the influence of which on Mr. Burke's mind, it must be utterly impossible to prove. But the question as to the motives by which he was actuated on that important occasion, has, we think, been completely set at rest by his letter of the 28th of July, 1796, addressed to Dr. Laurence, which has been recently brought under the notice of the readers of this journal\*.

At p. 257, we find the following bold sentences:—'By means which have not been discovered, Dr. Franklin, the agent for several of the colonies, and, amongst others, for Massachusetts, obtained possession of certain letters addressed by the governor and lieutenant-governor, to official persons in England. By a breach of confidence which no zeal for the interests of his country can excuse, Franklin immediately transmitted these letters to the Assembly of Massachusetts Bay, then sitting at Boston.' A simple reference to so common a book as Franklin's Memoirs, will shew that the distinguished person whom Mr. Thackeray thus thinks fit to calumniate, made oath to the fact of the letters having been given to him for the express purpose of their transmission to America—and this assertion has not been contradicted.

But any falsehood, it seems, is justifiable when directed against the character of a plebeian—who was a friend to republican government—and no great admirer of the lords spiritual and temporal. In another part of the reverend gentleman's account of the struggle between England and her colonies, he displays a spirit no less edifying. In the sentence to which we allude, he denounces the religious feeling which hallowed the efforts, and the religious appeals which gave dignity to the declarations of, the people of New England, under the name of 'puritanical cant!'

Mr. Thackeray seems to imagine, that the letters which pass under the name of the second lord Littleton, were really the productions of that eccentric profligate (p. 315—396—405). We had imagined it was tolerably notorious, that he did not write a word of them.

In reference to the assertions in a note at p. 396, we have yet to see it proved, that lord Chatham was in error in his assertions as to the secret influence of lord Bute; we are not aware that Mr. Thackeray's political philosophy has yet supplied the world with any arguments sufficient to shew that his hero's Whig-principles were too violent; and we are very certain, that time has only tended to confirm the justice of those praises which he bestowed upon the North Americans.

Finally, as evidence of this writer's accurate discrimination of style, we may observe, that he talks (p. 400) of 'the nervous pages of Tillotson!'

ART. V. *Torquato Tasso. A Dramatic Poem, from the German, of Goethe: with other German Poetry.* Translated by Charles des Voeux, Esq. 8vo. pp. 307. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

THE degree of influence exercised by men of genius, in moulding the poetical character and productions of their contemporaries, may be safely pronounced a pretty accurate criterion of merit. To attain the higher excellences of art; to become the head of a powerful school; and to embrace the age in which they live, call for qualities of no ordinary kind, and efforts of transcendent ability. There can be no imposition practised here; the reputation of commanding intellect is obtained by no hollow pretensions, by no bribes; and the "*vox populi, vox Dei*," here, at least, stamps indisputable authority on the gifted characters whom it extolls.

It is idle, then, to dispute whether Goethe be, in truth, a great writer; if he fully deserve the sort of reputation he enjoys; and if he be not too much indebted for it, to the natural characteristics and peculiarities of his countrymen. These, we think, will hardly account for his very general celebrity, and for the reception he has met with from the most distinguished literati of Europe, both in the north and the south. Upon the continent, we hear of no question involving his high qualities, being mooted, but only so far as regards their tendency and kind. With us, however, the same liberal system of discussion, and allowance for national distinctions and peculiarities, does not seem so fully to have obtained. Only men, indeed, of lofty and congenial minds, who are acquainted with the processes, and can judge of the combined results of poetical labours, such as Goethe's, will be found to view his character in its true colours and proportions, and rightly to measure the extent of his views. We have, accordingly, observed, both in our own, and other countries, that his name invariably obtains most respect among poetical characters of a high standard and rich endowments, placed at the head of their several parties, and directing the spirit and energies of their age. Thus, Lord Byron is known to have revered the genius of the German patriarch, which could create a new poetical era, and open a new and wider field at once for the poetical energies and critical reasonings of his contemporaries; while Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Southey, seemed for a while to abandon their ancient cosmopolitic system for the benefit of the Goethe school; and then to deride its views and principles as absurd and chimerical. Under the plea of maintaining classical rules, after all mere arbitrary canons of criticisms, it was sought to denounce the liberal school of Goethe, at the very time when far more wild and absurd extravagances were committed in the name of the false school at home. The eccentricities of Mr. Coleridge, and the romantic lays of Sir Walter Scott, were extolled in the same page

which affected to treat the poetical flights of the Germans, as something altogether outreè and obnoxious to all criticism. The former of these gifted poets, on its being observed that Klopstock was the Milton of Germany, is said to have replied, "it is certainly true, he is a very German Milton, indeed!" a sarcasm sarcastically, perhaps, becoming the lips of the author of *Christabel*. It is, moreover, in keeping with that sort of prejudice, from which continental writers, even those of France and Italy, have more recently freed themselves; while it is stated, that the first-rate poets of Denmark, Sweden, and even Russia, display still more deference for the works of their celebrated contemporary. Those opposed to his more liberal system are chiefly of secondary rank, including their critical partisans—men, who walk not in the loftier regions of their art, and cautious of essaying those bold, successful efforts, from which they venture to detract,

"Wield the artillery of the lower sky."

Among such will generally be found the detractors of Goethe's poetical character and productions; and on the same grounds, we are not at a loss to account for the estimation in which they were held by lord Byron, whose poetical horizon afforded him a clear and extensive view, as comprehensive; perhaps, as that of Goethe's itself. Had Goethe, too, been his countryman, he would assuredly, like lord Byron, have extorted the same plaudits from those very critics, who, in the outset, combined to crush him; and not the brightest wit of our modern Athens would have ventured to indulge his sarcasm, and wield his "small artillery" against his name, any more than they subsequently ventured to do against that of his lordship. The truth of this clearly appears in Goethe's noble letter to lord Byron, which contains likewise splendid evidence of the high intellectual character of both these "lords of the ascendant," in their poetical sphere. In the poet's own words, addressed by the duke of Ferrara to Tasso:—

A gifted man to no small circle owes  
Thanks for his model. Father-land and world  
Must work on him. Renown and blame must be  
Well learn to bear. Himself and others too  
He is compelled to know. And him no more  
Will solitude in soothing flattery rock.  
Now will not foes, and dare not friends forbear:  
Then tries the youth in conflict bold his strength,  
Feels what he is, and feels himself a man.'

While, on one hand, we would thus deprecate attempts to lessen the reputation of Goethe in the eyes of our countrymen—on the other hand, we must disavow any participation in those extravagant encomiums lavished on him by another party. Too apt to echo the ill-applied commendations, as the former to take up the

strictures of Madame de Stael. It will be allowed by all most conversant with Goethe's writings, that his genius is not essentially dramatic, nor of a very decided character. As little does it decidedly belong to any one branch of composition, so as to enable impartial judges to declare in which he most remarkably excels. To us his transcendent qualities appear to consist of unequalled versatility and vigour of mind. We would say, that he is a man of admirable talents, rather than marked, peculiar genius devoted to one pursuit. At least, his genius for any one, bears small proportion to his general talents, adapted to all. Moreover, it is not the active, animating, dramatic genius of Shakspeare, abounding in plot and incident—not even of Corneille, of Calderon, of Monti, or Manzoni. It has as little in common with the epic genius of Homer and Virgil, of Tasso, and of Milton;—it is not the strong, undoubted genius of Chaucer, of Dryden, and of Pope, in their brilliant exhibitions of native powers;—the poetical style and characteristics which pointed out their peculiar career. In short, it is that sort of active genius, or more properly, superior talent, cultivating intimate acquaintance with all modes and diversities of being, with all varieties of life and character; and adapting itself to their loftiest, as to their minutest attributes, with surprising versatility and ease. Possessed of brighter talents, and superior attainments, and more general knowledge, his genius, nevertheless, is not, we conceive, to be put in competition, in any one line, with that in which some of the foregoing names so peculiarly excelled. His characteristic, on the other hand, may be termed a general expansion and elasticity of intellect, capable, like that of lord Byron, of succeeding in almost any path it selects. It is that master-talent, which directed the hands of Michelangiolo and Raphael in their universal application to all branches of their art. Or if we please to call it universal genius—for the distinction is not worth much—it is the genius of wisdom, experience, and of the man of the world. It is, agreeably to Goethe's own system, the cosmopolite's study of all that he sees, and hears, and reads;—the combined result of meditation, and knowledge of nature and of life,

“Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic vein.”

It has, assuredly, more resemblance to this, than to that inventive faculty, the gift of the gods, conferred on those few divine spirits, the Homers, the Dantes, and the Shakespeares of their times, whose streams of intellectual light shed undying splendor on remotest ages to come:—

“Fortune's jewels moulded bright  
Brought forth with their own fire and light.”

Goethe can appear to advantage as a statesman, a man of high conversational powers, intimate with the world and its pursuits:



In these he would acquit himself much better than could have done the highly gifted geniuses alluded to; and this (though it can derogate nothing from the poetical reputation he enjoys), might be shewn from the history of his whole literary career. Of this, too, we think, further to illustrate the contrast pointed out, we can afford to give a poetical sketch ready prepared to our hands, in the author's own words. They are in point; for they are put into the mouth of his character of the man of the world, contrasted with the warm enthusiastic genius of Tasso, in the drama before us. The passage will serve, likewise, as a fair specimen of the translator's manner, as well as to throw light upon the poetical character of Goethe, in lines applied to Ariosto, and worthy of Ariosto himself. It well describes the versatility and vigour of poetic mind, both in the author and subject of the sketch; and "both divide the crown:"—

ANTONIO.

'Yet tell me who this garland hath entwin'd  
On Ariosto's brow?

LEONORA.

This hand it was.

ANTONIO.

'Tis done right well! and does adorn him fair,  
As e'en the laurel would not grace him so:  
For just as nature dōes her teeming breast  
With green and party-colour'd robe bedeck,  
So what can render man a source of love,  
Or child of glory, he hath all conceal'd  
In frolic fable's ever-blooming garb.  
Contentment and experienced cleverness,  
And Talent's power, and taste, and feeling pure  
For real good, in spirit-forms appear  
Throughout his lays; and yet in person seem  
As under perfume-breathing trees to rest,  
Besprinkled with the blossom's snowy show'r  
With roses garlanded, in juggle form'd  
By sportive Cupid's strange and magic play.  
A fount of flowing plenty murmurs there,  
And lets us variegated fishes see.  
With all the strangest plumages the air,  
With rarest herds the mead and dell is fill'd,  
And waggery lurks in bushes half conceal'd;  
And wisdom's voice from out a golden cloud,  
From time to time sublime-ton'd words doth sound.  
Meanwhile, from well-according lutes, all wild  
Appareth phrenzy here and there to rave,  
And yet with nicest skill her balance keeps.  
Who near this man hath dar'd to risk himself,  
A wreath for his audacity deserves.

Pardon, since I do feel myself inspir'd,  
 That, like a being transported, time nor place,  
 Nor what I say, I well can think me of,  
 For all this poet throng, these chaplets gay,  
 And, beauteous dames, your robes of festival  
 Withdraw me from myself to fairy land,

The absence of any strong, peculiar bias of genius is observable, likewise, in the earliest accounts of Goethe's youth, both as described by others, and in his "*Wilhelm Meister*," which displays the indecision, and the imperfect views and purposes that some time clouded the first efforts of his daring and buoyant spirit; and induced him to sacrifice most of his early compositions. Yet these very doubts and impediments subsequently led, perhaps, to his success in so many various departments of literature, and imprest him with a love of universal toleration towards that of every other people. Freed from the old conventional rules, he gave a liberal interpretation to all national modes of thinking, writing, and acting; and was confirmed in the justness of his views by the course of his subsequent inquiries during his travels. On his return from Italy, occurred the quarrel, or rather coolness, between him and Schiller, owing to the undue zeal which Goethe's countrymen exhibited in favour of that wildest of all dramas, "*The Robbers*." Our author had already taken some pains to impress upon the public mind the advantages to be derived from a more liberal system, as free from crude extravagance, as from conventional tameness; such as might give a liberal interpretation to productions of every class, and of every people. What was his surprise and chagrin, then, to find the German public half intoxicated with the morbid novelty of Schiller's "*Robbers*!" Ennobled by flashes of genius, as it undoubtedly is, Goethe viewed this drama, not without reason, as a false and dangerous exhibition of character and passion;—an exhibition calculated to create wrong impressions and principles, as it so proved, in the minds of his countrymen; besides a wrong application of the high interest and purpose of the drama. In his reasoning on this subject, we discover the philosophical and enlightened man of talent, and knowledge of the world, who saw the danger of giving way to the mere poetical impulses of the art.

It was fortunate for the literature of their country, that the estrangements between these two great men did not long continue. With their subsequent intimacy the characters of each improved; Schiller grew more moderate and philosophical; and Goethe imbibed added inspiration from the more fervid and concentrated genius of Schiller. The latter, however, never reached Goethe's elastic vigour and versatility of intellect; his boundless range of ideas, and his representation of the most opposite modes of feeling and acting, and of the most opposite characters and passions of

markind. This universality of thought and feeling, acting upon the world of experience and wisdom, which he seems to have ever diligently cultivated; is well developed in many portions of the poem before us; as, we think, the following admirable dialogue between Tasso and Leonora d'Este will serve to display. In excellent keeping with the poet's character, he has been dwelling with enthusiasm upon the golden age:—

TASSO.

Yet what in sooth is echo'd in my lay,  
To one and one alone I owe it all!  
No airy and uncertain image floats  
Before my view, which but to dazzle nears  
Th' enchanted soul, and soon is torn away:  
For with these eyes the archetype I've seen  
Of ev'ry virtue, and of ev'ry grace.  
What I have painted after it will last:  
Yes! for Clorinda—bold Tancredi's love,  
Erminia's still, unmark'd fidelity;  
Sophronia's greatness, and Olinda's woe.  
They are not shades that have the fancy lur'd,  
I know they are eternal—since they are.  
And what has more the right for centuries  
To last, and all in stillness work its way,  
Than that full mystery of hallow'd love  
Which is confided to the lay divine.

PRINCESS.

And shall I tell to thee a quality,  
By which this lay doth steal on us unmark'd?  
It lures us on and on, and we do list;  
We list, and then we think we understand;  
And what we understand we cannot blame;  
And thus the lay doth win us at the last.

TASSO.

O what a heav'n is open'd for me now!  
My princess, if this glance doth blind me not,  
I see unhop'd, eternal happiness,  
On golden ray majestic descend.

PRINCESS.

No farther, Tasso; many things there are  
Which ever must be seiz'd upon in haste;  
Yet others still there are, which temperance  
And still forbearance only make our own:  
And so one says of virtue, or of love,  
Which is allied to it. Bethink thee well.—pp. 66, 67.

Throughout the whole of his *'Torquato Tasso,'* indeed, we seem to trace the results of deep study and observation, combined with the most successful direction of talent. We meet with few of those masterly touches of dramatic genius, that startle the reader,

and draw tears from the eyes of spectators of the scene. Its general character is that of well sustained superiority; rich in just and admirable views of character and real life; and highly elevated by a grand and correct conception of the genius of the unhappy Tasso, developed too in that majestic yet mysterious manner which frequently approaches to feelings of the sublime.

It is the same general superiority which distinguished Goethe, when a boy—in common, indeed, with all men of high talent—with Lord Chatham, Mr. Fox, and the late Mr. Canning; while we hear nothing of the more deeply concentrated and retiring genius of Milton, of Gray, or of Schiller, during the same early period of life. Goethe was always remarkable for youthful vivacity, and “that quick spirit which is, in Antony,” ever so eager to take precedence of its fellows, and which subsequently dilating itself upon a wider theatre, seeks to control the human intellect and the world. Accordingly, added to his intellectual celebrity, we find Goethe pretty richly invested with worldly honours, which invariably give a keener zest to the less substantial favours of the muse. A knight of several orders, a privy counsellor and minister at the court of Weimar; loved and revered by his numerous family and friends; age may well sit lightly and gracefully upon his shoulders, and his countenance be lightened up with smiles; for all these bear honourable testimony to the successful employment of his talents, and to his extraordinary acquirements in every department of life.

We are not surprised that Madame de Stael, in her estimate of Goethe's character, should fail in many points; and, indeed, often lose herself in the wide and novel field which Germany opened to her view. From one of her remarks, however, it appears she was, in some degree, aware of the justness of the distinction we have pointed out. “In those of his dramatic works which it is very difficult to perform, we discern very extraordinary talent.” She is not equally correct in her opinion, that “the pieces designed for representation, have much grace and beauty; but nothing more.” This conveys a very imperfect, if not false idea of their real character, which never sacrifices vigour of thought and style, to attractions of grace and elegance. They are, assuredly, inferior to those dramas more adapted to the closet than to the stage;—to his “*Götz von Berlichingen*,” his “*Count Egmont*,” “*Iphigenia in Tauris*,” and “*Torquato*”; but they are still as characteristic of the poet's vigour and vivacity of mind. The same want of acquaintance with Goethe's characteristic qualities, led to her observation, that “he is always making new experiments in literature.” The following is a more correct, though an exaggerated picture of Goethe's system, and his influence in the world of letters: “when the German taste appears to him to lean towards an excess, in any respect, he immediately endeavours to give it an opposite direction. He may be said to govern the understandings of his contemporaries, as an empire of his own;

and his works may be called decrees, by turns authorising, or banishing, the abuses of art."—Germany, vol. ii., p. 138.

We can only smile, however, at her serious assertion of Goethe having "so well composed his *Götz of Berlichingen* in the manner of *Shakspeare*," with whose dramatic genius she was still less intimately acquainted. Without any imputation upon Goethe, we may observe, that there is about as much resemblance between the historical dramas of these writers, as there is between "a cloud and a camel," which seem to have assumed the same shape in the eyes of their highly gifted but extravagant critic. She is quite as much at a loss in questioning "Goethe's possession of the talent necessary to finish a composition of any kind which demands a sort of cleverness and calculation, that agrees but badly with the vague and indefinite imagination displayed by the Germans in all their works."—Germany, vol. ii., p. 161.

Here, unfortunately for the acumen of Madame de Stael's criticism, this sweeping assertion is far from being applicable to all the works of the Germans; least of all to those of Goethe, who happens to possess in a very high degree, that very calculation and cleverness necessary to find a proper *denouement* for his dramatic plots, and give effect to his compositions. Vagueness of imagination, want of theatrical knowledge, and of the mode of combining a series of dramatic incidents; however justly chargeable upon the German character, convey no idea of that of Goethe; and as far as they exist in him, are by no means the result of incapacity. With talents, like his, it does not seem to him, as asserted by Madame De Stael, "like hypocrisy, and the spirit of calculation irreconcilable with inspiration, to study the combination of effects:" a study, in fact, of which he seldom loses sight, even in his boldest flights. It is equally a mistake to suppose that "he does not vouchsafe to give himself the trouble of arranging dramatic situations; and that, if they are fine, he cares for nothing more." In the same tone, which rather contradicts her previous assertion, we are told that his German audience at Weimar, "ask no better entertainment than to wait the development of his plans; and to guess at his intention, as patient and intelligent as the ancient Greek chorus: They do not expect merely to be amused as sovereigns commonly do; whether they are people or kings, they contribute to their own pleasure, by analysing and explaining what did not at first strike them. Such a public is truly like an artist in its judgments." Germany, vol. ii., p. 162.

Now, brilliant and true as this passage indisputably in itself is, it serves rather to confute than to confirm Madame De Stael's view of Goethe's genuine characteristics, and agrees as little with her previous observations. In her comparisons, likewise, between the classical drama and the '*Tasso*,' and between the *Iphigenia* of Goethe, and the *Antigone* of Sophocles, she hazards many remarks, which, had she been more familiarly acquainted with

the ancient drama, she would hardly, we think, have done. They are often, in respect to the finer shades and distinctions, quite out of place. She treats of Goethe's "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," as a more original production, in design and execution, than the fact will warrant. We must infer too, from her remarks, that she conceived it to have been founded upon a drama of Sophocles, whereas it is borrowed from the play of Euripides, adapted merely to the modern German theatre. The comparison, to be good for any thing, ought to have been instituted between Goethe's production and that of Euripides.

Such will be found among a few of those inaccuracies to which Madame de Stael was occasionally liable; and her opinions touching ancient literature, as well as modern Germany, ought not to be received without caution, though with every allowance. The "*Iphigenia*," notwithstanding its studied imitation, is, with some trifling exceptions, a master-piece of dramatic art. Its faults appear to be such as Goethe could not well avoid; but which, with Wieland's closer familiarity with the peculiar customs and ceremonies of the Greeks, he would hardly have fallen into. It preserves the same lofty spirit and singleness of purpose, conspicuous in the '*Torquato Tasso*,' and especially in the introduction and dialogues; and exhibits a noble simplicity, combined with strength, dignity, harmony, and that happy versatility capable of deriving the choicest forms from the choicest models. Indeed, these are the two most perfect of Goethe's dramas; and for this reason, the remarks bestowed upon them will hardly be thought inapplicable to our purpose. They are the productions of his vigorous and matured powers; the "*Iphigenia*" appearing in the year 1787,—the '*Tasso*' in 1790; when the author was about forty. Of the two, his '*Torquato Tasso*' displays most poetic enthusiasm and romance, while it is marked by the same elevation, the same slow and stately march of events. It embraces fewer characters and situations than most of his other pieces; but it is more attractive from its comparatively modern character—more interesting from its unhappy subject. It is not very felicitously constructed upon the Greek model, but the style and handling of the several parts are very able—sometimes magnificent. It abounds with scattered beauties of the highest order; yet in its effect, as a whole, it would appear to be a failure. In this light it is considered by Madame De Stael, who failed to perceive that the evil of mystery and indistinctness in which the whole action is involved, is in fine historical keeping with the characters, and highly favorable to deep and tragic emotion, heightened by the indefinite colour of Tasso's fate.

Of this we feel assured, because we have traced with delight many noble, though casual, coincidences between Goethe's and Byron's view of the historical character of Tasso. We cannot refrain giving one or two specimens from both poems, to illustrate

the admirable skill and beauty which Madame De Stael pronounced a fault.

"It is no marvel; from my very birth  
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade  
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;  
Of objects all inanimate I made  
Bridle, and out of wild and lonely flowers,  
And rocks whereby they grew—a paradise,  
Where I did lay me down within the shade.

Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,  
Though I was chid for wand'ring; and the wise  
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,  
Of such materials wretched men were made,  
And such a truant boy would end in woe;  
And that the only lesson was a blow;  
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,  
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt  
Returned, and wept alone, and dreamed again  
The visions which arise without a sleep.

And with my tears my soul began to pant  
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;  
And the whole heart exhaled into one want,  
But undefined and wandering, till the day  
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;

And then I lost my being, all to be  
Absorbed in thine—the world was past away—  
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!"—*Lament of Tasso.*

How well these lines harmonise with the expression of sentiment and character, given him by Goethe in the last scene between the supposed lovers, will clearly appear, we think, in the following passage:—

PRINCESS.

It is but little that we seek from thee,  
And yet it seems as though 't were all too much:  
Thou shouldst in kindness give us up thyself;  
We would have nought from thee, that thou art not.  
If with thyself thou only first art pleas'd;  
Thou mak'st us joy, when thou hast joy, and thou  
Dost grieve us only when thou seem'st to fly it:  
And if thou makest us impatient too,  
'Tis but because we would afford thee help;  
And see, alas! that 'tis not to be help'd,  
If thou wilt grasp not at the friendly hand,  
Which, longingly stretch'd out, attains thee not.

TASSO.

Thou art the self same, as when first thou cam'st  
A pure and hallow'd angel to my view!

Forgive the mortal's dim and rayless look,  
 If for a moment he mistook thee so.  
 Again he knows thee! and the soul expands  
 Itself eternally to honour thee.  
 My heart doth fill itself with tenderness!  
 'Tis she, she stands before me. What a feeling!  
 Is't aberration that attracts me so  
 To thee? is't frenzy? is't a lofty mind,  
 That to the highest, purest truth doth cling?  
 Yes that, yes that's the feeling, that alone  
 Hath pow'r to make me happy upon earth;  
 'Tis that that leaves me so forlorn, whene'er  
 I would withstand it, and from out my heart  
 Would banish it. This passion I did think  
 To conquer; with my inmost being strove,  
 And strove; yea, wantonly destroy'd myself,  
 To whom thou dost so thoroughly belong.

PRINCESS.

If, Tasso, I must hear thee longer now,  
 Then moderate the glow that frights me so.

TASSO.

Say, does the goblet's brim restrain the wine,  
 That froth's, and foams, and trembles, bubbling o'er?  
 With ev'ry word thou dost exalt my bliss,  
 With ev'ry word more brightly beams thine eye.  
 I feel that I am chang'd internally,  
 I feel myself from ev'ry care reliev'd,  
 Free as a god; and all I owe to thee!  
 A force unspeakable, that rules my fate,  
 From thy lip flows; yes, yes, thou mak'st me all  
 Thine own; and for the future nought belongs  
 To me of all my whole and proper self.  
 Mine eye is dimm'd in happiness and light,  
 My senses totter, and my limbs are weak;  
 Thou irresistibly attractest me,  
 And unrestrainably allur'st my heart.  
 Thou hast for ever won me to thy side;  
 So take then here my whole existence too.

*[He falls in her arms, and presses her to him.]*

PRINCESS.

*(Pushing him off, and retiring in haste).*

Away!

LEONORA.

What is the matter? Tasso! Tasso!

*[She goes to the Princess.]*

TASSO,

*(Designing to follow her).*

O God!



ALPHONSO,

*(Who for some time was approaching with ANTONIO).*

He's lost his senses; hold him firm.

In this scene is contained nearly the only dramatic incident in the work, if we except the interview between Antonio, the Duke's minister, and Tasso. It is an extremely spirited and stirring dialogue, and affords abundant evidence of Goethe's command over the passions, when it serves his purpose, so as to produce ample dramatic interest and effect. Such specimens ought to have satisfied Madame de Stael, that other portions less animated arose not from inefficiency, but from design; and that Goethe was not writing to please the tastes of a French or English audience—but only that national audience which he created and moulded according to his own national views. It forms, then, the triumph, and not the failure of his 'Tasso;' that its progress, like its whole action, is what she terms slow and languid; that it contains few lively dialogues, and shews little study of effect; while the interest excited until nearly the close, is cold and feeble. No, spite of these apparent disadvantages, most insisted upon by superficial readers, and doubtless not very favourable to scenic representation and effect, Goethe's Tasso is a great and splendid performance, ably adapted to the delineation and embellishments of the hero's genius and character; as he is here drawn the high-souled and romantic poet, who stamped a new era on the literary annals of his country. To us, then, the dignified tone, and restrained action of the piece, ennobled as they are by the most enlarged views and deepest reflections, appear much better in keeping with the undefined and dreamy existence of Tasso, than any dramatic exhibition, however full of stirring incident and effect. The plan, in our opinion, is the most judicious Goethe could have selected, though he has not always been equally happy in filling up the several outlines of his subject, so as to leave any decided impression on the reader's mind. It strikes us, that he ought not, perhaps, to have extended the same undefined mysterious conduct, apparent in Tasso, to the other characters, and to the entire plot of the piece. We seem almost at a loss, at the close, to account for the real motives and proceedings of any of the parties; whether we ought to attribute the events to the diseased suspicions and heated imagination of Tasso—to the malignity of the Duke's courtier Antonio—or to a secret understanding between the rest of the party (including even the Princess) to betray the poet into the errors and indiscretions of which he fell the victim; which last was the real impression upon the author's mind. However in unison with the historical obscurity which hangs over Tasso's fate, this inherent vagueness and uncertainty attaching to the whole drama, produces by no means a pleasing effect. In short, it leaves the work destitute of any thing like a plot; and it is

difficult to say, who ~~are~~ the betrayers or the betrayed; each party accuses the other.

As regards the plan of this drama, we are presented with an union of three distinct processes. Of these, we agree with Madame De Stael, that the design and modelling of the poem is Greek; the incidents, descriptions, and characters, are Italian; the style, the thoughts, dialogue, action, and moral, for the most part German, or rather Goethe's own.

'It is true, also, that Goethe wished to display the contrast between the poetical character, and that of a man of the world; but he is not so prejudiced by a system, as not to see the propriety of making his courtier borrow at times the language of the poet, and to confer on his poet some of the reasoning, penetration, and skill of the statesman, where his interest calls for it.' His analysis of the effects of court patronage on the fine and susceptible imagination of Tasso, is a master-piece in its way; as well as the process adopted by the cunning courtier to goad on the poet's mind to madness. Nor is the contrast and encounter between these two opposite natures, one of them a truly exalted and refined, the other a cold calculating being, less faithfully depicted from an intimate knowledge of the world. The real and imaginary calamities, which, added to court intrigues, are supposed to harass the poet's mind, are skilfully and feelingly brought into view: genius under control, the disguised or open ridicule of princes and courtiers directed against the poetical character, and the little interested circle of a prince, a courtier, and a princess, who viewed the poet as a sort of property attached to the court, of which, he was at once the ornament and the victim. He feels that he is in the hands of a polished barbarian, who, having possessed himself of his writings, threw him into captivity, and branded his name with madness: treated, as is justly remarked by Madame De Stael, 'as we would treat the production of mechanical talent; valuing the work, while we despise the workman.' Germany, vol. ii., p. 170.

We cannot so easily agree with Madame de Stael, that Leonora's character is weak, from motives of prudence. Like Tasso, she was doubtless under the Duke's control. Neither can we believe that Tasso's powerful sensibility is well described, *because* it is felt by the German imagination. It is true, however, that Tasso is a subject well adapted to Goethe's boldest flights; as those few noble outbreaks of passion at the close sufficiently testify, from the lips of the hero.

'I do not know myself in danger more,  
And to avow it am no more ashamed.  
The helm is broken, and the vessel cracks  
On every side. The bursting planks are torn,  
With force resistless from my feet away!  
With both my arms I wildly cling to thee;

So clings the sailor to the rock at last  
On which his gallant bark has wrecked itself.—p. 209.

Madame de Stael is of opinion, that the colouring of the South is not well preserved : that all the characters and traits are German. That the personages are more busied with the analysis of their own characters, than in forwarding the action of the piece :—Tasso is made a German poet ; and his madness is too metaphysical. Even his keen sense of the difficulties attending the usual circumstances, is interpreted into a morbid German feeling.

Of the character of the version before us, we may speak, for the most part, in terms of commendation. It is generally faithful, tolerably poetical, and enters, in some degree, into the spirit and feeling of the subject. It is not, however, free from particular faults ; and some of a very serious kind, as we shall shew. One of these consists in adopting that false and servile system of adhering to the form and construction of the original, so as often to produce an unintelligible and disagreeable inversion of the English language. The translator has, moreover, fallen into no few inaccuracies, and misinterpretations of the German text ; which, whether they be referable to casual inadvertency, or want of correct command of his subject, we shall not presume to decide. It is enough that they exist, as the following list, containing, however, only a few of them, will sufficiently testify. He interprets the words ‘ *Schwerer Dämmerung*,’ *dim twilight*, in place of heavier, or thicker ; twilight being itself ‘ *dim*,’ and the two words as used by the author meaning the same thing. Und es ist vortheilhaft den Genius Bewirthen :—‘ And entertaining genius profiteth,’ p. 6, a line at once obscure from its double meaning, and ill expressed.

‘ Most just in friendship ; and ’tis she alone  
That can the whole extent of worth embrace.’—p. 7.

In the original, it is *Deiner werths*, ‘ thy worth,’ alluding directly to Tasso.

‘ Thou hast it still, and *hast it undenied*,  
Thy sister and thyself the world reverses  
’Fore all the noble ladies of your time.’

Here are two mistakes : Goethe says nothing of *undenied* ; but

‘ Thou hast this worth ;—art worthy to the last.’

While the line,

‘ Thou hast it still, and *hast it undenied*,’—p. 7,

is neither faithful nor intelligible. Nor can it be correct in construction to apply the term ‘ ladies,’ relative to Tasso and his sister, as above. In the German, the word *sister*, directly precedes that of *ladies* ; and it is correctly expressed : ‘ Thee, with thy sister, the

world honours, above all the noble ladies of your time.' Speaking of Petrarch, we find the line,

Here Petrarch's muse was fostered and reared.—p. 6.

Goethe, we are sure, never applied the word *reared*, to the sweet and amatory name of Petrarch: the terms are *bewirthet*; *gepflegt*, 'entertained and cherished.'

'To wander with him, and take part in all.'—p. 11.

These last words are incorrect; 'Theil an ihm zu nehmen,' means rather, 'to share his thoughts,' or feel interested in all he does.

'Before his fancy in our places flit.'

Here is left out the word *seltsam*; *finely, strangely*; well adapted in this line to add to the effect.

'His feelings we are forced to share,' &c.

The correct version is, 'He shares his feelings with us.'—p. 13.

'A gifted man to no small circle owes

Thanks for his model.'—p. 18.

should be, 'thanks for his cultivation, or formation of mind.'

A specimen of awkward inversion, to which we before alluded, and which frequently involves the meaning, is as follows:

'Mankind fear they who do not know mankind,

He who avoids them, will them soon mistake.'—p. 19.

'In that ye know I too have room to spare;

should be, 'On my side know ye I can that forbear.'

'And when ye "cultivate" and worship us.'—p. 28.

Here, 'cultivate' ought to have been rendered, admire or extol; the German term is "*bewundert*."

The translator confuses the following passage, part of which should be put in the mouth of Antonio, as an answer to Tasso, who says to the former:

TASSO.

'Receive my welcome too! I hope to reap

Advantage from the much experienced man.'

ANTONIO.

'At least thou'lt find me true, when thou

From thy world deign'st to cast a look on mine.'—p. 36.

By the translator these four lines are all strangely enough put into the mouth of Tasso; and leave him without any answer from Antonio, an indignity to which the poet would not have submitted. There is another instance or two of the same kind, which sadly perplexes the meaning of the dialogue; and is in truth a strange sort of oversight, on the part of the translator.

‘Can no feelings more  
With her’s accord—is wit and talent dimmed?’—p. 55.

Here the word dimmed ought to be rendered, ‘extinguished, or extinct.’

‘Yet she could trust to thee, and yet thou hast.’—p. 69.

This line really means nothing; and ought to have been rendered, ‘She trusted thee, and therefore art thou worthy.’ But these and similar mistakes are too numerous, if not too trifling, to pursue; and cannot greatly sully the fair character of the version before us.

In regard to the minor poems, translated from a variety of lyric and other writers, given at the close of the volume, we have little to say, and that little not favourable to their character. They are neither the best specimens of the poets from whom they are borrowed, nor the happiest specimens of the translator’s own versions. With very few exceptions, mediocrity of talent in both, is the only degree of merit to which they can possibly lay any sort of claim. They are, moreover, quite out of place; and must appear to singular disadvantage in following after a dramatic poem, like Goethe’s *Torquato Tasso*.

**ART. VI.** *Elements of the History of Philosophy and Science, from the earliest Authentic Records, to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century.* By Thomas Morell, Author of “*Studies in History*,” &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo. London: B. J. Holdsworth. 1827.

THE announcement of this work afforded us peculiar pleasure. The title is expressive of a design which could not fail, if properly executed, of proving eminently useful. We estimate most highly compendiums of abstruse branches of human knowledge—subjects in general of deep importance, vast extent, and multifarious ramifications; and of whose histories, diffused through many centuries, it is difficult to obtain correct and comprehensive views. Not that we are disposed to advocate those “short and easy” methods of attaining “knowledge intuitive,”—those “royal roads to mathematics” which the indolent catch at with avidity. To such we do not allude; but to ably executed histories and analyses of philosophical, scientific, and literary subjects. They are the landmarks, maps, and indices of literature; invaluable as auxiliaries and guides to students; estimable to the more advanced and excursive inquirer, who arranges and methodises his acquisitions by them; and they afford an ever ready means of refreshing faded knowledge, correcting erroneous opinions, and recalling forgotten facts. The execution of a work calculated for purposes so useful and important, is not without its difficulties. The author must bring to it a mind, master of the subject in all its bearings; an acute and enlarged perception of the individual, relative, and collective importance of the facts which it comprises; and a peculiar clear-

ness of intellect, also, to ensure a lucid arrangement, without which his labours, however otherwise meritorious, must, in a great measure, prove abortive.

No one at all conversant with literary subjects, can be ignorant of the fatal errors into which authors have been precipitated, by implicit reliance on authority in mere matters of fact only. The danger is tenfold in cases of opinion. How nice is the task of analysing a system of philosophy! How difficult to state, with clearness and precision, the result of such researches; and how easy, in subjects so abstruse and complicated, to misapprehend, after all, that which has been both accurately deduced, and lucidly recorded! This is not a case, therefore, in which an author should content himself with any second authority whatever, where the possibility existed of appealing to the highest. It is to be wished that Mr. Morell had always had recourse to more original sources of information, than Enfield's *History of Philosophy*, the *Ancient Universal History*, and the *Introductory Dissertations of Stuart, Brande, and Playfair*, to the *Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica*. D deservedly high as is the reputation of these and other works of similar character, copiously quoted what are they, after all, but compiled histories and analyses themselves? Independent investigation, pushed to the original sources of information, is the basis on which a work of such pretensions as that now before us ought properly to stand.

Mr. Morell's design has already been applauded, but we must be excused if we do not speak so favourably as he would wish us of the plan on which it has been executed. He saw two difficulties; first, that of perplexing the attention of the reader, by arranging the histories of Philosophy and Science in exact chronological order, which would have introduced a multitude of subjects promiscuously to view, and required a rapid and unnatural transfer of the thoughts, backwards and forwards, from one object to another. This would, indeed, have produced "confusion worse confounded." So palpable is the absurdity, that a moment's time is too much to waste in exposing the inutility of an elementary work so constructed. The second difficulty was, that if the author treated all his subjects separately, their connection with the history of mankind, and relative bearings on each other, would not be perceived. Without rejecting either, Mr. Morell combined these plans; and, dividing the whole series of ages into four great periods, proposes a retrospect of the Philosophy and Science: 1st, of Remote Antiquity; 2dly, during the ascendancy of the Greeks and Romans; 3dly, of Europe and Asia in the middle ages; and, 4thly, from the revival of letters, to the era of Locke and Newton. The second division might have been spared; the philosophy of the Greeks was indisputably of oriental origin, and the Romans copied the Greeks almost implicitly: this division, therefore, should have been properly combined with the history

of Asiatic and Egyptian literature. The literary history of each of the four mentioned periods is subdivided, and we will endeavour to make the explanation of the manner in which this is done intelligible. There is nothing, however, material to complain of yet: but the next step is fatal. The period of 'Remote Antiquity' is first treated 'Geographically,' that is; 'according to the relative positions which the several nations occupied in the map of the world;' but, "descending the stream of time," a 'chronological order' is adopted. 'Proceeding still further,' a sketch of 'the history of the Sciences, separately, is attempted, under the two great divisions of *matter and mind*.' Now what is the effect of these complicated divisions and subdivisions? Are we desirous of tracing the history of Mathematics? It must be collected then from no less than *seven* different parts of the volume. Astronomy must be hunted through *thirteen* references; Ethics *fourteen*; Metaphysics *ten*; Dialectics *seven*; Hydraulics and Mechanics *six* each; Optics *four*; and Pneumatics *three*! Thus, are subjects split and scattered through a volume of 550 pages; a volume designed for reference, and chiefly for the benefit and instruction of the young! Here, indeed, will 'the attention of the youthful reader be perplexed by a multitude of objects, promiscuously (as a reference to pages proves), presented to his view; and by perpetually passing and repassing from one department of science to another.' p. 12, 13. We have, in our time, heard of method even in madness: here, surely, we have madness in a method.

The question naturally arises, of whether such confusion is not unavoidable in a work, that traces, through a long series of years, the history of many and varied subjects of simultaneous growth and progress? We venture to think that it might, with ease, have been avoided. If Mr. Morell had adopted the first part of his arrangement only (with the simple alteration of connecting the history of Greek and Roman with that of Oriental literature), and given the history of each branch of his subject separately; in each of the three great periods,\* all those difficulties would have disappeared which have now evidently perplexed him. While a more distinct knowledge of the objects of research would thus have been obtained; their relative bearings on each other, and connection with the history of mankind, might also have been more, rather than less, strongly marked than they at present are. The close of each division of the subject, would have afforded such opportunities as but rarely occur for dissertations on these most interesting topics. And here, with propriety, would have centred many valuable remarks, scattered through the volume, to little useful purpose, because they are misplaced, and because

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\* 1. Ancient Philosophy and Science. 2. The Philosophy and Science of Europe and Asia in the middle Ages. 3. From the revival of Letters to the era of Locke and Newton.

their application is always less obvious than it should be, and sometimes not obvious at all.

We have one other objection to Mr. Morell's plan; and that is, the division of his scientific subjects into chronological *eras*. Thus, we have the history of Astronomy and Mathematics from 640 to 300 A. C., and from 300 A. C. to 400 A. D.; in separate sections. And in the latter half of the volume, we have, in the same way, the histories of Astronomy, Mathematics, Hydrodynamics, Pneumatics and Optics, from 1600 to 1650; and from 1650 to 1700. The necessity of this arrangement will, perhaps, be pleaded, the author having designed to carry on his histories simultaneously. But this goes to prove the plan of the work defective, and cannot justify a chronological division, which is both arbitrary and unphilosophical. Philosophy knows no *eras* but the remarkable circumstances in its history.

He who views a stately edifice from a short distance, sees its individual features in detail, and necessarily forms but very imperfect ideas of their general utility and beauty. Whilst he who takes his stand upon a more remote and elevated ground, obtains a clear conception of the whole, and justly estimates the relative importance of the several parts of which it is composed. Mr. Morell has examined philosophy in detail, and much miscalculated the relative importance of its several parts. Had he stood on the desirable elevation, he would have learnt to proportion the length of his notices to the consequence of the subjects of them. Medicine would have met with more than incidental mention; and chemistry would not have been 'glanced at' only in little more than half a dozen pages, with the running title of 'optics' at the head of half of them (447—53). Political science, by which the author himself understands 'the civil and social relations of mankind,' is dismissed in seven pages (507—14), and the ancients, singularly enough, are here entirely overlooked. A subject of this importance required to be treated of in more than one short section, headed 'Of the Principal Writers on Jurisprudence, who flourished during the 16th and 17th centuries,' part 4, c. 4, s. 8. Its history would have been regularly traced, if Mr. Morell had here paid that deference to the opinion of Dugald Stewart, which he has on so many other occasions shewn.

Mr. Morell also often appears as insensible of the relative importance of the different portions of those subjects which he does treat at length, as he is of the relative importance of the subjects themselves: he sometimes bestows as many words on "a riband as a Raphael," and but rarely marks, with sufficient strength, the grand epochs in the histories of philosophy and science, or explains, with sufficient clearness, the nature and effect of those discoveries which constitute its *eras*. He has also, we think, judged ill in entering at all on the subject of biography. His notices are necessarily short, and, consequently, unsatisfactory: they break the thread of



the history which is the proper subject of the page, and occupy a space that would have been devoted with infinitely more advantage to an extended view of the specific object of the volume, which was to be, the history of the *mind* of man, and not of *man* himself. When an author confines himself to space, he should first designate to the substantive object of his work; he may then, if he please, take some license: but all extraneous matter is impertinent, whilst the main design is imperfectly accomplished.

Much, therefore, as we approve of the design of the work before us, and willingly as we bear testimony to the various and accurate information it comprises, we cannot, as a whole, speak of the 'Elements of the history of philosophy and science,' in those terms of praise, which it would have afforded us pleasure to have done. Its execution does not evince the presence of that master-mind necessary for the adequate completion of a task so extensive, difficult and delicate. We anticipated, and had a right to anticipate, a beautiful, harmonious, and comprehensive epitomè of the history of the human mind, in its connection with philosophy and science, and, we regret to say, that we have been disappointed.

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*ART. VII. Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffer-land, South Africa.* 8vo. pp. 214. London: Marsh. 1827.

This little volume appears with much propriety after Mr. Thompson's travels in Southern Africa\*. Although that gentleman by no means overlooked the natural aspect of the districts through which his journey led him, or the manners and condition of the native tribes whom he encountered on his way, yet he left many outlines of scenery to be filled up, many traits of character to be completed, which required more minute and particular attention than he was enabled to bestow upon them. We do not mean to assert, that our wishes in this respect have been entirely realised in the work now before us. It is, indeed, too brief to accomplish any such purpose. The 'scenes' which it presents to us are little more than pencil sketches, and the 'occurrences' which it relates, display upon the whole more of the personal enterprise of the author, than of the circumstances of the country where they happened. Yet imperfectly as the work may have been executed, it tends in a considerable degree to familiarise the reader with many parts of Albany and Caffer-land, of which his previous notions must have been very faint, if not altogether erroneous, unless indeed he may have visited them in his proper person.

We are happy to find our author confirming the opinion, which we have long presumed to entertain of the native South-African tribes. We have lifted up our voices against the cruelties which

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\* For an account of which, see the M. R., vol. v., p. 192.

have been committed against that people, under the perverted sanction of our colonial laws; as it very plainly appeared to our apprehension, that whatever crimes they may have perpetrated, were much more to be attributed to the harsh, and frequently inhuman, policy which was adopted towards them, both by their Dutch and British masters, than to any incorrigible propensity to wickedness, inherent in their own nature. We are now told, and we only regret that it was not known and acted upon fifty years ago, that the tribes in question, 'do not appear to be the sanguinary, vindictive, and ferocious monsters heretofore described and supposed; on the contrary, they seem to be capable of receiving, and justly appreciating, the blessings of civilization; to possess kindly feelings, and to be susceptible of gratitude for favours received, as well as deserving of confidence bestowed.' Yet it is of such a race of men, thus honestly and favourably described, that even within the last five or six years, tens and twentys, and even thirtys have been shot at a time, by a summary order of some local magistrate!

'The natives of this part of Africa,' we further learn, with great satisfaction, 'are a fine race of people, infinitely superior in physical energies and in manly appearance, to the other tribes of that quarter of the globe, and possessing mental capabilities which may hereafter render them a flourishing and happy people.' Our author justly supposes, however, that in order to prepare them for so high a destiny, they must previously be instructed in the precepts of Christianity, as well as in the arts of civilization. But he is much mistaken, if he believes that the first of these two essential preliminaries is to be effected by the missionaries, who are at present wandering or settled in that country. As yet, they appear to have done very little in the way of their vocation, notwithstanding the immense sums of money which they cost to the society that employs them. Much, however, may be expected from the Caffers as well as the other tribes being placed in more frequent contact with the British colonists; and the beneficial consequences which may be derived from this source, would, we think, be accelerated and ensured, by depriving the local magistrates of the summary jurisdiction which they have long so improperly exercised over the native population.

We are desired by the author, who by the way does not appear to be very deeply initiated in the mysteries of book-making, or in the niceties of style, not to expect from him 'either a statistical or agricultural account of the new settlement;' but a description of 'things as they appeared to a traveller, anxious to behold a country but little known, solicitous for amusement, and desirous of information relative to the scenes within his view.' He proceeded with a party of his countrymen from Cape Town to Algoa bay, in the commencement of the Cape summer of 1825 (two years later than M. Thompson's first excursion). After landing at fort Elizabeth,

they bent their way towards the pleasant village of Uitenhage on foot, while their baggage was conveyed in a waggon drawn by oxen. They were surprised by meeting on the road 'a coach with four horses,' which belonged to a merchant in the neighbourhood—a feature in the scene that speaks very highly for its prosperity. Game they encountered in great abundance, consisting chiefly of partridges and deer, and 'the pride of the plain, the spring buck.'

'The latter, which are extremely timid, are about the size of the common deer, and of the same colour, with a white stripe on each side, and a black stripe along the back, which they have the power of closing and expanding. They take their name from the amazing springs which they make over paths, rocks, or any thing that obstructs their way; and it is done in a singularly graceful manner, the head bowed, the legs hanging, and the body curved, so that the animal appears as if suspended in the air; the fleetest greyhound only, can overtake them. It is very amusing to see their contemptuous treatment of all other pursuers; they allow them to come near, then give a bound and a snort, and trot off to a little distance, when they expand the hair on their backs, and appear quite white. They are very destructive to the corn, and are seen on farms in numerous herds.'—pp. 6, 7.

Farther on, lions, panthers, and leopards, are met, and jackalls and hyenas are heard traversing a country, which we regret that our author does not describe in a more detailed manner. The prospect from Addo's height, embracing Algoa bay and the belt of mountains which stretch from it as far as Cape Town, must be singularly magnificent. Our traveller says as much, but he leaves us to imagine the remainder. Indeed, he declares that the whole country from that height beyond the Sunday river is so beautiful, that 'it is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of its varied charms.' That is to say, in other words, that it demanded a little more labour than he was disposed to employ upon it; the sketch of the scenery which he has given, required only to be filled up with a few more characteristic touches, in order to be intelligible as well as picturesque.

'The road is smoother than any gravelled walk, being of a strong, sandy texture; veins of stone are occasionally found across the road. Clumps of shrubs with various shades of green, some blooming, others seeding, geraniums with various creepers ascending the stems, then falling gracefully down the branches, the beautiful plumage of the birds dazzling in the sun's rays, a bush buck darting now and then from one shrubbery to another, altogether form the most enchanting scenery imagination can depict. When we reflect that all this is nature, that no human being ever tilled the ground, or altered the face of it since the creation of the world, the mind is filled with an association of ideas, interesting and sublime.'—p. 10.

Such descriptions signify little. They are so vague that they leave the reader just as wise as he was before. Our author is much more happy in his picture of a Dutch boer and his family, whom he and his companions overtook travelling up the country.

... The party consisted of the old boor, his wife, two sons, and a daughter; they had two waggon, and had travelled 300 miles. The boor immediately advanced before us, saying "kan gy Hollandsch spreken myn heer?" We scarcely knew enough of the language to make ourselves understood, but were well pleased at finding that one of the sons could talk "much English," having resided for some time at Graham's town.

\* One of the waggon was filled with turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, orange and fruit trees of various descriptions, all to be exchanged for articles of clothing, tea, sugar, and any other little necessities that may be required. In fact, all they sell is immediately laid out in this manner—money, the source of all evil, having no value in their pastoral life. Distance to them is no consideration; the boor puts his *wrouw* and *kinders* into the waggon, lights his pipe, and sets off to travel five hundred miles, with as much ease as we should ten in Englaad.

\* We were particularly struck with the appearance of the noble oxen that drew their waggon. The farmers pride themselves on their cattle being well matched, as to colour and form. Several Devon bulls have been imported, and some black from Holland; these are called, as well as their produce, *Vaderland*, or *Fatherland*, and are certainly the best formed. The native cattle have extremely long branching horns, and long legs, and are not so valuable as the crossed: the difference was very striking between them, and the boor shewed me with great satisfaction twelve black oxen, that drew the waggon he travelled in, all of the cross breed, for which he had given forty pounds.

\* The waggon is a long narrow vehicle, and not calculated to carry a very great weight; it is however well adapted to the country, for although the roads are excellent, the deep water gullies, in some parts almost perpendicular, would soon snap the wheels and the pole in sunder, if there was not very good play. It is covered with a tilt of rush matting, and over that, canvas.

\* A Dutchman never seems in a hurry: he carries his mutton, dried beef, and bread, with his blanket, in a large chest, on which he sits to drive, and with his pipe jogs on contentedly, now and then calling out "Trae, Trae."—His little Hottentot leader joins him, if there are other waggon before him, and only gets down to lead them down the hill; or, if they gallop off, as soon as he gets hold of the reins, which are attached to the two first oxen, he leads them zig-zag, or throws mud or dust at them, crying out in a sharp shrill tone till they stop. His whip measures thirty-five feet, which he seldom uses, but when he does it is with effect, cutting with ease even the foremost of the *spann*\*; it is then laid along the top of the waggon. He has besides a smaller one which he calls his good doctor: it is made of the skin of the buffalo, or the hippopotamus; this is applied at a short pull, and whether it is owing to the whip, or the nature of the animal, they are wonderfully tractable, and although one hundred might be let out to graze together, that never before met, they are never known to fight.

\* The young farmers amused themselves with rustic games; their ruddy complexions and dress even, reminded us of such scenes at our country fairs; they are tall and athletic, and were dressed in a round blue or white

jacket, with tanned yellow sheep's skin pantaloons, very slight shoes, and no stockings.—pp. 12—15.

Graham's Town is the head quarters of the military, stationed on the frontier, chiefly for the purpose of protecting the colonists from the Caffers, who were, not many years since, a formidable enemy. Latterly, however, means have been resorted to for conciliating them, which have been attended with considerable success. Monthly fairs have been established, at which they are encouraged to attend; and to barter such commodities as they possess, consisting chiefly of ivory, gum, elephants' teeth, mats and baskets, for beads, buttons, and other showy English trifles, which they hold in high estimation. It is said that their rush baskets are so closely made, that they may be used for holding liquids—a perfection in the manufacture of such articles, in which we believe they are unrivalled. It seems that they have not as yet acquired a taste for our cotton fabrics.

From Graham's Town, our author proceeded with a large party of pleasure to the Great Fish river. 'The day fixed for our excursion,' he observes, 'was peculiarly favourable: but this heavenly climate is at all times calculated to heighten the enjoyments of these interesting expeditions. The glass is seldom up to eighty-four, and if it is, the heat is not overpowering; there is always a fine invigorating air which blows from the sea, and induces to exercise.' The party took an abundance of the choicest fish, and afterwards made an excursion up the rap.

No shrubberies can be formed with greater art than those on the banks of this delightful little river, on which are to be seen a profusion of flowers, and berries of the brightest and most varied colours. The gaudy and singular *strelitza regina* grows here in greater luxuriance than we had ever yet seen it; and on the craggy hills, the chandelier aloe expands its radiant branches.—p. 49.

We must not omit to notice a very interesting account of the *indicator*, or honey-bird, which our author received on this occasion.

Two miles farther we came to a shoal, and satisfied ourselves that our voyage must end here; and we resolved on returning to a beautiful spot that we had selected for taking our repast, and where we amused ourselves with exploring every part; we had no paths but those formed by the baboons. At the end of one we discovered a rude but very ingenious scaffolding, made by the Hottentots to obtain honey from the hive. The fork overhung its base so much, that very great labour and skill were required, and risk incurred, in fixing and tying with strips of bark the poles and branches of trees. Their reward may literally be said to be sweet.—The manner of finding it is very singular, as related to us by one of our party who had accompanied a Hottentot in search of some. The Hottentot went to a place that he thought likely to contain the hives, and immediately whistled with a sort of call that the honey-bird or *indicator* is accustomed to, when the little feathered attendant made its appearance, chirping loudly and hovering about them; it then flew forward, still chirp-

ing and watching to see if they followed. It tried twice to lead them across a *kloof*, flying back and again forward to entice them to follow; they however not liking to go that way, and the Hottentot continuing to whistle the call, the bird at length flew back, and led another way, still watching and chirping to them to follow him, which they now did, and very soon it hovered over a place in the rock, where on searching, they found a hive full of honey; the bird immediately perched in a bush over them, and waited patiently till they had taken the honey, when it flew down, and took possession of the nest, and eat what was left for it.

The honey-bird is rather larger than a sparrow, with brown feathers. The quantity of honey taken every year is immense, and its flavour is very delicious. The bees seldom or never sting, if they are not hurt. The Hottentot is very particular in his manner of leaving the honey for the bird, as he says that it will then remember him, and lead him another time in preference to any other person.'—p. 50, 51.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of the Kleine-Mondjes, whither our author was invited on another party of pleasure, is described as remarkably beautiful. The Kleine Mondjes are two rivers, or rather lakes, now called the Lyndock and the Wellington, which communicate with the sea, through subterraneous passages. A repast was prepared for the party, in the bosom of a wood at some distance, and it must be admitted that their *salle-a-manger* was superb in the extreme.

'The scene now before us was of a most picturesque as well as animating nature. The company were all assembled; the tables were arranged in a fanciful manner, and decorated with flowers of every hue:—pieces of the fallen rock, and broken branches of trees, formed benches, and in this manner we sat down to a luxurious repast. A cask of wine was fastened to the rock by garlands of evergreens, and though the "regal purple juice" flowed at pleasure, its votaries only took sufficient to recruit their spirits after the fatigues of the day.

'The dazzling plumage of the birds continually attracted the attention; and I particularly remarked two sprews of a dark though glossy green, that when they met the sun's rays were of exquisite beauty: they had a nest on a ledge of rock hanging over the lake, with young ones in it, and regardless of our presence from time to time darted down to feed them..

'The dwarf coral tree presented a most brilliant appearance, with numerous birds clinging to its branches. The sugar bird, of a dark green, hangs pendant by its legs, and never leaves the tree till the flowers fade. The lori is also attracted to it.—There are great varieties of the king-fisher; and the woodpeckers have very beautiful plumage. The nests of many are really wonderful structures; almost all are pendant to the extremities of branches, frequently over pools of water: twenty and thirty are seen together, tremulously waving with every breath of air; and they have all long tubes, or some similar protection, to guard them from monkeys or snakes. Paroquets frequent the woods in flocks, as the wild fruits ripen in their different seasons, and perch in the noble *coralodendrum* tree. The taylor bird when making its nest, hangs from the tree; the female supplies him with long grass, with which he actually sews the nest, inserting his beak as a needle, and pulling it out again till his thread is used; he then

rests himself on the nest till he gets a further supply. A species of lark builds in deep grass, neatly platting it as an arbour over him.

The dinner ended—we quitted this romantic scene, and re-assembled in a temporary room, erected for the occasion in a round clump of bush. The centre had been cleared out; posts were erected in the form of a marquee; the sides covered with matting; the roofs with canvas, impenetrable to sun or rain; round this room were festooned wreaths of evergreens and flowers, so exquisitely formed by nature for the purpose, that the whole appeared the work of art. Interspersed among these wreaths were stuffed birds of every plumage; the little sugar bird, as we had seen it in the day clinging to the bright scarlet flower of the coral tree, had a most natural and beautiful effect.

When night drew in, this gay parterre was brilliantly lighted up, and dancing commenced, and was kept up with spirit till day-light appeared.—pp. 68-73.

It is well known, that beautiful and various as are the birds of southern Africa, nature has denied a musical voice to all of them, with the exception of the Cape canary. 'Some few surprise us occasionally, with a similarity of note to the European, but it ends there, and the listener waits in vain for a continuation. Fancy might lead one to imagine they were learning to sing, or had been to Europe, and only recollected a part of what they had heard.'

After a visit to the Kowie river, our traveller commenced his journey into the interior, by way of Somerset. Here the country presented a very different aspect from that which he had hitherto seen. Grass of every kind disappeared; and nothing but barren, rugged, stony hills, with here and there a patch of stunted heath, formed the monotonous landscape. From the sea, towards the north, there is a continued ascent, which is said to extend to more than twenty degrees. But all this portion of South Africa has been so much better described by Mr. Thompson, that we shall not follow our author through it. We shall content ourselves with his account of a lion hunt; which is indeed imperfectly described, but which, nevertheless, will afford the reader some idea of that noble and adventurous chase. It is merely necessary to premise that our traveller was at this time in the Tambookie country, and that the hunters consisted of a large party, arranged, as is usual on such occasions, in two divisions.

'Mr. S., Mr. R., and ourselves, were to cross the plain about the centre, and beat for him amongst the grass—Diederik was our leader. The other party were to skirt the base of the mountain, about which grew a few tall mimosas, and to keep in an even line with us, about half a mile distant. In this way we were crossing an extensive plain, divided by a fine rolling stream, over which we passed, called by the boors the Klip Fontein.

'One division continued the route, and by this means got a head of the other. The mountains seemed to meet just before us, but as we approached we saw a pretty wide opening through which we passed, when

another valley or plain of similar character, but of much greater extent, was presented to our view. Here all animated nature seemed collected, and to reign unmolested! The signal was, however, soon given, that man, the destroyer, was approaching, and all the various animals, with snorts and bounds, began to collect in bodies, gnoos, harte-beests, quaggas, spring bucks, and roe bucks.

“Mr. S. had chased in the direction of the mimosas, trenching on the ground which our comrades were to take; he was getting closer to his object, and was about to dismount a second time, when his eyes glanced on the long wished for game—an enormous lion! He was walking majestically slow—but when Mr. S. gave the tallyho to us, he coughed; and seemed inclined to wait, but soon afterwards cantered off to the mimosas.

“In a few seconds we were all up, at least our division.—The first object was to prevent him from climbing the mountain, we therefore rode through the mimosas, about three hundred yards from where he had entered, and got between him and the heights. Diederik Muller, and Mr. S., with their servants and led horses, then rode round the little grove, whilst we were stationed where we first entered. The grove was hardly five hundred yards in length, and twenty in breadth, consequently we could by this arrangement command the whole of it.

“True to our engagement, as well as heartily wishing their assistance, we waited for the other party. The other part of our division having rode round the grove, came up opposite to us, but at a distance, and as we saw them dismount we did the same. Our situation was not very enviable; we had but one large gun, but Mr. Rennie, who carried it, was perfectly collected. We were talking to each other rather in a whisper, when Mr. Rennie very coolly said, “Listen, the gentleman is grumbling.” The sound was so very like distant thunder, that we doubted it, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of the lion walking away not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and he must have been previously still nearer to us than we had calculated. I gave the alarm, which was echoed to our friends, who in an instant mounted and rode up to the lower end, calling upon us to advance. We were moving down to gain a position on a little height, when a gun was fired, followed by four more. This convinced us our other division had joined.

“We thought there would have been an end to our sport before it had well begun: but on the contrary, the shots were fired not only to prevent him leaving the copse, but to prove their guns, for a miss-fire is frequently of consequence. The last shot had the effect of turning him, and we now had a full view of him returning to the centre, whisking his tail about, and treading among the smaller bushes as if they had been grass, reminding us most forcibly of the paintings we had seen of this majestic animal.

“We had hardly begun to tie our horses, when the Hottentots stationed on the hill, cried out that the lion was running off at the lower end, where he had attempted to escape before. We were on horseback in a second, but the lion had got a-head; we had him however in full view, as there was nothing to intercept it. Off he scampered.—The Tambookies who had just come up, and mixed amongst us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking—we hallooing—the lion still in full view, making for a small copse, about a mile distant—and the number and variety of the antelopes on our left, securing off in



different directions, formed one of the most animating spectacles the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik and Mr. S. being on very spirited horses, were the foremost, and were wondered to see them pass on in a direction different from the copse where we had seen the lion take covert. Christian gave us the signal to dismount, when we were, as well as could be judged, about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up. And now the die was cast—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. Diederik and Mr. S. had now turned their horses, for, as we afterwards learned, they had been run off with in consequence of their bridles having broken. The plan was, to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, fearing they should become unruly at the sight of him.

All these preparations occupied but a few seconds, and they were not completed—when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again;—but no—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for former flight, he had made up his mind in turn to attack us. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we saw him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glistening with rage. We were unprepared; his motion was so rapid, no one could take aim—and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprung forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank was exposed, and on it fortunately stood C. Muller and Mr. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we saw the monster at this little distance, resolving as it were, on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at the lion, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give a mortal blow, or the consequences might perhaps be fatal to some one of the party. A second seemed a minute. At length Christian fired; the under-jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from his mouth, and he turned round with a view to escape. Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine,—and he fell. At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet,—his mouth bleeding, his eyes flashing with rage. He attempted to spring at us;—but his hind legs denied him assistance;—he dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period his to existence, by shooting him through the brain. He was a noble animal, measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.—pp. 142, 151.

Our author next made a short excursion into the Caffer country; but in his description of it, though lively and characteristic, we meet with nothing that has not been touched upon, with at least equal effect, by former writers. We should have been tempted to transcribe his account of one of these monthly Caffer fairs to which we have above alluded, had we not already given a sufficient number of extracts from the volume, to make the reader acquainted with its general habits.

In a work which frequently discloses a cultivated mind, we have been surprised to find many instances of inelegant, or rather negligent style. Sentences sometimes follow each other, ending with the same word, and the same expressions are unnecessarily repeated in different members of the same period. But the most disagreeable fault of the author, in this respect, is his unaccountable propensity to substitute, without any occasion, the pronoun *that* for *which*. Where such a substitution tends to give the grace of variety to composition, it is not only authorised, but to be recommended. On the contrary, where it is not necessary, for that purpose, it weakens, and often confuses the context.

ART. VIII. *Mémoires Anecdotiques sur l'Intérieur du Palais, et sur quelques Evénemens de l'Empire, depuis 1805 jusqu'au 1er Mai, 1814, pour servir à l'Histoire de Napoleon.* Par L. F. J. De Bausset, Ancien Préfet du Palais Imperial. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Baudouin Frères. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1827.

IN examining the merits of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," we resisted the temptation, and disclaimed the easy purpose of making up a paper out of mere 'gossiping extracts' from its contents: we now intend to indemnify our readers for our forbearance on that occasion, by culling from the work before us as many amusing particulars relative to the same extraordinary personage, as its pages can supply, and our limits admit. Monsieur de Bausset is the very prince of small biographers—the Boswell of the imperial palace. His intellect is just of that microscopic quality, which is properly busied on trifles; and we shall not refuse its aid in observing some of the daily circumstances and minor particulars of his hero's character. Of the private life and domestic habits of Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott's work, voluminous and detailed as it is, has afforded a very imperfect illustration; and these volumes are not without some interest and value, of a certain kind, in supplying the deficiency.

M. de Bausset's situation about the person of Buonaparte, appears to have given him full opportunity for that minute observation, the results of which it has here been his pride and his delight to record. We gather from him that he is the nephew of the cardinal of his name, the biographer of Bossuet and Fénelon; that he was appointed, in the beginning of 1805, soon after Napoleon's coronation, to the office of prefect of the palace, the functions of which consisted in a service of honour, and in the superintendence of part of the household administration, under the orders of the grand marshal; and that he thus became, during nearly ten years, the attendant of the emperor, both at the court of the Tuileries, and in his various expeditions into Italy, Germany, Spain, and Russia. After Buonaparte's first abdication, in 1814,

M. de Bausset attached himself to the service of the empress Maria Louisa, and being employed in her suite for about two years, never saw his master again: but, except during the last ephemeral drama of the Hundred Days, his relation shews him to have been little separated from Napoleon's person throughout the whole memorable period of the imperial reign. M. le Prefet du Palais may, therefore, naturally be presumed to have known his master well, under those familiar circumstances in which it has been said, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre;" and he has noted all the little particulars of Napoleon's ordinary mode of life with a scrupulous precision, which is at least very entertaining. His picture is not an unpleasing one: for it has a general air of truth and sincerity; and his recollections breathe that warmth of attachment with which the French emperor seems, above most other great men, to have inspired all his personal servants. This is not the less true, because in the hour of his adversity 'friends and retainers dropt from him like leaves from the fading tree;' for what was there in such a desertion out of the ordinary and ungrateful course of human fortune and human nature? But the affection which M. de Bausset bears to his memory, is honourable alike to its object and to himself. There may be some harmless vanity mingled in its exhibition: but the tribute, however extrayagantly partial, must be disinterested; and it is one, assuredly, which can no longer minister to the hope of courtly favour, or political advancement.

The earnestness with which M. de Bausset has dwelt upon the most minute points of his idol's manners; on what he ate and what he drank, and how he dressed—even to the important record, that he could not endure a tight shoe, and shaved with one hand,—may enable us to measure with a smile, the scale of the worthy prefect's mind and observation. But amidst this grave trifling, he is only labouring in his vocation; and, as the toilet and the dinner are equally component scenes of the 'interior of the palace,' we still permit him to marshal us, not fastidiously disdaining to listen, and certainly not unamused, through all the details of his ceremonious office. He only becomes tiresome and dull, when he is seized with the ambition of political discussion; and the least endurable portion of his work, is that in which he enters into the question of Buonaparte's iniquitous invasion of the Spanish Peninsula. Here he only copies a number of letters and state-papers, which have been a thousand times copied and published before; and he occupies full half of his first volume in repeating the often-told tale of the 'affair of the Escorial,' of the subsequent transactions between Charles IV. and his son Ferdinand, and of the insidious interference of Napoleon; all which so scandalously revealed both the wretched imbecility of the *faineans* princes of Spain, and the perfidious ambition of the French emperor.

Throughout this story, M. de Bausset is verily "as tedious as is a

“tired horse”; but, indeed, of political history altogether, it must be confessed, that he is a marvellously proper chronicler and judge. Thus, against the assertion, that Napoleon was at all ambitious, he solemnly protests: it now appears, that every war of the emperor was purely defensive; that for all the commotions and disputes which agitated Europe throughout his reign, his enemies alone were to blame; and that, like the charge of the wolf in the fable, they were the disturbers of the waters, when he desired only peaceably to drink. ‘It follows, necessarily,’ quoth M. le Prefet (vol. i., p. 79), ‘from all that I have said, whether of Prussia, or of Austria, or of Russia, or of Naples, or of Spain, that these powers always began the aggression, and that that which the enemies of Napoleon style ambition in him, was never more than the legitimate calculation of defence. If he had been ambitious, would he have restored her possessions to Prussia? would he have three times restored to Austria her hereditary states, which were his by the right of conquest? and if he had been so far ambitious as to have kept what his sword had won, would he ever have perished on the deadly rock of St. Helena?’ In this reasoning Partridge might probably have found a *non sequitur*; but, certes, it is not within our purpose seriously to controvert it. We only quote it for a sample of M. de Bausset’s political creed; and that his belief of historical facts, which did not pass under his own eye, has had much the same goodly foundation, may be learnt from the perfect gravity of one assertion, among others, that (vol. ii., p. 227), at the battle of Toulouse, ‘the British left twenty-seven thousand men killed and wounded on the field, a number equal to that of the whole French army under Soult!’ But we turn from the unprofitable task of recollecting all M. de Bausset’s obliquities of political judgment and misapprehension of historical events, to the *nugæ conoræ*, in which he is more in his element, which he has so well sung,

‘Et quorum pars magna fuit.’

We begin with his account of the every-day life of the emperor.

‘Every morning at nine o’clock the emperor issued from his chamber, dressed as he intended to remain throughout the day. The officers of his household on duty were first admitted, and received their orders for the day; immediately afterwards, the *grandes entrées* were received. These consisted of persons of the highest rank, who were entitled to that honour by their functions, or by special favour. The officers of the imperial household, not on duty, had alike the privilege of admission. Many who now seem to have forgotten it, then attached great value to this flattering distinction. Napoleon addressed himself to every person in turn, and listened obligingly to whatever each had to say. Having finished his round, he bowed, and every one retired; but it often happened, that those persons who wished to speak with him in private, waited until the rest had withdrawn, and then approaching the emperor, remained alone with him, and obtained the desired moment of audience.

At half-past nine, Napoleon’s breakfast was served. The prefect of

the palace came to examine it, preceded him into the saloon where he was to breakfast, and attended alone during the repast, with the maître-d'hôtel, who performed all the details of waiting. Napoleon breakfasted on a little mahogany stand, covered with a napkin. The prefect of the palace remained, his hat under his arm, standing near this small table. Temperate as it was possible for a man to be, Napoleon often passed no more than eight minutes over his breakfast. But when he felt the desire to close his cabinet, as he sometimes said with a smile, his breakfast was prolonged for a considerable time; and, on these occasions, nothing could equal the gentle gaiety and the charm of his conversation. His expressions were rapid, pointed, and picturesque. I owe to those occasions of my attendance, the most agreeable hours of my life. I very often proposed to him to receive during his breakfast, a few individuals to whom he was about to accord this favour. These were in general savants of the first order, such as M. Monge, Berthollet, the famous chemist, Costaz, superintendent of crown buildings, Depon, director of the Egyptian museum, and Gay-Lussac. Among these men, celebrated for their talents, were also M. David, Gérard, Isabey, Talma, Fontaine, his chief architect, and others, some of them are still living; and I am sure they will agree with me, that nothing could equal the grace and amiability of Napoleon. Gifted with a rich intellect, superior intelligence, and extraordinary tact, it was in these moments of freedom and sprightly conversation, that he most astonished and enchanted.

Returning to his cabinet, Napoleon transacted business with his ministers and directors-general, who arrived with their portfolios. These different labours lasted until six in the evening, and were never interrupted, except on the days when the councils of ministers or of state were held. Dinner was regularly served at six o'clock. At the Tuilleries, and at St. Cloud, their majesties dined alone, except on Sundays, when the whole of the imperial family were admitted to the banquet: the emperor, the empress, and madame mère, being seated in arm chairs, and the other kings, queens, princes, and princesses, occupying common chairs only. There was only one course, removed by the dessert; the most simple viands were those which Napoleon preferred. He never drank any other wine than Chambertin, and seldom drank it pure. The dinner usually lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. He never drank liquors of any kind. He habitually took two cups of pure coffee; one in the morning after his breakfast, and the other after his dinner. All that has been said of his excessive use of this beverage is false and ridiculous. During the dinner, the prefect of the palace had only to superintend the service and to reply to such questions as might be addressed to him.

On returning to the saloon, a page presented to the emperor a silver-gilt tray, on which were a cup and a sugar-basin. The chief officer in attendance poured out the coffee; the empress took the emperor's cup; the page and the chief officer retired; I waited until the empress had poured out the coffee into the saucer, and had presented it to Napoleon: it had so often happened to this prince to forget to take it at the proper time, that the empress Josephine, and after her, the empress Maria Louisa had recourse to this gallant expedient to remedy his abstraction.

I retired: shortly afterwards the emperor returned into his cabinet to continue his labours, "for seldom," as he observed, "did he leave until

the morrow, that which should be done to-day." The empress descended to her apartments by a private stair-case: she entered into her saloon, and there found the ladies of her suite in attendance, and a few other privileged ladies and officers of her household: Card-tables were set out for form's sake, and to break the stiffness of the circle. Sometimes Napoleon entered through the private apartments of the empress, and chatted with equal simplicity and freedom, either with the ladies of the household, or with one of us. But in general he did not remain long. The officers in attendance upon him, ascended again to his apartments, to assist at the audience of the *coucher*, and to receive his orders for the morrow. Such was the habitual life which the emperor led at the Tuileries; and its uniformity was not deranged, except when there was a concert, a play, or a hunting party.

"These details of the private life of Napoleon do not agree, I am aware, with those which have been published by biographers who have never approached this extraordinary man; but the particulars which I have here given are most rigidly exact."—Tome i., pp. 2—9.

Our author thus observes on the amiable accommodation of Josephine to her husband's habits:

"The dinner was regularly served at six o'clock: it happened one day, or rather one night, that Napoleon forgot the announcement which had been given to him, until nearly eleven o'clock. On coming forth from his cabinet, he said to Josephine—"But is it not rather late?" "Past eleven," replied she, laughing.—"I thought I had dined," said Napoleon, seating himself at table. This absence of self-consideration was a virtue, which Josephine had more than once occasion to exercise. Napoleon was perfectly right when he said, "I only gain battles, while Josephine, by her amiable qualities, gains all hearts." I shall be excused for adding that, on this evening on which Napoleon sat down to dine at past eleven, the dinner remained on the table for the five hours during which his coming was awaited; and that the only precaution which was used of changing the boiling water under the dishes every quarter of an hour sufficed to keep it hot. This precaution was necessary, because Napoleon, by suddenly coming forth from his cabinet, might not have given the requisite time for serving it afresh. Thanks to the importance of every incident in the daily habits of princes, I may finish this note by saying, that twenty-three chickens were successively put down to the spit; this was the only change which was made in the dinner."—Tome i., pp. 377, 378.

In such garrulous details as these, and in this amusing manner, our perfect runs on, never suspecting that any particular which relates to his master can be too trivial for record, and always satisfied of the importance and dignity of his own functions about the imperial person. Here is a bill of fare, of an ordinary imperial dinner, with which he elsewhere favours us:—

- |            |                           |
|------------|---------------------------|
| 2 Potages. | { Purée de marrons.       |
|            | { Macaroni.               |
| 2 Relevés. | { Brochet à la Chambord.  |
|            | { Culottee de bœuf garni. |

Entrées.	{	Filets de perdreaux à la Mongins.
		Filets de canards sauvages au fumet de gibier.
		Fricassée de poulet à la chevalière.
2 Rôts.	{	Côtelettes de mouton à la Soubise.
		Chapon au cresson.
		Quartier d'agneau.
Entremets.	{	Gelée d'orange moulée.
		Crème à la Française au café.
		Génoise décorée.
		Gaufres à l'allemande.
Légumes.	{	Choux-fleurs au gratin.
		Céleri-navet au jus.—Tome i., pp. 12, 13.

Of the excellent economy of the imperial household, M. de Bausset gives a long account. It is curious, as emanating from Buonaparte himself, and illustrating that love of arrangement and order, which Sir Walter Scott has well remarked to have been one of the most wonderful features of his comprehensive mind. His attention was capable of embracing every object, however grand or minute, from the gigantic combinations of military or political science, down to the petty items of personal expense, or the frivolous details of a courtly ceremonial. It appears by the returns here published, that the total ordinary charge for the imperial household, in provisions, wages, costume, furniture, &c., including the maintenance of the establishment of *thirteen* palaces in France, the Netherlands, and Italy, scarcely amounted to one hundred thousand pounds *per annum* (2,338,167 fr.). Yet the whole was supported in a style of suitable magnificence: 'it must not be imagined,' says M. Bausset, 'that there was any thing mean or parsimonious in this economy: the habits of Napoleon were simple and modest, but he loved to be surrounded with splendour. His court was always brilliant and in good taste: there was order, and no peculation.' All the principal items of expenditure seemed to have passed under his own revision.

Napoleon's scrupulous attention to the ceremonial of his court, and his rigid enforcement of etiquette, have often been ascribed to the effect of policy alone. The founder of a new dynasty, and sensible of his want of an hereditary hold upon the respect of vulgar minds; he has been supposed to have seen, on this account, the necessity of intrenching himself jealously in the forms and observances of a regal state, which he secretly despised. But we think that there is a great deal of unsuspecting evidence in these volumes, that he loved the trappings and spectacle of monarchy, the toys and playthings of royalty, for their own sakes, full as weakly as if he had been bred from childhood to nothing but the frivolities and pageants of the *vieille cour*. This was shewn in the ease with which he condescended himself to interfere in the preparations for his coronation; and afterwards for his marriage with Maria Louisa. Of the former of these occasions, we have here an amusing anecdote in point:

The name of M. Isabey, draughtsman to the cabinet (*dessinateur du cabinet*), so justly celebrated for his superior talents and his personal qualities, recalls to my recollection an anecdote little known. Eight days before the coronation, the emperor demanded of him seven drawings, representing the seven ceremonies which were to take place in the metropolitan church; but the rehearsal of which could not be performed at Notre-Dame, in presence of the numerous workmen who were employed in the embellishments and decorations. To require seven drawings, each containing above a hundred figures in action, to be made in so short an interval, was really to ask what was impossible. That pretence, however, never admitted such a plea: the word impossible, had long been expunged from his vocabulary. The happy and fertile imagination of M. Isabey, at the instant, suggested to him a singular idea. He replied boldly, and to the astonishment of the emperor, that in twice twenty-four hours his orders should be executed. Before he went home, he caused to be bought at the toy-shops as many as possible of those little wooden men which are sold for the amusement of children. He dressed them in paper, of the colour of the costume in which each person was to appear at the ceremonies of the coronation; made a ground plan of Notre-Dame, on a scale proportioned to these little puppets, and repaired on the second morning to Napoleon, who eagerly inquired for the seven drawings. "Sire, I bring you something better than drawings," replied Isabey. He unrolled his plan, and placed on it the personages who were to figure in the first ceremony, and whose names he had written at the foot of each puppet. This first ceremony was the reception under the dais, or canopy, at the door of the cathedral. The emperor was so pleased that he immediately caused all the individuals to be summoned, who were to swell the pomp of that great occasion. The rehearsals were made in the emperor's saloon, on a large table. One ceremony only, more complicated than the rest, required a real rehearsal. It took place in the gallery of Diana, in the Tuileries, by means of a plan chalked on the floor. Isabey had thrown all possible taste into the costume of his puppets, and removed, by his talent, any air of the ridiculous from his drawings in relief. The clergy, the ladies, the princesses, the emperor, the pope himself, every individual, was represented in the most exact and correct costume.—Note, tome i., pp. 4, 5.

This story provokes too close a comparison between the puppets of state and those of the toy-shops; and the philosopher will hence, perhaps, be tempted to think how narrow is the separation between the amusements of childhood, and the larger pageants and playthings of monarchs. But it is strange to find the once dreaded champion of republicanism; the mighty victor of a hundred fields, stooping to degrade his vast genius and to occupy his delighted mind with those ordinary baubles of hereditary rulers. It was quite in the same spirit, however, that, as we learn from M. de Baussset, the emperor himself dictated, four or five years afterwards, the whole programme for the reception of Maria Louisa on her arrival in his dominions. This paper, which his devoted chamberlain has of course given at full length, is sufficiently curious in its way: it even provides how many bows and compliments—three of the first and one of the second—the French



commissioner shall make to the empress elect on receiving her; and how many healths shall be pledged at the dinner of the officers of the guard. And all this, says M. de Bausset, was followed to the letter. He praises his master for the chivalric and respectful delicacy, which expressly forbade his chevalier d'honneur, in exercising the duties of his place, even to touch the hand of the imperial bride: but he omits to observe, how much this gallantry was forgotten by the *parvenu* despot, when the same programme insisted, that the daughter of the Cæsars should offer to kneel on her first interview with him. But it became unnecessary to enforce this disagreeable command, says our prefect, for Napoleon, who was as impatient to meet his bride as 'an amorous youth of fifteen,' suddenly burst into her carriage on the road near Seimons, and cut short all intermission of ceremony. The busy chamberlain here (vol. ii., p. 24), intrudes some particularities which are not quite presentable.

All this ridiculous conversion of himself into a master of the ceremonies for his own court, exhibits Napoleon's weak side, and the littleness of his character: M. de Bausset offers a few details of his life in the camp, which represent him in a far more dignified light, under the simple and manly bearing of the soldier and the hero.

\* The life of Napoleon at the army was simple and without pomp. All persons; whatever their rank, had the privilege of approaching him, and addressing him on their interests: he listened, questioned, and decided on the spot; if against the petition, he explained his reasons, and that in such a manner as completely to soften the harshness of refusal. I could never, without admiration, see the private soldier, when his regiment passed in review before the emperor, quit his ranks, approach with a grave and measured pace, and go quite up to him, presenting arms. Napoleon invariably received the petition, read it through, and granted all just demands. This noble privilege, which he had accorded to bravery and gallantry, gave to each soldier the feeling of his strength and of his duties, while it served as a check upon superiors, who might have abused their authority.

\* The simplicity of Napoleon's manners and character, was particularly remarkable on those days of march during which the cannon was silent; ever on horseback in the midst of his generals, of his brave aides-du-camp, of the officers of his household, and of that young and valiant élite of his staff, his gaiety—I may even presume to say his good humour—captivated all hearts. He often ordered a halt, and sat down under a tree with the prince of Neufchâtel. The provisions were spread out before him, and every body, from the page to the grand officer, took here and there what they liked. It was a real fête for all of us. Napoleon, throwing himself about him everything that had the least colour of intrigue, and by smiling at himself on every occasion, had inspired all the persons of his household with a sentiment of affection, union, and reciprocal cordiality, which made all our relations of the most agreeable nature.

The singularity of Napoleon was such, that his taste gave the preference

to the most simple viands, and those the most plainly seasoned, *as eggs au miroir, or haricots en salade*. Either of these two dishes, and a little Parmesan cheese, composed almost his daily breakfast. At dinner he ate little, seldom of ragouts, and always wholesome food. I have often heard him say, that "however small the quantity of nourishment that a man took at dinner, he was certain to take too much." Thus, his head was always clear, and his mental application easy; even immediately after rising from table: gifted by nature with a sound and healthy stomach, his nights were as calm as those of an infant; and, by nature, also, he had been favoured with a constitution so well adapted to his condition, that one hour of sleep with him, recruited the exhaustion of twenty-four of fatigue. In the midst of the most anxious circumstances, he had the power to sleep at pleasure; and his spirit resumed the most perfect tranquillity, as soon as the arrangements were ordered which the crisis demanded.—Tome i., pp. 87—89.

M. de Bausset, in the discharge of his courtly functions, was present at the famous conference of the emperors Napoleon and Alexander, at Erfurt, in 1808; and he has devoted a chapter to the detail of all the ceremonies and festivities which marked that celebrated meeting. The assembly of sovereigns at Erfurt, and that of a similar character which took place four years later at Dresden, just before the Russian expedition, were, perhaps, the occasions of Napoleon's life, which most proudly gratified his personal vanity: they were certainly those in which at once the extent of his gigantic power was most imposingly displayed, and the splendour of his dominion most brilliantly reflected by the satellite circle of monarchs and princes, his crouching vassals or obsequious allies. At Erfurt, kings were personages too insignificant to be permitted the ordinary homage of their state. It must be remarked, says M. de Bausset, that no military honours were paid to them, either upon their arrival or departure. The object of their summons, to swell the imperial pomp of Napoleon, would only have been half satisfied, if their inferiority had not been insultingly marked. At the banquets of the crowned heads, and at the public theatre, the two emperors alone, sat in *elbow chairs* in the centre: the kings of Saxony, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Westphalia, the other sovereigns of the confederation of the Rhine, and the hereditary princes of Prussia and minor states, were all ranged to the right and left, according to rank, at the theatre, on lower seats than the emperors; and both there and at dinner on common chairs, *without arms*. Such are the mighty distinctions of royal grandeur and pomp! Alexander himself appeared the equal of Napoleon only in the empty forms of honour which were permitted to him: his adulations and flatteries sufficiently marked the subjection of his spirit in his situation. The course of circumstances, and the necessities of his own selfish interests, afterwards forced the Russian autocrat to the share which he took against his former ally, in asserting the general independence of Europe; and, in the natural enthusiasm of the moment, the

gratitude of nations associated his fair fame with the generous cause of their liberation from the yoke of the common enemy. But the cooler judgment of history will scarcely confirm this honourable reputation. The whole tenor of Alexander's conduct, from the conclusion of the treaty at Tilsit, until his rupture with Napoleon in 1812, remains a fatal record against the boasted magnanimity of his character; and it would be well for his memory, if those five years could be altogether expunged from the annals of his reign. Sir Walter Scott has laboured to palliate the disgrace of his concurrence in the projects of Buonaparte: but nothing can be more certain, than that throughout the whole period of his alliance with Napoleon, it was the iniquitous agreement of their ambition, to usurp and divide the dominion of the whole universe. So long as the maintenance of the unequal compact was consistent with his own safety, Alexander had no scruples on its morality: he was even content to leave to his brother despot the lion's share of the spoil; and he seems to have propitiated the friendship of his formidable ally, by rendering him all the homage of an inferior mind. M. de Bausset's narrative of the scenes at Erfurt, offers some remarkable evidence of the court which Alexander sedulously paid to Napoleon, and completely corroborates the account of other reporters. The following circumstance occurred at the theatre:—

In the first scene of *Œdipus*, Philoctetes says to Dimas, his friend and confidant;

*“L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux!”*

(The friendship of a great man is a boon from the Gods!)

At this verse, ever after to be celebrated, we saw the emperor Alexander turn towards Napoleon, and present him his hand with all imaginable grace, and seeming to say, “I reckon upon yours.” All the spectators were struck with the flattering application, to which we saw Napoleon bow, as if refusing a compliment so embarrassing. I was eager to know what had really been said: I was at Napoleon's *coucher*, and going up to the prince Talleyrand, I asked him if he had observed what had passed during the first scene of *Œdipus*. “I was so much struck with it,” said the prince to me, “that I am come hither to beg the emperor to be pleased to tell me how, and in what terms, the application of this verse was made to him by the emperor Alexander.” M. de Talleyrand remained with his majesty; I waited for the coming out of the prince, who had the kindness to leave me in no doubt on the interpretation which I had given to this expression of the sentiments of the emperor Alexander.—Tome i., p. 316.

A few days afterwards, as their majesties were entering the dinner saloon, the emperor Alexander, says M. de Bausset, pretending mechanically to divest himself of his sword, discovered that he had come without it. The emperor Napoleon, who had just taken his own sword off, approached him, and begged him, with the utmost grace, to accept it. The emperor of Russia eagerly received it; and, as I ushered them in, I heard him pronounce these words; “I accept it as a mark of your friendship; your majesty

may feel well assured that *I shall never draw it against you!* These words are followed by five marks of admiration!

M. de Bausset has in this place preserved one little anecdote of Napoleon's conversation, which is too interesting and characteristic to be omitted. There was something manly and dignified in the reserved way in which he was here led to speak—not as it might be without a secret feeling of vanity, at the contrast of his early and humble fortunes:

On this day, a question arose at table, on the Golden Bull, which, until the establishment of the confederation of the Rhine, had served as the constitution and rule for the election of emperors; the number and quality of the electors, &c. The prince-primate entered into some details on this Golden Bull, which, he said, had been promulgated in 1400. The emperor Napoleon observed to him, that the date which he assigned to the Golden Bull was not correct, and that it was proclaimed in 1356 under the reign of the emperor Charles IV. "True, Sir," rejoined the prince-primate, "I was in error; but how happens it that your majesty is so well informed on these matters?" "When I was a simple second lieutenant of artillery," said Napoleon: at this beginning there was, on the part of the august guests, a movement of very marked interest; he repeated, with a smile, "When I had the honour to be a simple second lieutenant of artillery, I was three years in garrison at Valence. I had little inclination for society, and lived in a very retired way. A fortunate chance had lodged me near a well-informed and very obliging bookseller. I read his stock of books over and over again, during those three years of my residence in garrison, and have never since forgotten anything which I thus learnt, even on subjects which had no connection with my station. Besides, nature has endowed me with a memory for figures; it very often happens to me with my ministers, to quote to them the heads and totals of their oldest accounts."—Tome i., pp. 323, 234.

Of the domestic transactions in the imperial palace, which preceded the divorce of Josephine, M. de Bausset is enabled to give some very interesting, and even affecting particulars. He, of course, after his usual manner, applauds the conduct of Buonaparte in that most infamous consummation of ingratitude to the affectionate partner of his happiness; her who, during fifteen years had been his most faithful friend, sharing his most lowly fortune, ardently promoting his first successes, softening his violent temper by her persuasive counsels, adorning his court by her graceful deportment, and winning hearts for him by the influence of her gentle and benignant nature. M. de Bausset echoes the miserable pretence of his master's sacrifice of private feelings, and public duty to defend that act, which has, perhaps, above all others, his life, most deeply fastened the conviction of odious selfishness upon the character of Napoleon. But the prefect of the palace is only worthy of being heard as an evidence, not an advocate; and chance made him a witness of the distressing denouement of poor Josephine's fate:

was sitting at the *Terrace* from Monday, the 27th of November; that day, the Tuesday and the Wednesday following, it was easy for me to perceive a great alteration in the countenance of the empress, and which redoubled in Napoleon. If, during dinner, he broke silence, he merely addressed to me some short questions, to the answers to which he paid no attention. On these days the dinner did not last above ten minutes. On Thursday, the 30th, the storm burst forth.

Their majesties sat down to table: Josephine wore a large white hat, tied under the chin, and concealing a part of her face. I thought I perceived, however, that she had been shedding tears, and that she still retained them with difficulty. She seemed to me the image of grief and despair. The deepest silence reigned during this dinner: they scarcely touched, except for form's sake, the dishes which were set before them. The only words which were uttered, were addressed to me by Napoleon: "What o'clock was it?" rising from table as he spoke, Josephine followed slowly. Coffee was presented, and Napoleon took his cup from the page on duty, motioning that he desired to be alone. I withdrew very quickly; but uneasy, anxious, and abandoned to my own painful reflections. In the waiting saloon, which usually served as their private eating room, I threw myself into an arm-chair, beside the door of the emperor's saloon, and was mechanically looking at the attendants as they cleared away the service that had been used at their majesties' feet, when, all at once, I heard, from the emperor's saloon, the empress Josephine utter the most piercing cries. The groom of the chamber, supposing she must be ill, was on the point of opening the door: I prevented him, remarking that the emperor would call for assistance if he found it necessary. I was standing near the door, when Napoleon himself opened it, and perceiving me, said hastily, "come in, Bausset, and enter the door." I entered the saloon, and beheld the unhappy empress stretched on the carpet, giving vent to an agonising burst of grief, and exclaiming, "No, I shall never survive it." Napoleon said to me, "Are you strong enough to raise Josephine, and carry her to her own apartments by the private staircase, that she may have the attendance and aid that her state requires?" I obeyed, and lifted the poor princess, who, I thought, was suffering under an attack of nerves. With the assistance of Napoleon, I raised her in my arms, and he, taking a candle himself from the table, lighted me, and opened the door of a saloon leading by that passage to the little staircase of which he had spoken to me. On going to the first step of these stairs, I observed to Napoleon that they were too narrow to admit of my possibly descending without danger of falling. He then directly called the keeper of the portfolio, who was usually stationed at one of the doors of his cabinet, which opened on the lobby of this staircase. Napoleon gave him the candle, for which we had no occasion, since these passages were already lighted; he desired me to go before, and himself took hold of the two legs of Josephine, to assist her in descending with more caution. At one moment, my sword falling in the way, we were as near as possible falling: but happily we descended without accident, and deposited our precious burthen on another bed in her bed-chamber. The emperor then immediately rang the bell, and summoned the empress's women.

As soon as, in the saloon above, I had raised the empress, she ceased.

to complain. I thought she had fainted, but at the moment of my getting entangled with my sword on the stairs, I was obliged to press her closely to avoid a fall, which might have been fatal to the actors in this grim scene; for our situation was not one that had been calculated upon at leisure. I held the empress in my arms, which encircled her figure; her back was supported against my breast, and her head rested on my right shoulder. When she perceived the efforts that I made to prevent myself from falling, she said to me in a low tone, "you press me too hard." I then saw that I had nothing to fear for her health, and that she had not lost consciousness for an instant. During all this scene, my attention had been engrossed by Josephine alone, whose state afflicted me; I had not been able to observe Napoleon. But, when the empress's women arrived, Napoleon went into a little saloon outside the bed-chamber, and I followed him. His uneasiness and agitation were extreme. In the grief which he felt, he told me the cause of all that had happened; and used these expressions: "the interest of France and of my dynasty has done violence to my heart—the divorce has become an imperative duty upon me; I am so much the more afflicted at the scene that Josephine has just made—because, three days ago, she must have known from Hortense the unhappy necessity which condemns me to separate from her. I pity her with all my heart, I thought she had more strength of character, and I was not prepared for the burst of her grief." In fact, the emotion under which he was labouring, compelled him to make a long pause of breath between each of these expressions. His utterance was broken and difficult, his voice faltered and was oppressed, and the tears stood in his eyes. It was evident, indeed, that he must have been overpowered by his feelings; to give me all these details; me, placed at such a distance from his counsels and his confidence. The whole scene did not last above seven or eight minutes.—Tome i., pp. 369—373.

In the amiable character of Maria Louisa, Napoleon was far more fortunate than his ungrateful repudiation of his first empress deserved. De Bausset, as the dutiful courtier of his master, transferred his zealous offices from Josephine to the Austrian princess; and when, on the catastrophe of 1814, he accompanied the empress in her retreat from Paris, he appears, on that trying occasion, to have received her confidence and to have served her with fidelity. He gives a remarkable report (tome ii., pp. 205—228) of her conduct at that juncture, which is highly honourable to her, and strongly confirms the sincerity of her attachment to the emperor, and her anxiety to share his fallen fortunes. De Bausset was the chosen bearer of a letter from her to Napoleon; and we shall close our rambling notice of his entertaining volumes, with the account of his last interview with his master at Fontainebleau, in the discharge of this mission:

On the 11th of April, I set out for Fontainebleau, at two in the morning, and I was not obliged to shew my passport, for no one asked to see it. I met upon the road an infinity of persons, all hastening to Paris. The last whom I met was General Hullin. It was nine o'clock when I reached the palace.

I was introduced without delay to the emperor, to whom I presented

the empress's letter. *Bonne Louise!* said he, after reading it. He then put to me a great many questions about her health, and that of his son. I requested him to honour me with a reply, expressing to him the desire that I felt to carry back with me such a consolation, of which the empress's heart had much need. "Remain here to-day," said he "and in the evening I will send you my letter."

"I found Napoleon calm, collected, and resolved. His spirit was tempered in fortitude: he never, perhaps, appeared greater. I spoke to him of the isle of Elba: he knew before that this little sovereignty would be allotted to him. He even pointed out to me a volume of geography and statistics, which furnished him with all information relative to that residence, and all the details which he wished to acquire. "The air there is healthful," said he to me, "and the people excellent: I shall not be very uncomfortable there, and I hope that Maria Louisa will not be very uncomfortable either." He was not ignorant of the obstacles which had just been opposed to their re-union at the palace of Fontainebleau; but he flattered himself that once in possession of the duchy of Parma, the empress would be permitted to come with her son and join his establishment at Elba. So he flattered himself! He was never more to behold these objects of his tenderest affection.

"I retired when the prince of Neufchâtel entered the emperor's cabinet.

"About two in the afternoon, the emperor was walking alone on the terrace adjoining the gallery of St. Francis the First: he sent for me, and put some fresh questions to me, on the events which I might have witnessed. He was far from approving of the part that had been taken in inducing the empress to quit Paris. I spoke to him of the letter which he had written to his brother Joseph. "Things were no longer the same," said he to me, "they should have decided according to the new circumstances which had arisen. The presence of Louise in Paris, would, of itself, have been sufficient to prevent the treason and defection of some of my troops. I should have been still at the head of a formidable army, with which I should have forced the enemy to quit Paris, and sign an honourable peace." I thought I might say to him, it was much to be regretted that he had not chosen to sign such a peace at Châtillon. "I never trusted the good faith of my enemies—every day there were new demands, new conditions—they did not wish for peace; and then, I had told France that I would not accede to any condition which I thought humiliating, even though the enemy should be upon the heights of Montmartre." I ventured to observe to him, that France, all restricted as she might have been, would not the less have been one of the finest kingdoms in the world. "I abdicate, and cede nothing." Such was the answer, which he made to me with remarkable serenity.

"During this audience, which lasted more than two hours, he gave me his opinion of some of his lieutenants: of one of them he expressed himself strongly; but in speaking of the duke of Tarentum, he added these words to a just eulogy which he passed upon that marshal. "Macedonald is a brave and loyal soldier—it has only been under these last circumstances that I have learnt to appreciate all the nobleness of his character; his connection with Moreau had given me prejudices against him—but I did him wrong, and I regret that I did not know him better."

"Passing afterwards to other ideas: "See," said he, "what destiny is!

In the combat of Arcis-sur-Aube, I did all I could to foil an heroic death, in disputing the national soil with the enemy. I exposed my person recklessly: the bullets showered round me, my clothes were riddled with them, and yet not one would touch me. I said he, sighing, "A death which I should owe only to an act of my own danger, would be a deed of cowardice: suicide is compatible neither with my principles, nor with the rank which I have occupied on the theatre of the world." I am a man condemned to live." And this he said, raising again. We took several turns on the terrace, in deep and mournful silence. "Between ourselves," said the emperor, with a smile full of bitterness, "they say a live drum-boy is of more value than a dead emperor"—(*qu' un gendarme vivant vaut mieux qu' un empereur mort*). The air with which he pronounced these few words, made me think that the fellow to this old adage should be, "it is only the dead who never return."

Lastly, I spoke to him of the different persons whom I had met on the road, in coming from Paris. The last name which I mentioned, was that of general Hullin. "Oh," said he, "as for him, he will in any case come too late to make his peace with the Bourbons." As he said these words, he entered his apartments. I never saw him again.—*Tom. ii., pp. 242-4.*

We might very considerably extend our notice of these volumes, without any danger of fatiguing the reader, as they abound in curious domestic anecdotes, most of which are, we believe, new to the public. But we have already exceeded our limits, and we quit the work with that sort of regret, which one experiences in taking one's departure from a pleasant and intelligent circle.

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*Art. IX. Narrative of Don Juan Van Halen's Imprisonment in the Dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid; and his Escape in 1811 and 1818; to which are added, his Journey to Russia; his Campaign with the Army of the Caucasus, and his return to Spain in 1821: Edited from the original Spanish Manuscript, by the author of "Don Esteban" and "Sandoval." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1827.*

THE editor of this narrative informs us, that it has for its groundwork the copious notes taken by Don Juan Van Halen at the time of his trials. There must assuredly be some exaggeration in this announcement, since M. Van Halen nowhere states that he made any notes during the various examinations which he underwent in the recesses of the Inquisition. Towards the latter end of his imprisonment, indeed, he says that he commenced taking notes of the occurrences which happened to him; but from the peculiar situa-

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It has been said, that some days before that of which I speak, Napoleon made an attempt to terminate the agonies of his mind; but that remedies were applied in time, and almost in spite of himself. For some years he carried a little packet, sealed and suspended from his neck by a ribbon. This packet was found open and empty in one of the cups of his dressing case; and it was to be supposed that he had made use of its contents. However, I do not vouch even for the fact itself.



situation in which he was placed, it was utterly impossible for him to form that description of record to which the editor appeals with such singular confidence. We own that when we find in the front of a work, depending chiefly for the proof of its authority on the personal testimony and character of the author, an assertion like this, which is not only inconsistent with the facts that are disclosed, but even with the probabilities of the case, we are not very much disposed to accept it as a performance scrupulously and unquestionably exact in all its parts.

We are told also by the editor—who himself has hitherto been exclusively conversant with productions of the imagination—that the details of this story, though ‘in a manner partaking of romance,’ are further ‘authenticated by letters, official documents, and other papers now in the author’s possession.’ What documents may be in the possession of the author, it is not for us to conjecture; but of those which are inserted either in the notes, or the appendix of the volumes now before us, we may fairly assert that they are, to say the least of them, scanty in number, and very barren of that sort of confirmatory evidence, which the editor declares them to contain. All they prove as to the most interesting part of his narrative is, that Mr. Van Halen was confined first in the Inquisition of Murcia, and subsequently in that of Madrid, and that by some means or other he effected his escape from the latter.

These preliminary remarks, however, we do not wish to be taken for more than they are worth. In desiring to guard the reader against an implicit reliance on all the particulars of the author’s curious and extraordinary history, as they are unfolded in this work, we by no means intend to discredit it altogether. We happened to have been already informed, from other sources, of some of Mr. Van Halen’s adventures; and whatever suspicions may arise from his editor’s appeal to ‘copious notes,’ which never existed, or from the manifest embellishments which occasionally gleam through the narrative, we believe it to be, in the main, founded on facts that cannot be questioned.

We are aware that through many, if not most of the vicissitudes of his career, Mr. Van Halen has been reputed in Spain to be of a character very different from that which he claims for himself in the present work. We are also not ignorant that in times such as those in which he acted and suffered in that devoted country, party animosities, personal vanity, intrigue, and all the baser passions are ever at work, generating suspicion against the most upright men, criminating their conduct, if it be at all actuated by a spirit of enterprise, and often imputing to them purposes the very reverse of those which they may have had in view. To the aid of such malignant calumniators comes sometimes a train of misfortunes, which, besides their usual effect of depriving the sufferer of the favourable consideration of mankind, tend to throw an air of ambiguity and doubt over those very actions which were under-

taken with the wisest and the most generous intentions. It may be that it is to such causes alone, Mr. Van Halen is indebted for the obloquy which has been lavished on him with no sparing hand in his own country. But we must at the same time acknowledge that he appears, even according to his own account of himself, to have been guilty of so many inconsistencies, and to have conducted himself on more than one important occasion of his life with such unaccountable imprudence, that we are not at all surprised to find him at length strenuously exerting himself in order to rectify the "innocent errors of some, and the woful misrepresentations of others," with respect to those very passages in his history which he perhaps looks upon as the brightest.

While we sympathise in his misfortunes, particularly as they do not even yet appear to approach a termination, we cannot but perceive that much of his own and of his country's sufferings are to be attributed to that mercurial and unsteady disposition, which prevailed very extensively among the young men of his day in the Peninsula. They rose from childhood to maturity amid a state of corruption, which, taking its rise in the profligate court of Godoy and his regal mistress, spread with a promptitude extraordinary for Spain, through all the superior orders of its inhabitants. Religion became a by-word among them, and morality a subject of derision. The frame of society, after being depraved by licentiousness of every description, was nearly shaken asunder by the invasion of Napoleon; and that love of country, that nobleness and integrity of purpose, which are intimately connected with the virtues, and for which the gentlemen of Spain had been distinguished in former times, were now to be found only among the peasantry. The well-born and the well-educated became the ready instruments of an ephemeral dynasty; and in the various vicissitudes which have marked the history of the Peninsula from that period down to the present moment, there have been, even in the highest quarters, so many examples of dissimulation and treachery, that it would seem as if all manly spirit had fled the land, and the nation had resolved upon devouring all the elements of its former greatness.

Our author scarcely glances at his early years. Born in 1793, in the Isle of Leon in Spain, we find him in 1806, employed after the example of his father (who derived his descent from Dutch parents), in the service of the navy. He afterwards joined the army of Galicia, commanded by General Blake, and was one of the garrison of Ferrol which capitulated to Soult, and took the oath of submission to Joseph. He became, as he informs us, ardently devoted to the intruder; was attached as an officer of ordnance to his suite, and even upon Joseph's reverse of fortunes, was willing to share those fortunes with him in France. Respect for the feelings of an exile forbids us to allude to the manner, in which his tenders of service were rejected by the ex-monarch. It will be sufficient to observe, that so mortifying was the indignity which

Van Halen met with on that occasion, that when the whims of fortune subsequently enabled him to meet his fallen master upon equal terms in America, he thought fit to demand satisfaction from him in the usual way—and his challenge being treated with neglect, he posted the Count and left him to his reflections! In 1812, the regency issued a decree, inviting those Spaniards who had espoused the cause of Joseph—the *Afrancesados* as they were usually denominated—to return to Spain. Of this decree our author resolved to avail himself, having already given up the flattering hopes which he had hitherto entertained, of seeing his country freed from the fanatical and oppressive yoke which had so long weighed on it by the only means [by which] it could be accomplished, namely, a change of dynasty. His engagements with Joseph were at an end, and yet his first step is to proceed with a passport from the French minister to the head quarters of Suchet at Barcelona; 'still under his former character of officer in the service of Joseph.' This equivocal conduct rendering it necessary that before he could be received by the Spanish government, he should do something 'to prove the sincerity of his declarations,' he spent six weeks at Barcelona meditating upon this object. At length he contrived to possess himself of the French general's seal, and was thus enabled, with the assistance of a drawing master, to fabricate orders in the name of Suchet, in consequence of which the fortresses of Lerida, Mequinenza and Monzon were abandoned by their French garrisons. For this service he was restored to his rights as a citizen.

Upon the return of Ferdinand the false, the epithet by which that bad king will be distinguished by every honest historian of his reign, our author fell again into fresh troubles. Proceeding to join to join a regiment of light horse, in which he commanded a company, he stopped a few days at Madrid, and visited some of the numerous state prisoners with which the gaols of the capital were then crowded. He had scarcely arrived at his destination when he was placed under arrest, and conveyed under a strong escort to Marbella, a castle on the coast of Malaga, and ordered to be shot forthwith, as being implicated in 'a horrible conspiracy lately discovered against the precious life of his majesty.' It was well that this sentence was not carried into execution on the spot, as the whole affair turned out to be a mistake; and our hero was not only liberated, but promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Disgusted with the treatment which he had thus experienced, Van Halen's next step was to obtain leave of absence (1816), from his regiment, under the pretext of ill health. But instead of visiting the mineral waters of Andalusia, he bent all his efforts towards visiting the different secret societies which existed in the South of Spain at that time, under the Masonic forms, and whose ultimate object was the restoration of the representative form of

government. His term of absence having expired, he rejoined his regiment, then cantoned in Murcia. Here he became connected with Romero Alpuente, General Torrijos, and others, who were all members of the Masonic society of that place. Their meetings were held at night in his house, and it would appear that much of the correspondence of the society passed through his hands, as he was possessed of several letters and other documents which, on receiving a private intimation of approaching danger, he was desirous of having deposited in some place of safety.

On the road between Murcia and Granada, there is a village called Velez Rubio, the mayor of which place was esteemed a firm friend to the liberal cause. To his care, passing over for what reason we know not all his friends in Murcia, Van Halen wished to entrust all his political papers; though one would imagine that his safest resource would have been to destroy them at once. But mark the person whom he selects as his messenger on this occasion. A person named Don Antonio Calvo, who had been chief of the customs at Velez Rubio, had the misfortune to lose his office in consequence of retrenchments which were made by the minister Garay, and on his way to Madrid he visited Van Halen at Murcia. He was in great distress; but being considered a liberal, he was hospitably received. Van Halen cautiously abstained from letting him into the knowledge of the nocturnal meetings which were held at his house, or, indeed, of any other proceedings which were in progress at that time for the subversion of the despotism. Yet it is to this very Calvo, whose fidelity to the cause he suspected, that he confided the papers which he wished to transmit to the mayor of Velez Rubio! Calvo took them to the Archbishop of Granada, and in consequence of the information which they contained, Van Halen was forthwith arrested a second time (September, 1816), and confined in the prison of the Inquisition at Murcia.

Upon being questioned as to the meaning of some of the papers which he had committed to the custody of Calvo, he told the Inquisitor that he would explain it if he were sent to Madrid, and admitted to an audience of the king! We apprehend that it is chiefly upon these two circumstances in his life, that the charges of treachery which have been brought against Van Halen have been founded. To entrust papers of the greatest importance, as they concerned the fortune of the conspiracy, to a man whom he would not admit into the councils of the conspirators, appears, it must be admitted on all hands, a most unaccountable measure. And next, to follow up this very suspicious proceeding, by offering to explain these papers in a private audience to the king, must have looked so like the course which a delator would have chosen for the purpose of saving himself, at the expense of his friends, that it is to us no subject of surprise, that his conduct on this occasion should have given rise to what he calls 'the innocent errors of some, and the wilful misrepresentations of others.'

He was removed, according to his desire, to Madrid, in October, and there confined in the dungeon of the Inquisition, which had been built some years before, expressly for the reception of the unfortunate Olavide. His audience of the king turned out, according to his account of it, a most ridiculous affair. He wishes us to believe, that he explained to his majesty the whole nature of the secret societies then existing in Spain, only with the view of inducing the king—inducing Ferdinand!—to place himself at their head! In return, Ferdinand gave him—a box of cigars! and sent him back to the dungeon whence he came.

Here he remained for about three months, being subjected occasionally to the severest examinations by the fiscal of the military tribunal, as well as by the officers of the Inquisition. During one of his trials, he was put to the torture; but it would seem that, whether from real or well feigned ignorance of the real ramifications of the secret societies, he disclosed nothing of any importance concerning them. Seeing, however, that he had little chance of being soon liberated from the walls by which he was surrounded, he resolved on effecting his escape, and succeeded by the aid of a combination of circumstances, altogether romantic and extraordinary in their way.

Don Marcellino, the principal keeper of the secret prison of the Inquisition, had adopted into his family an orphan girl named Ramona, who performed the menial services of the place. During a severe illness, brought on by the torture, and the cruel treatment which he received, this girl, then in her eighteenth year, was sent into his dungeon in order to clean it. She was closely watched by the second keeper, Don Juanito; but, though a screen was placed before the prisoner's bed, she obtained a glimpse of him, and was touched with compassion for his sufferings. She was, according to our author's account, 'of a reserved disposition, and from her earliest infancy had shewn a premature solidity of character.' 'The diligence and cleanliness with which she performed her duties, and the little inclination she shewed for any kind of amusement that was likely to divert her attention from them, gained her the confidence of all the familiars, with the exception of Don Juanito.' Our author, having recovered in some degree from his illness, was removed every day into another dungeon, while Ramona was discharging the necessary offices in that which was assigned for his residence. One evening, late in the month of December, he retired early to rest, being violently affected with a pain in his chest.

From the moment I lay down in bed, I felt a little lump about the middle of it, which I at first thought was a button; but on my attempting to remove it, I found it to be the upper part of a drop ear-ring. This discovery was a balm to my heart; for although my heavy misfortunes made me look upon every thing here with mistrust, still it was impossible to mistake its true meaning or its owner. As, however, I could neither see nor speak to her, nor even communicate by writing, I was puzzled how to ask

an explanation. To devise the means of answering this sign, was my constant occupation during the whole of that night. Hoping that my dungeon would be swept on the following day, I wound round the ear-ring some of my hair, and left it in the same place where I found it. This was the only sign of intelligence the least perceptible that occurred to me; but as my evil fortune still pursued me, three days elapsed before my dungeon was cleaned. The reason of this delay was Don Juanito's illness, which, I understood, was caused by his constant attendance in the dungeons.

The day having at length arrived, and the cleaning of my dungeon being performed, on my return thither I hastened to examine the place where I had found the ear-ring. It was no longer there; but perceiving that my watch did not hang at the head of the bed, where I usually left it, I searched, and found it under the pillow, observing with surprise that it pointed to the wrong hour. I own that I could not so easily guess the meaning of this second sign. In any other situation, nothing could be more easily understood; but confined in this subterraneous place, secured by five doors, and under the immediate vigilance of two jailers, how was it possible for me to keep an assignation?

On the following day, however, just at the hour indicated by the watch, I heard a slight noise, accompanied with the words "quick—quick," uttered impatiently, which caused all my doubts to vanish. I leaped as well as I could from my bed, and hastened to the small opening of the interior door, which was on a line with that of the exterior, where I saw, but indistinctly, the face of Ramona, who addressed me in these words: "You are very unfortunate: I wish with all my heart to be of some service to you? what can I do for you? Don Juanito is in bed—say quickly?"

"My good girl," replied I, "do you know how to read?"

"A little."

"Could you give me paper and a pencil?"

"That is not in my power at present; but," she added, looking back and leaving me an instant, "here is some."

"Now give me a pin."

She then thrust her arm, which though small could hardly pass, through the opening in the door, and succeeded in giving me the pin fastened in the paper, which I found to be a folded piece for making cigars, and which had probably been dropped by Don Marcelino, who was in the habit of smoking. "My poor girl, pray to the Holy Virgin that Don Juanito's illness may be prolonged," said I, as I took the paper from her; after which she disappeared.—vol. i., pp. 203—5.

The only means which the prisoner possessed of tracing a few characters on the scrap of cigar-paper which he thus acquired, was by drawing blood from his veins, and using his tooth-pick as a pen. Ramona conveyed the note to one of his friends in Madrid, and a communication having been thus opened between them, measures were matured for securing his flight, provided only that he could escape from the prison. Ramona gave him, from time to time, such information as he required concerning the interior passages of the Inquisition; and he concerted with his friends to appear among them on the evening of the 30th of January (1817),

It was Don Marcelino's custom to visit the prisoner every evening, and he resolved to avail himself of this circumstance to effect his object. But we must relate this very bold and successful enterprise in his own words.

"At length the hour for the execution of my plan drawing near, I listened attentively through the opening of the door, till hearing the distant noise of bolts, I retreated towards my bed. As soon as Don Marcelino entered, I advanced towards him, extinguished the light, and pushing him violently to the farthest corner of the dungeon, flew to the door, and rushing through, shut it upon him and drew the bolt, at the same moment that he, recovering himself, threatened my life. Once in the passage, I groped along in complete darkness; but the astounding cries of the new prisoner echoed so loudly through those vaults, that fearing they might be heard, I no sooner arrived at the third door of that labyrinth, than locking it after me, I took out its ponderous key, with which I armed myself, for want of a better weapon.

"I passed the dungeon of the other prisoner confined in those passages, who, far from imagining the scene that was acting, mistook my steps for those of the jailer. Following my way at random, I twice lost myself in the various windings, and a thousand times did I curse the obscurity which threatened to frustrate all my hopes. At length, after groping about for seven or eight minutes, which appeared an eternity to me, I reached the last staircase, from which I could distinguish the glimmerings of a light. As I ascended the stairs, I grasped the key in the manner of a pistol, and soon after found myself at the threshold of a door wide open, that led to an outer kitchen, in the middle of which hung a lantern. I judged by this that I was already out of the prison; but uncertain what direction to follow, and hearing the voices of people in some part of the house, I stood still for a moment, and then hastened to the kitchen to look for a hatchet, or some other weapon that might serve me in case of meeting opposition.

"On entering, the first object that presented itself was Ramona, who stood pale and breathless, with a countenance in which astonishment was blended with anxiety and alarm. "What pistol is that?—where is my master?" she exclaimed, after a moment's silence, raising her clasped hands towards heaven.

"I calmed her apprehensions by shewing her the key, when, immediately recovering her presence of mind, she pointed to a court which led to the outer door, saying; "That is the way to the street. My mistress and her guests are in the saloon: you hear their voices. This is the very hour when she expects the arrival of some friends, and I must immediately call out, because they know I must necessarily see you before you get to the court. For heaven's sake, hasten away, for I can render you no farther assistance." Saying this, she pressed my hand in hers with deep emotion, and I hurried towards the court. As the remainder of my way was also involved in darkness, I lost some minutes in finding the right direction to the door, when the rustling of the bell-wire served to guide me to it. Here I heard the voices of some persons outside, who certainly did not expect to meet with such a porter.

"Meanwhile Ramona, who was to open the door, on hearing the bell ring, began screaming for assistance, as if she had been hurt by some one passing or going past. The bellmen, alarmed, joined their cries to her's,

and I opened the door amidst this confusion, pushed down the person just entering, and reached the street, feeling as if I breathed a second life.

Following the direction pointed out to me by my friends, and avoiding the approach of some of the persons I saw lurking about the intersection, I turned the corner of that building, and met a tall man muffled up in his cloak, who, either having forgotten the watch-word agreed upon, or recognising me at the first moment, exclaimed, "Van Halen! Juan! is it you?"

"Yes, it is," I cried, my heart leaping with joy at hearing the voice of a friend. As soon as I returned this answer, he gave a shrill whistle, and suddenly I was surrounded by several other friends, among whom I recognised two old comrades, whom I did not suppose so interested in my destiny. One took off my old cap, and placed his laced cocked-hat on my head; another gave me a cloak, which, he said, had been purposely made for me; a third desired me to follow him and fear nothing, for they would all lose their lives sooner than I should be re-taken. They were all military men, whose high-wrought enthusiasm had led them to appear on this occasion in full uniform and decorations; and there is little doubt that, had I been pursued by my keepers, they would all have perished at their hands. I followed my friends, enveloped in my cloak, though still with the green slippers I wore in the prison. On crossing over the street of San Bernardo, which runs parallel with the prison, one of those who accompanied me took the lead to guide us; another remained with me; and the rest dispersed gradually as we advanced. On arriving at the street of Tudescos, we stopped before a large newly-built house, the principal door of which, contrary to the custom of the country, stood a little open. Having entered and reached the first landing-place, we met a large masquerading party who were just coming out of the principal rooms. Although wrapped up in my cloak, and my face well concealed, I was afraid that my slippers, attracting their attention, might lead to a discovery; and I hinted to my friends that this house did not appear to me the most suitable for a place of concealment. They were, however, of a different opinion, and we continued ascending the stairs till we reached the attics, where I found the asylum prepared for me entrusted to the care of one of the Spanish heroines, who had figured during the last war with the French in her native province, Biscay. She was still young, had an animated countenance, and the clear complexion of the women of her province. Though she had been previously warned of my arrival, as she was ignorant of most of the circumstances which led me there, she seemed a good deal surprised at seeing me appear in that singular dress and long beard.—vol. i., pp. 250—255.

Having remained in this asylum for some time, he at length, accompanied by one of his friends, escaped to the Pyrenees, whence they proceeded through France, to England. The reader will be glad to hear, that though suspicion fell upon Ramona, and though she was subjected to severe treatment for a while, she was ultimately restored to safety.

Of the author's adventures in Russia, the details are less interesting. He entered into the military service of the emperor Alexander, and obtained a commission in the army of Georgia.



with which he remained, carrying on a lucrative warfare with the barbarous tribes of that district, until the year 1821, when the re-establishment of the constitution in Spain permitted him to return to his native land. He was dismissed from the imperial service in a manner by no means honourable to the memory of Alexander, who appears to have visited upon an individual that certainly deserved better at his hands, the jealous anger which he felt against the new state of things in the Peninsula.

Our author was scarcely restored to his own country, when these troubles began, which ended in the subversion of the constitution, and we now find him once more amongst us, in a character which shall protect his work from any further observation. We may add, that in the second volume, there are many notices of the southern parts of Russia, and of Georgia, from which the reader who has not read other recent publications on the subject, will derive both instruction and entertainment.

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ART. X. *Journey from Buenos Ayres, through the Provinces of Cordova, Tucuman, and Salta, to Potosi, thence by the Deserts of Caranja to Africa, and subsequently to Santiago de Chili and Coquimbo; undertaken on behalf of the Chilian and Peruvian Mining Association, in the years 1825—26. By Captain Andrews, late Commander of H.C.S. Wintham. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. London; Murray. 1827.*

CAPTAIN Andrews comes forward as the avowed antagonist of Captain Head, upon the subject of the South American mining speculations. Both these gentlemen appear to have galloped over the countries which they were commissioned to explore, with nearly the same degree of velocity; but the reports which each has brought home and published, concerning the results of his inquiries, are as opposite in every respect, as the statements which we usually hear from the counsel of plaintiff and defendant. According to Captain Head, there was scarcely a mine to be had in any part of the country that he traversed, which offered to an adventurer the slightest chance of a profitable return. If Captain Andrews is to be believed, there are a great many such to be had, in Peru, and Chili, and other parts of the South American territory, which are capable, not only of yielding a profitable return, but of realising fortunes "beyond the dream of avarice." The mines which Captain Head examined, appeared to him either to have been exhausted, or to be so deeply choked up with their own ruins, or inundated with so much water, that no machinery, or industry, could render them productive. If we listen to Captain Andrews, the debris might easily be removed; and it is notorious, that the mines were never filled with water until the very moment the richest veins were discovered! The consequence of these opposite views was, that Captain Head came home, without, we believe, having purchased a single mine for the company which employed

him; whereas, Captain Andrews contracted, absolutely or provisionally, on behalf of his principals, for the purchase of fifty or sixty mines, from which a world of gold, silver, and copper, was, in his opinion, capable of being extracted. In one point, indeed, both these agents agree: that nothing could have been more absurd, than the mode in which the directors of the different companies at home managed their proceedings. The idea of sending out to South America costly and cumbersome machinery, before they had the means of knowing whether it could be transported to its destination; and whether, even if it were conveyed thither, it could be applied with advantage, betrayed of itself, an extraordinary want of that forecast, for which Englishmen in general are so much distinguished. But this folly was exceeded by a still more ludicrous one; that of dispatching ship-loads of Cornish and Welsh miners, to conduct operations in gold and silver mines, to which they were utter strangers; to subject themselves to a degree of labour, to which they had been wholly unaccustomed, and this under the influence of a climate which little accorded with their constitutions, and under the pressure of privations which they never calculated on enduring. For these mistakes, however, Captain Head insists, that there was no remedy; while Captain Andrews endeavours to shew, that if the speculators commenced their measures upon a limited and cautious scale, depending in the first instance on the natural resources of the mining country, and then aiding them by such mechanical improvements as they might be found susceptible of, his exertions, and those of his colleagues, would, in time, be crowned with the most unqualified success.

He affirms (preface, p. vii.), that 'the efforts lately made, failed, not from any deficiency of mining produce in the country, for it notoriously abounds; not from any miscalculations of the managers of the more respectable associations; but entirely through mismanagement in carrying the object itself into effect.' 'So differently does he think (p. ix.) on this subject from many others, and so much does he feel supported in his opinions by local observation, that he is sure, if a private company of a dozen capitalists, were even now to procure grants, and cater up the materials of either of the dismissed *bona fide* associations, going to work in a frugal and rational manner, an ample remuneration would be the result.' 'The fatal rock,' he observes in another place (vol. ii, p. 205), 'which has shipwrecked English foreign companies, has been the too extravagant scale on which they began their undertakings. The most prodigal and useless outfits, the most ill-founded notions, involving heavy expenses, have been their bane. They seemed not to have dreamed that mining is a slow operation, and more than any other requires the best kind of resources. The richest mines cannot make returns direct as they are opened, and fill the pockets of adventurers, as if they had

nothing to elaborate to gather up the precious ores; though in time they may return a thousand fold. 'Had our capitalists,' he adds (p. 210), 'prudently set the mines going by frugal outlays for wages to the natives, and a few mineralogists and superintending miners [had] sent from Europe, our manufacturers, merchants, and ship-owners, would soon have experienced the benefits they sought.' He sums up his opinions on this point in the second volume, pp. 228-229: 'I have already said, that mining in South America is a certain source of profit, if properly and economically conducted. The mode is, to begin on a limited scale, and extend the circumference of operations slowly and cautiously. The very extensive means of the different companies in money, managed as they were, contributed to defeat their own ends; and the mode of action, not the principle of the thing, is implicated in the recent failures.'

These observations would at the first blush appear to be founded in good sense, as they breathe that tone of moderation which is usually to be found allied with wisdom. It is impossible, moreover, to deny that they may be favourably contrasted with many of the sweeping and inconsiderate assertions, which flowed from the rapid pen of Captain Head upon this subject. But, at the same time, we would caution our readers to receive them with distrust. Captain Andrews, as we have already intimated, made several purchases of mines, subject to the approbation of his directors; and we should not be surprised to find him justifying and extolling his own sagacity, particularly as his proceedings were subsequently altogether nullified by the company which employed him. How far it might be expedient for an Englishman of large capital, to devote a portion of it to the working of a mine or two in the Andes, is a question that can never be safely considered upon mere general principles. Much depends on the character of the individual, on his acquaintance with mining operations, and on his sagacity in making the best use of such local resources as he can command. But before entering into any contract, he should first visit the country, and see with his own eyes the state of the roads and rivers; he should be pretty well assured that his property is not to be exposed to the hazard of political convulsions, or even to those dangers which have, in more than half a dozen instances, actually arisen from the common constitutional changes of administrations. He should next calculate the amount of native labour which the neighbourhood he may fix upon would supply; and if it should be necessary to augment it by emigrants from England, he should take care, that, in matters of religion, they entertain sentiments as different as possible from those of Captain Head or Captain Andrews.

The remarks of both these gentlemen on this subject, if ever they reach the country of which they have treated, are of themselves sufficient to make the very name of an Englishman

detested there. It is a topic upon which national feelings are more alive than almost any other; it is one, which neither of these travellers was fitted by his education, or his profession, to discuss; and even if they had been competent to undertake such a task, they had their minds addressed to other and very different occupations; they had no time to institute inquiries into the state of religion, and they do not pretend to have acquired other than the most superficial, and the most imperfect information concerning it. We have already exposed the impolicy, the bigotry, the wanton temerity of Captain Head upon this point; and we regret to say, that Captain Andrews has most unnecessarily gone out of his way, for the purpose of rendering himself liable to a similar reproach. There is scarcely a chapter in his first volume, in which he does not revile, or turn into ridicule, the religious observances of the South American people; and he has the courage to insinuate, that the "Noticias Secretas," of Ulloa, contain an accurate description of the Spanish American clergy of the present day, though he does not adduce a single fact to give even a colour to his calumnies. It is painful to know, that the travellers of no part of the world, are so intolerant and so presumptuous in their remarks upon modes of faith to which they do not conform, as our own countrymen.

Whatever other result the late mining companies may produce for themselves, or for South America, we must acknowledge, with the author of this work, that 'they at least contributed to make known to us geographically the interior of a vast continent, its vegetable and mineral productions, and (allowing for such misrepresentations as those just mentioned), the manners and habits of a people, with whom it had been the policy of their former masters, we should be, if at all, but superficially acquainted.' So much, indeed, had been already done in this way, that few deficiencies remained for Captain Andrews to supply, at least, upon a great part of the route which he traversed. He arrived at Buenos Ayres in the latter end of March, 1825, and proceeded over the Pampas to Cordova, where he appears to have been anticipated, to a certain extent, in his objects, by 'the shrewd calculators at Buenos Ayres,' who had obtained a grant of the mines of Cordova for nine years! He was enabled, however, to carry into effect, in a provisional way, some very 'valuable contracts in the Rioja hills,' which have, 'unfortunately, terminated by the dissolution of the company,' on whose behalf he entered into them, to his inexpressible 'disappointment' and 'infinite mortification.' He next bent his way towards Upper Peru, which 'presented the finest and richest field of mining operations in South America;' but it will be seen by the following remarks on a private estate, situated on the Pampa Grande, that our speculator's attention was occasionally diverted into other channels.

The situation is well worthy of observation, it has all the capability of

being surrounded by the centre of a noble domain. The house is placed upon an eminence, which takes the figure very nearly of a true amphitheatre. A river is contiguous, the rugged bed of which exhibits the savages of the cataract torrents, which pour at times from the adjacent mountains. Here the owner appears to be "lord of all he surveys," from an eminence sloping gradually, till it loses itself in a magnificent plain in front. This plain is interspersed with numerous lakes, the resort of wild swans, geese, ducks, and myriads of other fowl, plying about unmolested. Such an estate in England could not be purchased for a million of dollars, yet the owner of this would gladly relinquish it all for five thousand, including his best horses and cattle, together with his mongrel flocks, browsing in the valley of his superb domain.—vol. i., pp. 119, 120.

Nothing, it would appear, comes amiss to Captain Andrews. A little farther on he exclaims—'All I can say of our twenty leagues of journey this day, grounded on appearances closely bordering upon our route, is, that I wanted nothing further to convince me, that an association, properly conducted, would find in this province a fund of indigenous wealth, superior to any mining adventure in permanent profit, and of *certain and easy* attainment.' Again, he had scarcely arrived at Santiago del Estero, when he discovered that its 'wood, wool, woollens, dyes, gums, wines, borax, and river, hint of a lucrative trade in some future time, and of a *fine scene for immediate speculation!*' From this, and several other such passages in the volumes before us, we suspect that our Captain is a little given to building castles in the air. Indeed, upon his arrival in the province of Tucuman, he becomes quite poetical in his descriptions of the country, which, according to him, is nothing inferior to El Dorado; that land, which the imagination of adventurers has clothed with such inexhaustible stores of gold and precious stones.

'Deep rooted, nay, imperishable is the recollection of my feelings, as I contemplated the rich and varied scenery of this delightful country from the arena of its own unparalleled beauty. In point of grandeur and sublimity it is not, I believe, surpassed on earth. Were I permitted by taste to indulge in hacknied allegory, a favourite figure with the South Americans, I would paint the majestic Anconquiqua, sitting with her head above the clouds, and capped with eternal snows; her bosom teeming with riches of gold and silver, above the rich *faldas* clothing; her lap aproned with unfading verdure; her feet slipped in the velvet culture of the woods and plains—one of the finest, if not the very finest of objects that Nature ever formed.'—vol. i., p. 198.

We shall give one other poetical flight of this kind, which may be headed, Captain Andrews' apostrophe to the Andes:

'There they were before me, those pillars of the universe, of which Ulluc, and other travellers, have written so much, and of which inspired poets have sung! These wonders of creation, it is hoped, may still be explored by the remote English, be subjected to the tool of the miner, and administer to the commercial wealth of their country. Gazing on the nearest chain and its towering summits, Don Thomas and myself erected

any chasms on their huge sides; We creaved rich veins of ore; we erected barriers for smelting; we saw in imagination a crowd of workmen moving like busy insects along the eminences, and fancied the wild and vast region peopled by the energies of Britons from a distance of nine or ten thousand miles. — vol. ii, pp. 214, 215.

We are not at all surprised, after this, to find our author coolly calculating in his imagination, how the summit of Potosi would appear, after he had blown away half its height with a little gunpowder! Still less do we wonder at the following speech, which he addressed to the governor of Tucuman, the members of the chamber, and some of the principal inhabitants of that place, whom he invited one day to dine with him. The orator is noticing an absurd rumour which had been industriously circulated; namely, that the English, under pretence of mining, would soon take possession of the whole country!

“Far,” said I, “generous Tucumaneses! far from disavowing such an object, I shall endeavour to establish the correctness of the report. The English are going to take possession of your country, and, indeed, by force of arms against the government; but by a mode of conquest which will be equally beneficial to you and themselves, by bringing the resources of their capital and industry as machinery to raise the hidden treasures of your neglected mountains, and to render your impoverished plains fruitful. They will take possession of your country, by placing it under the rule of a spirit of diligence, active labour, and sound moral feeling. They will take possession of your country when they settle amongst you, by mingling British blood with that of the fair and lovely daughters of Tucuman.” — vol. i., pp. 233, 234.

Bravo, Captain! Sure we are, that the directors who selected for their agent a gentleman, who could see every object that presented itself in such a clear, practical, and unexaggerated point of view, and calculate consequences with such prophetic accuracy, are entitled to the highest applause for their discernment. What we most wonder at is, that the guests did not, at the end of this eloquent harangue, anticipate the usual finale of a South American entertainment; for we are told that ‘the evening concluded with the destruction of every glass, decanter, and plate in the room — a custom here implying, that the utensils, however expensive, must not again be used, lest they should be profaned on less amicable and social occasions!’

Before we proceed farther with our author’s observations on Tucuman, we must introduce to the reader a Gaucho dandy, whom the Captain encountered on his journey over the Pampa Grande:

‘This pretty fellow possessed a kind of wit and small talk which was extremely amusing. He seemed to excel in this respect his Bond-street long-spurred brethren of our metropolis, among whose failings wit cannot be numbered. He was dressed in the pink of the mode in his own part of the world; he wore a handsome white figured poncho, something in appearance like a fine Indian shawl. Beneath it hung the lower extre-

hair of a pair of white snows, with open lace-work around the bottoms, in the way of trimming; a falling fringe, about two inches deep, finally brotten to answer that which depended from the poncho, encircled his ancles. His sandals, formed of colt's skin, prepared as we have mentioned before, and delicately white, enclosed the smallest foot I ever beheld belonging to a man of six feet high. On his heels were affixed a pair of ponderous richly chased silver Peruvian spurs, which must have weighed a pound each. A scarlet worked scapular hung from his neck; which with his throat was bare, and supported the handsomest head I ever beheld, while upon his crown was stuck a hat so small, it would hardly have fitted a child of three years of age. The hat had a trim with which a ribbon was destined to keep this hat in its place when riding, and to fasten under the chin, but on this shewing-off and lounging occasion, it had slipped, so it were by accident, to the lower lip, giving a knowing air to the expression of his face. His hair was cut short, excepting near the ears, where it hung in ringlets, entangled with a pair of gold earrings. His mode of puffing a cigar, to display a tawdry Birmingham tag, could not be surpassed by an unfledged Exquisite, qualifying for the Courts, or a St. James's bean of the first water. Yet it must be admitted that his manner was withal very cavalier-like. It was a cause of wonder to me, what such an animal could do here, amid this character of country, but I soon found he was a travelling gambler, who attended at fêtes, to amuse the natives, and ease them of any spare dollars they had laid by for horse-racing and cock-fighting, of which no devotees to Tattersall's betting-room can be more fond, than the inhabitants of these remote regions. In short, the Gaucho was a sort of travelling Crockford's; an ambulatory gaming club in himself, for the general accommodation. — vol. i., pp. 131—132.

We must notice, also, a curious phenomenon which Captain Andrews witnessed during this portion of his journey. Such an occurrence, had it been known to Mrs. Radcliffe, would have furnished her with an admirable addition to her catalogue of "mysteries."

"We now pursued our journey through a trackless forest. Our postillions seemed to find their way by a kind of instinct, and we made but sixteen leagues all day, stopping at night at Tarica Pampa, a post-house so called. The spot round this halting place was cleared out from the very heart of the jungle. It was a beautiful evening, though pitchy dark, and we preferred to bivouac it, our camp being the open air, in preference to encountering the vermin in doors. We were thus enjoying ourselves at *la Gaucho*, when one of our party observed that the moon was rising rather early. Our position, however, in respect to her rising, did not agree with the light which we saw. We then conjectured it must be a light proceeding from some distant cottage; for by reference to our watches, we moreover found that it wanted three hours of the time when the moon should be visible. Nevertheless, in figure and brightness, this appearance perfectly resembled her orb as seen in the first quarter. In a few minutes the appearance vanished, and many and diverse were the opinions as to its cause. The post-master asserted it could not be a cottage-light, there was none in that direction. It was then suggested it

might be the blaze of some miser's fire, who was reposing for the night. The subject, conjectures and all, were soon dropped, and the plan for our next morning's movements discussed, when the light re-appeared, but somewhat altered in figure and direction.

The cause of the phenomenon was again renewed, and the post-master again consulted. From him we could get nothing but a declaration of his ignorance, adding, he had often heard his post-boys talk of such an appearance, and ascribe it to the wandering spirit of a traveller, who had been murdered by salteadores, or robbers, a few years ago. It was now proposed that we should go and explore the quarter where this luminous object shewed itself, when it suddenly changed its form from that of a crescent into a splendid cross-like shape, by a quick lateral movement, with the rapidity of a meteor or shooting star. We were now more than ever at a loss. Upon examining the capitaz, or bailiff of the Estancia, he insisted upon its being a wandering spirit, "nothing more," "*nada mas Señor!*" The innocent way in which he brought this out, and the coolness with which he pronounced these words, were highly characteristic of the courage and superstition of the Gaucho character. The arrival of the Buenos Ayres postman for Salta, who came to light his cigar at our fire, induced us to question him, in the hope to obtain a solution of our difficulty. He informed us that the object of our wonder was nothing but a "*paca blanca*," or white bird, which appeared very often in the woods, both of this and the neighbouring provinces of Santiago del Estero and Tucuman. He furthermore added, that in the course of his numerous journeys, he had often seen and disturbed it. A peon, a friend of his, he told us, who had chanced to "*lasso*," or snare one, had accounted for its lucid quality at night, from its having a luminous crest or stone on the crown of its head, which reflected its phosphoric light on the white plumage below.

'It is very difficult to attach belief to all one hears under such circumstances among superstitious people; but there seemed to me something more of credit due to this statement than I was at first willing to concede. On examining it for the sake of argument, there was something consistent with the story in the two forms under which we saw the light, supposing the bird was in such a position that the light from its head was thrown on its back and tail, which might take the first form seen, while the motion of flying would throw the light of the crest upon the wings, and exhibit a cross if the bird flew in an oblique manner, either to avoid the branches of the trees, as it passed from one to another, or even if it flew towards or from us. This explanation was the only reasonable one we could come to on the subject.'—vol. i., pp. 232—236.

We have already had a glimpse of our author's opinions concerning the fertility of the province of Tucuman, which he designates as the 'garden of the universe.' Abating somewhat for the language of enthusiasm, we believe that it deserves much of the admiration which he has lavished upon it. It is bounded by the provinces of Salta, Santiago del Estero, and Catamarca. Its soil is said to consist of almost every species, except chalk. It abounds in corn, fruits, vegetables, herbs, spices, honey, sugar cane, woods, and pasturage. The horned cattle are numerous and magnificent.



The horses and mules are of an inferior race, and the sheep and goats are much neglected. There are some wild animals, and a great variety of game; venomous reptiles are very rarely met with. The birds are gaily plumed, and musical in the highest degree. Twenty rivers irrigate and beautify its plains, and are filled with excellent fish. Yet are the people of Tucuman among the most miserable of South America. They have no system of industry, and they live almost on the spontaneous bounties of nature. Nevertheless, they possess, according to our author, 'a fine manly spirit, and a high sense of honour. They are very kind and hospitable to foreigners; and that they are great admirers of the English character is plain, in the offer made by some of them, of donations of land to any individuals of literary, scientific, or ingenious pursuits in life, who will come and settle in their beautiful country. Though endowed with strong natural talent, they do not seem conscious of it.' They hold in peculiar abhorrence the sufferings incident to service in the mines; yet does our author recommend with a great deal of eloquent declamation, in which, by the way, he is excessively prone to indulge, the mineral districts of Tucuman to the preference of British adventurers, if such are now any where to be found.

It is amusing to observe the ingenuity, with which he deludes himself in his day dreams of the richness of these subterranean treasures. Some of them are indeed abandoned, but this happened because the Tucumanese had plenty to live upon without them; or because a terrible earthquake happened some years ago, which so frightened the operatives that they could never be brought to work in them again! The most ridiculous proof however of their opulence is this, that our author discovered an old Indian, 'who exists in the mountains, nobody knows how, except that he brings occasionally small quantities of gold to barter for implements and necessities!'

But the mode of security to which our author has recourse, for his waggons of gold and silver bars while proceeding from Tucuman through the Pampas, to the future canals which are to convey them to Buenos Ayres, is perhaps the most ludicrous ruse de guerre that ever has been imagined. The convoys he admits might in a certain season of the year be liable to the attacks of the wild marauding Indians. But in any such case, he advises, as a dernier resort, 'to cut the traces and gallop off' with the mules, leaving the precious metals, which would still be safe, these naked Indians being unable to remove them.' 'They could be no where safer,' he adds with the most irresistible gravity, 'than on the Pampas, until the owner returned for them.' We suspect that the owner, who might adopt this novel method of protecting his property, would, upon returning to the place where he left it, find but 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.'

The reader must be by this time not altogether unacquainted

with the captain's poetical propensities. He will therefore, perhaps, if he be at all in the romantic vein, feel no objection to follow him as a guide in what he is pleased to call 'a trip to the forest.' Let me premise that our adventurer was now bent on a new speculation, the purchase of an estate near Tucuman, the property of a certain Don Thomas, who like a well-meaning vendor, was at all times ready to exhibit the beauties of his property.

'Such vegetative magnificence I never before saw. I gazed until my eyes ached at these forest patriarchs, mossed with age, encircled with creepers, and studded with parasites like stars in all parts of trunk and branch. They seemed coeval with old time, and supplied associations of life and age, which the castled ruin inspires in Europe, but which would be vainly looked for here. Could these trees, like those of the poets, have spoken, I should have demanded of them, as I felt an almost irresistible desire to do, how long they had stood? whether from creation's dawn? Whatever they might have answered, they must have trembled, had they known my thoughts, and found that their end was well nigh come. For Don Thomas and myself were calculating, that a few years of a company's employment of capital, would make desperate havoc among them.'—pp. 223, 224.

Alas for romance! here *the shop* breaks out. It cannot be helped. The cat *will* run after the mouse, even though a world of trouble may have been taken to instil into it a wiser philosophy. We wish that the captain had given us more of his discourse with the trees. It would have been singularly edifying, particularly as he conceives that his presence had rendered them delicate string-lings!) so nervous. But let us proceed.

'The orange-trees were in full bearing, and might be said to beam radiant with their golden fruit. To an Englishman, the fiction of the Arabian Nights, or some land of fairy imagination, seemed to be realized. Nothing that the mind can dwell upon could surpass this scene in beauty and luxuriance. I could have wished to linger in those enchanting scenes for months together, and a true lover of botany would not leave their delicious shades, could he help it, for years.

'While proceeding amid this delightful scenery, we diverged at length in a zig-zag track through a dense thicket, following a cattle track, when we arrived on the borders of a considerable mountain stream, flowing through the very heart of the forest. The stillness around, broken only by the murmuring of the water, that ran coolly and darkly along, the vegetative forms to the eye, the serenity of the atmosphere, and the soothing effect produced on the mind by the union of the whole, left nothing for even the most gifted poet's fancy to add in the way of attractions to the bowers and beauties of this enchanting spot. A great part of the stream ran under a green arcade of trees, new to the European eye, of richly tinted foliage, and often quite novel in form, while evergreens filled up the sides among their trunks. The branches met over the water thickly interlaced, and through the fretted roof, a sunbeam was very rarely reflected on the water, but it bore the green hue, and was the "Rio verde, rio verde," of the Spanish ballad. Thus the current flowed in the centre of a most charming avenue, cool, dim, and stretching away in grateful perspective. Nothing could be more pleasing than the look up and down

the most perfect enclosure, so happily accompanied by water and shade, and forming such a contrast to the clear cloudless sky and warm sunbeams without. The embodyings of the Greek poets, even the dreams of the most visionary enthusiasts, would be found realised here. What a domain for the nymphs of the wood! How charmingly their slender forms blended harmoniously with the green umbrageous shade of this natural arcade, so far outlying all that art has or can ever achieved!—vol. i. p. 226—228.

The atom is really not badly sketched. The author discovered among the thickets of this magnificent forest, a plant, which he believes to be totally unknown, even by description, in this country. Its leaves spring from the root, and it has the property of secreting a quantity of pure water of an excellent quality. The woodmen, when they wish to drink, perforate the plant near the root, and the fluid gushes out in a stream, clear as crystal, and in quantity proportioned to the size of the plant itself. I could not discover, he adds, whether the aqueous deposit is a natural secretion from the earth or atmosphere, or whether it is collected by the pores of the plant during a fall of rain. We apprehend that the plant is of the same race as the *Urania* or *Traveller's Friend*, which is found in Java, and which has been described by a variety of writers. The general opinion is, that the leaves have the property of radiating heat so rapidly after the sun declines, that an abundant deposition of dew takes place upon them, and that this collects into drops and forms little streams, which run down the branches to the trunk, where they remain as in a reservoir.

From Tucuman our traveller proceeded through Salta to Potosi, where he met with Bolivar, Sucre, Miller, and other eminent South American heroes, of whom he gives a very fair account. His descriptions of the mines of Potosi are in his usual strain of exaggeration. Just as he was preparing to quit that city he received a letter from his employers, which put an end to all his labours. Their ostensible complaint was, that he had deviated from the line of route which had been marked out for him. But, we presume, the real cause of the revocation was the "panic" which took place at that well-remembered period in the city. The author made the best of his way across the Andes to the Pacific, and from Valparaiso returned to England in the August of last year.

We have given no extracts from the second volume, as it is chiefly taken up with captain Andrews' mining pursuits, and his journey over the Andes, which would have little interest for the reader. We regretted to meet in it, as well as in the first volume, too much of that low idiom which, we are happy to know, is every day becoming less popular with the gentlemen of the author's profession.

ART. XI. *Du Système penal et du système répressif en general, et de la peine de mort en particulier.* Par M. Charles Lucas, avocat à la cour royale de Paris ; ouvrage couronné à Genève et à Paris. 8vo. pp. 426. Paris: Charles Bechet. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1827.

AMIDST the various departments of human knowledge, which the philosophers of the eighteenth century have cultivated with so much energy and success, the sciences of politics and legislation occupy a most distinguished position. The branch of criminal jurisprudence has particularly engaged the attention of all the friends of virtue and humanity, as that, which abounds most in revolting absurdities, and which shocks, in the most striking and obvious manner, the noblest and most amiable sympathies of our nature. Europe had, in fact, become so totally estranged from the combination of horrors bequeathed to us by the ignorance of our ancestors, that it seemed, as it were, to rise in a mass, and demand with an unanimous voice, a salutary reformation of errors and injuries. Montesquieu led the way, and by a few happy sketches from his energetic and masterly pen, excited the ardent and adventurous spirit of modern writers to engage in deeper researches on these interesting subjects, and to reduce them to the fixed and invariable laws of a scientific system. It is but common justice to remark, however, that Italy was the first country that replied to the generous appeal, which the author of the *Spirit of Laws* had made to the civilised world. The profound delineations of Filangieri on the subject of legislation, the brilliant elucidations of Beccaria on crimes and punishments, and the spirited inquiries of Pagano on the processes of criminal justice, excited the enthusiasm of states and governors, and produced a general ferment in the human mind. The world then witnessed the abolition of cruelty and torture, a more equitable system of sentences, a mitigation of the hardships of prisoners, and even the abolition of the penalty of death in Tuscany, and in some of the states of Germany. Since the period of the French revolution, either from an idea that the world was already in possession of a sufficient number of works of this description, and that it was only necessary to convert theory into practice, or that the ardour of reform allowed no pause for the further discussion and elucidation of these topics, the publication of similar productions became stationary, and received a momentary check. But as soon as a general calm succeeded to the storm of human passions, that indefatigable English civilian, Jeremy Bentham, drew the attention of enlightened men to these interesting studies, and pointed out the rude and barbarous state of the whole system. The impressions which he produced, had a wonderful effect in Europe; and America, ever alive to the spirit of truth and reason, immediately adopted systems more congenial to the age in which we live, and to the necessities of an enlightened period.

It is now happily no longer necessary to declaim against the iniquity of tortures; for the present generation has nearly lost the recollection of them, and the opinion of mankind on that subject is irrevocably fixed. But the penalty of death has never ceased to spread its frightful ravages. It opposes an insurmountable barrier to the mitigation of ferocious passions, and the general diffusion of virtuous habits; it counteracts a just equipoise of crimes and punishments, and as it is wantonly enforced in all the actual codes of the world, it strikes with equal violence at those guilty actions, the true complexion of which it is impossible to ascertain; and has thus left a wide field open to men of virtue and humanity, and to the generous and spirited investigation of philosophers. Under this impression, a learned citizen of Geneva, obeying the dictates of an enlightened mind, offered a prize for the best work that should most successfully attack the enormities of modern jurisprudence; and the society of Christian Morality, one of the noblest and most benevolent institutions of which modern France has to boast, issued proposals for a competition on the same subject. Accordingly, a Dissertation has appeared, which has combined all the suffrages in its favour, and has received the prize both at Paris and Geneva. The merit of this composition is still more remarkable for its being the work of a young civilian, who, by this essay, has given rise to the most flattering expectations of his future eminence. We shall endeavour to present the reader with an analysis of its contents, and to investigate the nature of the whole performance.

The existence of man is a direct and immediate bounty of Providence, which he has received for the noblest purposes. He is bound by it to complete the object of his creation, and to continue his career till it terminates in the bosom of infinity—that awful close of human existence. The right of self-preservation, and the duty of respecting that right in his fellow-men, are in him requisites of the highest order, to which he is not empowered to offer any limitation. To maintain the contrary, would be to assert that the feeble creature should revolt against his Creator, and attempt to reverse his imperishable laws. It is, therefore, from nature herself that man has derived a sacred and inviolable character imprinted on his existence. The law is fixed and irrevocable, and has but one exception, which, instead of invalidating it, establishes it on a firmer foundation. This exception forms the case of personal defence, which the civilians of every day have designated by the terms, *moderamen inculpatæ tutelæ*. A man that is attacked by another, with a guilty intention, and sees his life in danger, is entitled to secure it by the death of the aggressor. This does not imply that the latter, by his crime, forfeits his inalienable right of existence; but that the other party possesses the simple duty of preserving his own life from the imminent danger to which it is exposed. It is evident from this statement, that

the case of exception to the general rule is by no means arbitrary or indeterminate, as its limits are marked by the limits of the danger itself. When the person that is attacked succeeds in overcoming and disarming the aggressor, his duty, which during the danger was confined to the preservation of his own existence, takes a further direction in respecting the existence of the guilty person, who has become impotent to do him further harm. He then possesses no other right than that of securing himself by every possible means, from a repetition of the attack. Now it happens most fortunately for the human race that this doctrine has been recognized and assented to by the publicists of every school, by Blackstone, Voltaire, Beccaria, Filangieri, Pastoret, and Bentham, who have all given it the sanction of their authority.

In every state of society laws have been established to protect the sacred right of self-existence, which every man has received from nature, and which he himself is not allowed to alienate at his pleasure or caprice. Whether the laws emanate from the expression of a single will, or that of the positive will of all the members of a political association, their object is still the same; and from the same premises, it consequently follows that the power of the laws ought not to transgress the boundaries which nature has set to the rights of individuals, the free exercise of which they tend to promote. But why should any surplus of power be accorded to them? It cannot be traced to the will of God or to the will of men, without exposing both God and men to the strangest contradictions, and to imputations both impious and absurd. Thus, in the social state, the *moderna inculpatæ tutela*, only passes from individuals to the laws: the latter possess, like the former, the simple right of putting the aggressor to death, in the imminent danger of the moment; and when once the aggressor is disarmed, they have only the right of preventing, by every possible means, the repetition of the attack. This is a pure and simple conclusion, drawn from a recognized and unalterable principle. The contrary supposition would amount to a declaration, in other terms, that the laws, which are the expression of the human will, can destroy an existence which is inviolable, and eternally announced to be so by the will of God.

As nothing can be advanced in reply to the truth and simplicity of this argument, some civilians have invented a new theory to render its conclusions ineffectual. It has been maintained, that the laws, in the case in which the aggressor finds himself unable to do injury, can legally put him to death, to punish in his person the perversity of his guilt; but this is a wretched sophism, which has obtained currency by means of lofty and sonorous words. The essence of crime does not consist solely in the effect which it produces, but also in the cause that leads to it; it is the criminal intention that constitutes the character; and the just definition of the crime. But how can the laws estimate, discriminate,

and define this intention, which, as it belongs to the *forum* *conscientie* alone, evades every calculation and scrutiny of the human mind. In order to prove the inefficacy of the laws, as well as the inability of the magistrates who are charged with their execution, it is not necessary to enter into metaphysical abstractions; because the fact itself, and the experience of every day, furnish in themselves sufficient proof of this assumption. Whence comes it let us ask, that a prisoner condemned to death by one tribunal, is declared innocent by another? The reason is evident; human justice is necessarily incomplete and fallible, and it is by no means surprising that a tribunal should misconceive the due nature and existence of a crime. How frequently have not supposed criminals, whose innocence was subsequently proved, expired under the axe of the executioner, and atoned for supposititious crimes! The punishment of perversity belongs to God alone, because he alone can only estimate it; and God, as we know, will not the death of a sinner, but only that he should turn and repent. The very expression, *punishment*, is a blasphemy in the mouth of men; and the laws, which instead of restricting themselves to the prevention of future crime, assume to avenge the past guilt by the death of the perpetrator, are at once unjust, impious, and outrageous. They are unjust, because man is incompetent duly to appreciate the intention; they are impious, because they cut off the criminals from the consoling help of repentance; and they are outrageous, because they arrogate to themselves the judgment of God in cases in which conscience only is concerned. There is another consideration which is also worthy of notice. When the justice of society forbids murder, for example, it is not that justice alone that forbids the crime. Religion, conscience, and public opinion, equally forbid it; religion, in the name of duty towards God; conscience, in the name of man's duty to himself; and general opinion, in the name of the social duties of mankind. If, in this case, a man commits murder, the perpetrator violates at once the rights of social justice, the dictates of religion and of conscience, as well as of public opinion.

But sanctions ought to be distinct, in the same manner as prohibitions, and it belongs not to one department to invade the provinces of the others. Religion delivers crime over to hell; public opinion degrades it to infamy; and conscience to remorse. The sphere of social justice now remains; the defence set up is, the absence of injury; repressive satisfaction for the present, guaranteed for the future, will be its sanction; its wish is, that man should not have injured, and it will act so as to prevent his injuring any more. But are not all these grounds subverted by the scaffold? What then remains but the imputation of savage barbarity, and profanation of our nature, in the stroke of the axe, which banishes that powerful penalty of remorse that attaches pain to the past, and virtue to the future? There seems, indeed, to be a symptom of

Atheism in this terrible operation of the axe, as it deprives man of the responsibility of his destiny, and buries him along with his crime in the silent tomb. Besides, with respect to popular sanction, what becomes of the shame? Alas! the brow which is to fall beneath the fatal blow, can betray no salutary emotions; and it is, perhaps, over an honest and harmless family, that the blushes of shame will spread. The sanction of the scaffold, therefore, excludes all other sanctions, it destroys our dignity, vilifies our nature, and subverts the sublime plans of Providence in this world, and its views in the next.

‘What,’ exclaims the author, with energy, ‘Can social justice believe herself to be that justice that rewards, and that punishes?’

No—it avows itself to be incomplete and defective; it admits another justice, and another life.—But why then begin in this world the justice of the other life? Yes, I understand you, the justice of the other world begins its operations in this; but it is not to social justice, that it has awarded the propriety. The scaffold consigns this world to a species of chaos, and the other to a non-entity. It assigns not to another justice, either a beginning in this life, or an end in the other. And yet the justice of the scaffold pretends to admit it; it assumes the pretension, with its hands dined in blood, and a bandage over its eyes, of being the precur-sive power of that supreme justice, which can neither revenge itself, nor be deceived. But is it by the sound of the falling axe, or by the blood that trickles on the earth, that the justice of the other world displays itself in this life? No—God is felt where he is, as is the imbecility of man in his presence. Ask virtue what is that confidence that walks before her; and crime, what is that remorse that follows in her path? Beware, man, that is a sanction which comes not from you—a sanction which has a universal character, derived from the awful source whence it emanates. Answer me—is that sanction like the sanction of your scaffold? Is it an innocent person that suffers, or a guilty one that escapes?

‘Declare, ye men of virtue, in performing a good action, have you ever felt remorse? And ye, guilty men, have ye, in the midst of your crimes, experienced peace, and tranquillity of mind? Gracious God! such is thy justice in this world! and that justice, great and infallible like thyself, devours no victims—Alas! when conscience is full, and reason convinced, why look to the scaffold? Why invoke these assumptions of human justice, which attempt to replace—but what do I say? to subvert, and profane thy own? Fatal justice! which prevents remorse, if it does not yet arise, which stifles it if it begins to arise, and the least criminality of which is, to sacrifice the innocent victim which remorse has rendered so.’

The penalty of death, which is so unreasonable and unjust, as well as inapplicable in the case of murder, cannot be justifiable when the offence is theft, or any other attack on the transitory and trifling property which man possesses on the earth. This point requires no discussion, nor shall we insult the good sense of our readers by making it a question of debate.

The majority of the numerous and enlightened publicists who have examined this subject, have acquiesced in the justice of this doctrine, but only in reference to the aggression, (either attempted



or accomplished by one individual on another. They seemed to imagine that the nature of the question was altered, when the aggression was directed, not against a single individual, but against the whole mass of society. In this view, they appeared to consider it as a matter of a more elevated nature, and something more lofty and privileged, producing another species of relation between the offender and the offended party. Under this aspect of the business, men of the utmost accuracy of intellect have lost and bewildered themselves. They were led to believe, that the penalty of death became legitimate when directed against those who aimed at the existence of civil society; and under this imposing title they comprised what are ordinarily termed crimes against the state. But the real value of this opinion will be easily estimated by means of a few simple arguments.

Society is only a collection of individuals; nor can it be considered in any other light, than as an assemblage of the individuals of which it is composed. It undoubtedly possesses the right of self-preservation in its collective capacity; but this right has the same foundations, and the same limits, as the rights of the individuals that compose the society, or else it forms an abstract idea, destitute of any sense. It then leads us to the general conclusion which we have drawn above. When society is menaced and attacked, it is unquestionably entitled during actual contest to deprive the aggressor of his existence, to preserve its own; as soon as the danger is over, as soon as the aggressor is in chains, it is bound to take all the necessary measures to prevent a second attack; but it cannot, nor ought it, under any pretext of law, to deprive him then of his life, without the imputation of murder or assassination, for the right of defence ceases to exist along with the danger which surrounds it, and authorises its jurisdiction. But this is not all; even under this general point of view, the question becomes merely a verbal one, and turns to the signification of words. It is easy to have a clear conception of what is meant by taking the life of an individual; but it would be a difficult matter to conceive how society, which is in its nature imperishable, can be deprived of existence. No conspirator, as we can readily believe, ever wishes to dissolve society, or drive man back to his original woods; such an idea might enter into the head of a philosopher, but it could never find its way into that of a conspirator. The latter, even when he proceeds to the greatest lengths, only wishes to change the political forms of society; and if these forms constitute an existence, it is unquestionably fair to conclude, that it is a matter essentially of human creation. But is it reasonable to conclude from thence, that it is lawful to destroy an existence which comes from the hand of God, to avenge the repressed danger of an existence that comes from the hand of man?

This point demands a further elucidation. A government cuts off the head of a conspirator in the name of the whole society

which is endangered by his attempts, and the preservation of which it aims to secure. But the conspirator himself levels his attacks against the government; in the name of that oppressed society, in the preservation of which he feels an interest still more positive and legitimate. In this state of things, a peculiar existence is assumed, and two powers run to its assistance, among which it is impossible to distinguish which is the defender, and which the offender, in such a case. How, then, can the terms of this problem be accurately stated? The answer is easy and obvious. Whenever any government represents the re-action of any society on itself, in order to attain the object of its institution; or, in other words, whenever a government is free and national, it is that government that is the defender, particularly so, as the conspirator finds under that system the means of redressing the ills of society, without having recourse to the sanguinary career of a revolution. But, on the contrary, whenever the government represents the action of a power foreign to society, and existing independently of it, to regulate it by its caprice; or, in other words, whenever the government is despotic, and anti-national, it is that which is the offender, and particularly so, because the conspirator, who comes to the relief of his oppressed country, has no means left but the desperate remedy of a revolution, to produce the desired change.

Far be it from us to harbour the thought, that any government is bound to allow a free course to the attempts of a man, who throws society into a state of trouble and confusion. But as it is not discernible at the first glance, or rigidly and geometrically demonstrable, on which side the justice or the injustice exists; and as it may very possibly happen, that the conspirator himself may be a mere assassin, instead of being a defender of his country, we are necessitated to acknowledge the right in every government, even in that of Constantinople, to seize on the guilty party, and thus avert the danger that might otherwise explode. Even in this light, all our previous observations tend to the original question which we keep in view; that is, the pretended legality of the penalty of death, the right to inflict which is generally assumed. A government is certainly obliged to check the efforts of conspirators; and, indeed, in this respect, it feels no lack of counsel, or of persuasion to induce it to proceed; but a free government (if to be such), will not attempt to take away the life of a citizen, for the reasons which we have stated above: and if it be a despotic one, it cannot justly deprive him of existence, from the particular reason, that it is doubtful, at least in the eye of reason, whether it is the conspirator, or itself, that is really the criminal. To strike with blind precipitation, and in a manner beyond recovery, in a case of such awful uncertainty, is to reverse all the laws of justice, to confound every idea of criminality, and to refer mankind for a new theory of public and private law, to the philosophers of Bedlam.

The natural and invariable instinct which the multitude feels in every thing that has any relation to justice or injustice, leads its aid to the support of this fundamental position. Whenever a man is led to the scaffold, his fate is lamented, because a natural wish is felt for his innocence, and consequently his preservation. But men's hearts stand on an end, their hearts beat, and their tears flow, in abundance, when a criminal is led to execution, accused of treason, or crimes against the State. Whence then arises this powerful sympathy, that attaches itself much more violently to the one party than to the other? It arises evidently from the import of the intention, which in the former case is clearly criminal, while in the latter it is equivocal, and obscure. Even when the culpability of the action is generally recognised, the world is involuntarily induced to attribute its principles to honorable motives, and to suppose that it is a patriot who is going to die with his blood for the consequences of his unsuccessful enterprise. The general system of laws has found it necessary to conform to this public expression of human sentiment, nor have they ever so far prevailed as to affix the stain of infamy to this species of crime, because the moral sentiments of mankind are repugnant to such an imputation. We cannot, indeed, affirm with strict accuracy, whether England regards Algernon Sydney as a criminal, but we are well persuaded that she does not view him in the light of an infamous wretch.

The author concludes the first part of his work in the following words:

Society is therefore entitled to exercise only the justice of preservation; it represses, but does not punish; but death does not enter into the exigencies of preservation, or even of the right of defence, in cases where the scaffold puts it in execution. The question ought to be to reconcile the criminal with public order, and this reconciliation ought not to resemble the habits of savage tribes who decapitate their prisoners, and make an exchange of skulls an ordinary barter in their treaties of peace. But hitherto no other explanation of the operations of the scaffold has been brought to light: it was imagined to be elevated for the punishment of a criminal, or the speedy removal of an enemy. In a recent and memorable discussion, when it was in agitation to extend the punishment of regicide and parricide to the crime of sacrilege, the principles which make social justice a simple justice of preservation, were clearly and powerfully laid down by the Duc de Broglie. However, the Vicomte de Bonald found in a new argument in favour of the scaffold. Acknowledging, with M. de Broglie the obligation on the justice of this world, not to encroach on that of the other, he gave a definition of the scaffold, not as a punishment, but as the principal means of sending the criminal before a great natural judge. Thus the inefficiency and injustice of the act was evaded, and nothing remained but the infamy of the means. A fatal custom, says Mr. Pastoret, had established among the ancient nations of the East, a certain kind of impetuous usurpation of the right of punishment which was consecrated by time, and which has come down to us under the name of

*Judgment of Zeal.* I imagine that the justice of M. de Bonald belongs to this class: we have therefore nothing left to do, but to bare our heads, and exclaim with Pascal: "here we are, all of us, ready to be killed."

After having studied, and endeavoured to understand mankind and society, for it was necessary to know the terms before the conclusion could be traced; and after having examined the relations of co-existence and morality, which would naturally arise among them, that is, the justice of preservation, and penal justice, our conclusions tend not only to the abolition of the scaffold, but also to the improvement of human liberty, as containing all the guarantees of social order, and preserving to justice all its means of repression. On every occasion, and in all our inquiries, we have perceived that repression as a correct idea of justice, and liberty as the means, oppose themselves to the penal system and the operations of the scaffold, and substitute improvements in their place, so that in our career of encroachment, after having destroyed one system, we seem to have founded another, or it has emerged of itself from the work of our destruction. Scarcely is the scaffold dashed to pieces by our hands, when we find human liberty sitting on its ruins, and generously offering to promote the reign of justice without the necessity of a sanguinary sceptre.

The principles of the prevention of crime, and the repression of its excesses, are laid down in the second part of the present work. The justice of prevention rests upon the fundamental laws; 1st, To remove from liberty the motives that lead it to injury; 2d, To enlighten it, and thus render it inaccessible to temptations. Thus, to produce the diffusion of knowledge and ease and competence in society, is to prevent crimes, because immorality uniformly increases along with ignorance and misery. The author, in support of his theory, introduces the unerring facts and calculations of statistics; he converts to his use the authentic accounts of the administration of criminal justice in France, during the two last years, and nothing can be more luminous than the happy conclusions which he has deduced from them. All this part of the work is devoted to demonstrate, that the reform of the penal system is loudly called for both by the principles of justice and those of general utility. The author proves that the right of society to punish malefactors ought never to assume the character of revenge, and that its proper duty is to give example, and to repress. He adds that the penal system assumes these characters, not from motives of severity, but for their prompt and effectual application; or, in other terms, in order to afford malefactors little hope of escaping from the chastisement of the law. He concludes from these datas that the penalty of death has, in these modern times, lost its efficacy, precisely because the courts of justice, by reason of their severity, hesitate to put it in force, and thus leave to the criminals hopes of safety, the effects of which it is impossible to calculate. The only remedy, therefore, for these evils, consists in a penal system conformable to the improvement of morals, and the enlightened notions of justice now mutually shared between

the rulers and the ruled. In order to attain this end, the author, in the third part of his work, displays at large the repressive system which he recommends for general adoption. But in this investigation our limits do not allow us to follow him, as we are contented with the statement of his principles. It belongs to statesmen and legislators to convert his theory into practice.

We cannot conclude this article without adding, that the present work merits the attention of the civilised European world. The author displays uncommon powers of reasoning, and a portion of learning at once extensive and profound, and has clothed his ideas with the enthusiastic expression which arises from his generous love of virtue, and his deep conviction of truth. He has accomplished something more than the composition of a good book; he has performed a virtuous action. The satisfaction of his own conscience will undoubtedly accord with the applause of men of virtue, as the best reward of his labours.

ART. XII. *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies; Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other Poems.* By Thomas Hood, author of "Whims and Oddities," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 222. 8s. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

HITHERTO we have encountered Mr. Hood only when he has been in his humorous moods. He now attempts a loftier strain, actuated, apparently, by the same kind of ambition which has sometimes urged Liston to think of performing Hamlet, or might have prevailed on Hogarth to paint an Italian landscape. He appears to have dreamed about Shakspeare's Midsummer fairies, until they have obtained complete possession of his brain; and one of the slyest tricks which Master Puck has played, within our recollection, has been this, of getting our author to draw up these pleadings in the name of his whole confraternity.

The fiction of law, to continue the metaphor, by which our pleader has contrived to bring them within the jurisdiction of the court, is as follows. Every body knows that Time is armed with an enormous scythe. Before this shadowy monster, Mr. Hood has summoned all the most famed inhabitants of fairy land, with the exception of Oberon, whom, perhaps, the author left under the care of Wieland. These tiny wanderers are menaced with instant destruction by the 'old mower,' as Mr. Hood somewhere calls him; and they, in their turn, address him speeches in mitigation, or rather, for the reversal of their sentence. He growls negative answers to their several harangues, and is about to consign them to destruction at "one fell swoop," when one Will. Shakspeare steps in between them and their persecutors, and invests them with immortality. Such is the outline of the story: the filling up consists of the pleadings of the little prisoners, and the interlocutory judgments of their inexorable chief justice.

It would be unjust to deny, that in forming the several pleas of the fairies who appear on this occasion, Mr. Hood has exhibited a fancy stored with highly poetical associations. The composition exhibits, at every step, an imagination peculiarly adapted to such a visionary subject: but the diction in which it is clothed is not, in our opinion, in general very well suited to the theme. The reader of taste is constantly struck, throughout this poem, with a strange discrepancy between the spiritual and airy buoyancy of the conceptions, and the rude and cumberous language in which they are arrayed. If there be any measure in our language, which more than another requires graceful movement and musical expression, it is that which Mr. Hood has here adopted. But he has adopted, or at least imitated, little more than its external form. His stanzas have a sort of hobbling rusticity about them, which one is at a loss to reconcile with the cultivated fancy that so frequently glistens through them; and with the experience which Mr. Hood is known to possess in the structure of poetical composition.

This imperfection is perhaps the more conspicuous, as the theme is one that requires a style of a peculiarly light and playful character. It strikes us as singularly disagreeable to hear Mab and Puck and Ariel, talk like solid beings of flesh and muscle and bone, in language as heavy and as guttural as if they had been so many waggoners. The thoughts of such minor divinities should be breathed in a dialect of their own, as light and liquid as the moon beam on which they dance; reminding us of their meanness as they are fabled to be sometimes heard in the air, as of the transparent gossamer web, in which they are said to wrap their delicate frames. If Mr. Hood had not put the following verses into Queen Mab's mouth, who would believe that she could have ever uttered a syllable of them? She is recounting some evil omens which had filled her mind with the fear of some approaching danger:

"And ever on the faint and flagging air  
A doleful spirit with a dreary note  
Cried in my fearful ear, 'Prepare! prepare!  
Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,  
Perch'd on a cypress bough not far remote  
A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,  
That always crotch with his soot-black coat  
To make hearts dreary:—for he is a blot  
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot!

"Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute,  
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,  
Which barely I appeased, when some drunk brute  
Startled me all a heap!—and soon I saw  
The horrid shape that ever raised my awe—  
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,  
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,

With wicked might crier'd the primeval ball,  
 And this was sure the deadliest of them all.  
 "Count was he as a wolf of Languedoc;  
 With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;  
 So from his barren poll one hoary lock  
 Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,  
 Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown  
 Like jagged icicles at cottage eaves;  
 And for his coronal he wore some brown  
 And bristled ears gather'd from Ceres' sheaves,  
 Entwined with certain here and russet leaves."—pp. 8, 9.

The whole colloquy is equally coarse, but no part of it is excused in this quality by the two following lines, descriptive of

Time:—  
 "And ever as he sigh'd his foggy breath  
 Blurred out the landscape like a flight of smoke."

Mr. Hood's address to this 'blurrer out of the landscape,' is not a whit better.

Where be those old divinities forlorn,  
 That dwell in trees, or haunted in a stream?  
 Alas! their memories are dimm'd and torn,  
 Like the remainder tatters of a dream:  
 So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem;—  
 For in the same dark trench Oblivion delves,  
 That holds the wastes of every human scheme.  
 O spare us then—and spare our pretty elves,  
 We soon, alas! shall perish of ourselves!"—p. 13.

The play in which Puck was engaged all this time, is not all confessed. It is dramatic, and fills up as it were the back ground of the picture: he

— was seated on a spider's thread,  
 That hung between two branches of a briar,  
 And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er head,  
 Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,  
 For him no present grief could long inspire."

The phrase 'Like any Southwark tumbler,' reminds us of a singular resource, of which Mr. Hood avails himself not once or twice, but whenever he is at a loss for two syllables to eke out a line. On these occasions his universal practice is to insert the word *any*, no matter what reference it may have to the sense, for the sound is apparently all that he wants. In the very next page (p. 15), he says,

"Anon I saw one of those elfin things,  
 Clad all in white like any chorister!"

Thus also we find, p. 39, a line which in plain prose would have run in this manner—'Whose roots, like bones of buried men';—

but Mr. Hood fancies that he converts it into poetry by prefixing the word *any* to bones, and therefore he has written,

‘Whose roots, like *any* bones of buried men;’

the said word ‘*any*’ having just as much to do in this situation as a piece of lead with a blank surface. A little farther on (p. 47), we have the interloper again.—

“For our’s are winging sprites, like *any* bird;”

and in page 58,

“’Twas they first schooled my young imagination  
To take its flights like *any* new fledg’d bird.”

We might multiply instances of the use of this ridiculous make-weight, if we were disposed to raise a laugh against Mr. Hood’s pleadings—he following in this respect at least, the rule of that legal science, which requires as many expletives and repetitions as the English language can afford. But we have too much respect for Mr. Hood’s genius to judge of it by the puerilities which occasionally obscure its lustre. We turn to its shining side, and doubt not that the reader will coincide with us in thinking that the following stanzas are replete with the true spirit of poetry. The elfin chorister already so unhappily introduced is represented as coming,

“——— fluttering forth on his melodious wings,  
That made soft music at each little stir,  
But something louder than a bee’s demur  
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,  
And thus ’gan he with Saturn to confer—  
And O his voice was sweet, touch’d with the gloom  
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, “We make all melodies our care,  
That no false discords may offend the Sun,  
Music’s great master—tuning every where  
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one  
Duly to place and season, so that none  
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn  
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,  
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,  
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

“We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,  
That make a chorus with their single note;  
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,  
That duly they may get their tunes by rote;  
And oft, like echoes, answering remote,  
We hide in thickets from the feather’d throng,  
And strain in rivalry each throbbing throat,  
Singing in shrill responses all day long,  
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.



"Wherefore, great King of years, as thou dost love  
 The raining music from a morning cloud,  
 When vanish'd larks are carolling above,  
 To wake Apollo with their pipings loud;—  
 If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud  
 The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,  
 Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,  
 And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell  
 Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel."—pp. 15—17.

The next prayer, addressed to Saturn, the devourer of his own children, was not, perhaps, very adroitly uttered. The thoughts which they contain are nevertheless engaging.

"Then saith another, "We are kindly things,  
 And like her offspring nestle with the dove—  
 Witness these hearts embroider'd on our wings,  
 To show our constant patronage of love:—  
 We sit at even, in sweet bowers above  
 Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air,  
 To mingle with their sighs; and still remove  
 The starting owl, and bid the bat forbear  
 Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

"And we are near the mother when she sits  
 Beside her infant in its wicker bed;  
 And we are in the fairy scene that flits  
 Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,  
 And whilst the tender little soul is fled  
 Away, to sport with our young elves, the while,  
 We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,  
 And tickle the soft lips until they smile,  
 So that their careful parents they beguile."—p. 21.

Saturn of course puts on a double frown in dismissing this petitioner. He is next condemned to hear the fairy of the forest.

"Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,  
 Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood  
 Each at his proper ease, as they had been  
 Nursed in the liberty of old Sherwood,  
 And wore the livery of Robin Hood,  
 Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup,—  
 So came this chief right frankly, and made good  
 His haunch against his axe; and thus spoke up,  
 Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup:—

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend  
 On trees, and all their furniture of green,  
 Training the young boughs, airily to bend,  
 And show blue snatches of the sky between;—  
 Or knit more close intricacies, to screen  
 Birds' crafty dwellings as may hide them best,  
 But most the timid blackbird's—she, that seen,

Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,  
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

" We bend each tree in proper attitude,  
And founting willows train in silvery falls;  
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,  
And verdant aisles, leading to Dryads' halls,  
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls ;—  
We shape all plummy trees against the sky,  
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—  
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,  
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

" Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,  
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,  
That haply some lone musing wight may spell  
Dainty Aminta—Gentle Rosalind,—  
Or chastest Laura,—sweetly call'd to mind  
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;—  
And sometimes we enrich gray stems, with twined  
And vagrant ivy,—or rich moss, whose brown  
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down." —pp. 24, 25.

Puck now assumes his station as advocate ; but his speech terribly disappointed us, as from the beginning we were led to expect, from the congenial humour of Mr. Hood, something brilliant from this favourite elfin. The old mower is next successively tormented with several speechifiers, who are as dull as *any* lord within the walls of parliament. Some of their fairyships had saved a man from committing suicide ; and some, having transformed themselves into grasshoppers for the occasion, had been instrumental to the preservation of the famed founder of the Royal Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham ! An odd topic, one should think, to be introduced into a poem of this kind. We must remark, however, that the description of the future " princely merchant," while yet a babe, is touched with simplicity and tenderness.

' Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hush'd :  
When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads,  
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blush'd  
To read the record of her own good deeds :—  
" It chanc'd," quoth she, " in seeking through the meads  
For honied cowslips, sweetest in the morn,  
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,  
And echo answer'd to the huntsman's horn,  
We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

" A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,  
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting ;  
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring ;  
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,  
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,  
For alien pity and unnatural care ;—  
Alas ! to see how the cold kept wetting

His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,  
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

" His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,  
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell ;  
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,  
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,  
But quickly roll'd themselves to pearls, and fell,  
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,  
Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well,  
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly planu'd,  
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

" Pity it was to see those frequent tears  
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes ;  
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,  
As any mother's heart might leap to prize ;  
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies  
Softened betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild ;—  
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,  
They shew'd the gentle spirit of a child,  
Not yet by care or any craft defil'd.

" Pity it was to see the ardent sun  
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm ;  
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,  
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.  
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform  
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,  
All round the infant noisily we swarm,  
Haply some passing rustic to advise—  
Whilst providential heav'n our care espies,

" And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,  
Who, wond'ring at our loud unusual note,  
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find  
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,  
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,  
Who thence was nurtur'd in his kindly cot :—  
But how he prosper'd let proud London quote ;  
How wise, how rich, and how renown'd he got,  
And chief of all her citizens, I wot."—pp. 40—43.

From these extracts it will have been seen, that the 'Plea of the Midsummer fairies,' is here and there illumined by a fine fancy ; but as a whole, the poem reads like a fantastic dream, which leaves no pleasant or lasting impression behind it.

'Hero and Leander' must also, we suppose, be called a poem. It is dedicated to Mr. Coleridge in some elaborate lines, from which we are desired to infer, that because Mr. Hood was praised on some former occasion by the author of *Christabel*, therefore he shares in his reputation !

‘ For when  
We gain applauses from the great in name,  
We seem to be partakers of their fame !’

Truly an odd sequitur ! As to the composition in question, it is a very miserable performance. The subject has been long since worn absolutely thread-bare, and Mr. Hood's attempt to give it interest, by making the sea itself in love with Leander, and describing the sea-nymph's fond wooing and despair, instead of improving the story, only qualifies it to be called ‘ Leander and the Sea-nymph,’ for Hero scarcely appears at all on the scene.

This feeble composition is followed by another still more dull, though scarcely more puerile. It is a mass of jingling lines of eleven syllables each, shewing how Lycus was turned into a centaur, and how, in his semi-transformed condition, he was patted on the side by a little boy !

The ‘ Two Peacocks of Bedfont,’ deserve no notice whatever. We must now come to what our author is pleased to call ‘ Minor Poems ;’ some of our readers will be malicious enough to say, that the epithet might have been placed with great propriety in the title-page. We, who are not malicious, and who know that Mr. Hood can do much better things, are nevertheless inclined to the same opinion. The ‘ Retrospective Review,’ has already appeared in Mr. Watts’ ‘ Literary Souvenir,’ and was thence extracted into this journal. We believe that we have also met with ‘ Fair Ines’ elsewhere. But lest our readers may not have been equally fortunate, we shall beg leave to present her to them.

‘ O saw ye not fair Ines ?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest :  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

‘ O turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivall'd bright ;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write !

‘ Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
And whisper'd thee so near !—

Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear ?

‘ I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners wav’d before ;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore ;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
— If it had been no more !

‘ Alas, alas, fair Ines !  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng ;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music’s wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you’ve lov’d so long.

‘ Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danc’d so light before ;—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore !  
The smile that blest one lover’s heart  
Has broken many more !’—pp. 158, 160.

Some of the other smaller poems will be perused with pleasure, particularly if the reader reach them after a short nap, superinduced by ‘ Hero and Leander,’ and the Bow-bell sounding ‘ Centaur.’

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ART. XIII. *Resumé de l'histoire de la Littérature Allemande.* Par M. Loève-Veimars. 12mo. pp. 476. Paris. 1826.

THE readers of this journal may have already seen (vol. iv., p. 43) our account of M. Stöber’s history of German literature. The little work now before us, written by M. Loève-Veimars, treats of the same subject ; but as it is one concerning which no very extensive information prevails in this country, we hope to be excused for returning to it, particularly as it is a theme which is, as yet, very far from being exhausted.

Before the middle of the last century, the literature of Germany was little known in the territories on the southern side of the Rhine. Some extensive collections on its history and geography, and on the genealogies of its ancient families, had found their way into a few public and private libraries ; some German editions of the classics were sought for, and some works of their civilians were generally esteemed. The French revolution having hermetically

sealed the three Galls against the English, the travels and literary researches of our countrymen were in a manner forced into Germany, and made us better acquainted with her literature.

The immense extent of the Biblical researches of the Germans then became known to us; our attention to them was forcibly excited by Doctor Herbert Marsh's translation of Michaelis' "Introduction to the New Testament," and the doctor's learned Annotations on that work. From this time, our literary intercourse with Germany has always been upon the increase: but it was not till the beginning of the present century, that we became intimate with its vernacular literature.

The present work professes to be a succinct literary history of Germany, from its earliest dawn till the present time. It is composed on the same plan as the *Resumés* of the literature of France and Italy, an account of which appeared in the two last numbers of this work. Our author divides the literary history of Germany into five periods:—I. From its earliest era to the end of the thirteenth century.—II. Thence, till the beginning of the seventeenth century.—III. Thence, till the middle of the eighteenth.—IV. Thence, till the end of that century.—V. Thence, till the present time.

He divides the primitive language of Germany into three dialects;—that of the superior—that of the inferior Germany—and that of the Goths: the last may be subdivided into the Suedo-Gothic, or the language of the Goths, who having crossed the Black Sea, settled in Sweden; and the Mæso-Gothic, or the language of the Goths, who, having crossed the Borysthenes on the Nieper—settled in Mæsia, the modern Servia and Bulgaria.

FIRST PERIOD: 300—1300.—A version of sacred writ, which belongs to this period, is written in the last of these dialects. It comprised both the Old and New Testament, and was made towards the middle of the fourth century by Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, by birth a Cappadocian. A few remains only of it have reached us\*.

The celebrated *Codex Argenteus*, in the library of Upsal, contains the four gospels of this translation; it is considered to be a thousand years old: it is written on vellum: the letters, except the capitals, are of silver; these are of gold.

Frederick Schlegel† seems to bring strong arguments to prove that the language of Germany, both before and in the time of Charlemagne, was, if not identical with, at least nearly the same as, the Anglo-Saxon of Alfred's time. When the treaty of Verdun divided the territories of Charlemagne, the Romande or romance language, a corruption of the Latin, superseded the German in every part of France, and was insensibly refined into the modern French:

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\* On this translation, and the *Codex Argenteus*, see Michaelis' introduction, translated by Dr. Marsh, ch. vi., sect. 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37; and the Annotations of the learned translator.

† Lect. vii.

the German continued to be the only language spoken in Germany. It probably then resembled the coarse dialect now spoken in Thuringen; and acquired by slow degrees its present consistency.

Theodoric, Charlemagne, and Alfred, were sensible of the benefits to be derived by a nation from the cultivation of its vulgar tongue. The first collected the works of the Gothic bards; the second those of the German; and the third was himself an author in the vernacular language of his kingdom. Towards the close of the period, of which we are speaking, Otfrid, a Benedictine monk, published a concordance of the gospels in German verse: a German translation of the Psalms was made by Notker, a monk of the abbey of St. Gaul. The victory obtained by Lewis III., in 881, over the Normans, was celebrated in German verse, and the German muse smiled propitiously on many a bard in Suabia.

But the most remarkable of the German poems of this time is, says our author, the *Nibelungen*. It derives its name from the *Nibelungen* or *Miflungen*, a fabulous people in the north. The author of it is unknown; it is divided into three parts; the third appears to be of a much later age than the former. It describes the adventures of a brave knight, who seeks to revenge on every person and every thing he meets, the disdain with which he is treated by the fair object of his love. His rage will not allow him to rest till he has immolated, in the most horrible manner, all, whether innocent or guilty, friends or foes, who oppose his designs. This leads him to a multitude of the most strange and extraordinary adventures. A perusal of the work will shew that the poet has treated his subject with genius and energy. The characters of the heroes, whom he brings into action, are natural and distinct; his descriptions are rich and varied: the whole work is written with truly Homeric simplicity. It would be difficult to find, in the *Nibelungen*, any thing of the chivalrous gallantry which is at present the object of so much praise; and it has less of the mystic mythology of the bards of the north, than one might expect to find: order is not much observed; the reader is immediately presented with a terrific spectacle, which fills him with impressions not to be augmented. Thus the *Nibelungen* has its faults; but it is read throughout with interest and admiration.

Germany abounded at this time with satirical poets, with fabulists, with amatory bards, with chroniclers in verse and prose, and even with didactic poets. All were known by the general appellation of *minnesingers*, or minstrels. These early bards frequented the assemblies of the great; they were protected by them, and made part of their state. Germany also had its general and particular historians. It is clear, says our author, that towards the end of the thirteenth century, the literature of Germany equalled the literature of every other European country.

The arts of fusing metals, and casting them into various forms, were known; mines were opened and worked; the artists of Ger-

many began to engrave on precious stone; and to use marble and bronze in the works of art.

"Architecture," says Mr. Schlegel, "at once leapt into perfection, and its oldest monuments are the best. The architecture of the middle ages is not Gothic, for the nation of the Goths had passed away long before any existing specimens of it were formed. Neither is it, in any respect, Moorish; or, if it be so, it is only such in a very inconsiderable degree; for we have many true Moorish buildings, both in Sicily and in Spain: but these are all marked by a character peculiar to themselves. And with regard to the specimens of Gothic architecture, which are to be found in the East, these are all, beyond any doubt, of European origin; and exist only in cities and churches, which formerly belonged to the knights of the temple of St. John. The most flourishing period of this architecture was in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Its chief seat was originally in Germany; and German artists constructed, to the admiration of all Italy, the great cathedral of Milan. But it was by no means confined to Germany and the German Netherlands; it flourished, on the contrary, with equal success in England and in the northern part of France. Who was the first inventor of it is entirely unknown: I doubt, indeed, whether it was brought to its perfection by any one great architect; for, in that case, it is difficult to believe that his name could have been utterly forgotten. I am rather of their opinion, who conceive that the system of architecture was perfected and diffused over all Europe by a society of artists, who were closely connected with each other. But, whoever might be the builders, this much is certain, that they were not mere heapers of stones together, but had thoughts, which they meant to embody in their labours."

The literature of Germany was indirectly promoted by the discovery of a copy of the Pandects of Justinian, at Amalfi, during the time that the empire was possessed by the princes of the house of Saxony; and by the inquiries and intellectual exertions, produced by the contests between the popes and the emperors. The public peace, promulgated by the emperor Frederick II., in 1235, was published in the German language. The Mirror of Saxony, or the Code of Saxon Law, was compiled by Repgow, in the dialect of Lower Saxony; with an introduction in verse. In 1282, it was followed by the Mirror of Suabia, or the Code of Suabian law, a work of greater merit, both as a literary composition and a collection of jurisprudence. We need not inform our readers that England also has its Mirror.

We wish our author had given us more information on the important subject, of the schools established throughout Germany, by Charlemagne, and subsequently to his reign. We also wish he had noticed the literary intercourse of Germany with Italy, which began under the Franconian dynasty, and was never afterwards wholly discontinued.

"The monuments of the ancient grandeur of the eternal city," says Mr. Butler, in his life of Grotius, "began about this time to engage the attention of the inhabitants of Germany, and to attract many literary pilgrims to Rome. They returned home impressed with admiration of what



they had seen, and related the wonders to their countrymen: 'The Gods themselves,' they told their hearers, 'behold their images in Rome, with admiration, and wish to resemble them. Nature herself does not raise forms as beautiful as those, which the artist creates. One is tempted to say that they breathe; and to adore the skill of the artist rather than the inhabitant of Olympus, represented by his art.' Thus the uncultivated Germans began to perceive the beauty of these precious relics of antiquity, and to feel the wish of imitation. This first appeared on the seals of the emperors and bishops; several of distinguished beauty have reached our times. When the emperors or the nobility travelled, they were frequently accompanied by artists. These sometimes made drawings of the churches, and edifices which they saw on their travels, and on their return home, raised others in imitation of them. Thus the cathedral at Bremen, was built on the model of that at Benevento."

**SECOND PERIOD: 1300—1600.**—It is admitted that the state of Germany during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, was unfavourable to literature. We left the Muses, among the *minne-singers*, in the courts of the emperor and of the princes of Germany. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, their imperial and princely patrons began to neglect them. They lingered for some time in the castles of Suabia. There, the poetic and plaintive notes of Conrade of Wurtzbourg were long heard. He compares himself to the nightingale, who, in the poplar shade, unseen and unnoticed, makes the woods resound with her melancholy strains. Our author ranks him with Clement Marot—we may rank him with Chaucer; each holds a middle place, between the class of bards who preceded and the class which followed him. Our author mentions other poets, who lived at the same time and enjoyed the same celebrity. Among these was a Jew, whose poems are remarkable for their noble sentiments. One of these,

*Wer adelichen tuot, dan will ich hanfar adal;*

He only, who acts nobly, is, in my opinion, noble;

is become proverbial in Germany.

We now reach the *meistersingen*, or master-singers; an association, both musical and poetical: it first came into notice in the fourteenth century. In Germany, music was of early growth, and has always been much cultivated. Hroswith, a nun, who lived in the period preceding that of which we are now treating, wrote comedies in Latin, and introduced music into them. The system of Guido Aretinus was favourably received, and studied by the Germans. According to an ancient tradition, the *meistersingen* date their origin from Otho I., in the tenth century. They consisted of tradesmen, who met at stated times, and under certain regulations, to sing and to cultivate both poetry and music. At first, they were joined by some nobles; but equality was the fundamental law of their association: to this, the nobles found it unpleasant to conform, and insensibly left them. Their avowed object was to preserve the ancient songs of the country. History presents us with no association, at the time we speak of, in any other country

for a similar object: they increased in numbers and consideration: the Emperor Charles IV. honoured the association with a coat of arms. In general, their rules were cumbersome and fanciful; but they contained a due mixture of reward and punishment; and it is universally admitted, that their music and manners were grave, and their original poetry too often insipid.

The *spruchspechern* were a merrier set. They were the troubadours, jonglours, and improvisatori of Germany: they attended the courts and halls of the great, and the assemblies of the people, to amuse them with songs, tales, and buffoonery.

The ancient popular songs were preserved by the *meistersingen*, and were always heard with pleasure by the people. Switzerland was at this time part of Germany. No chivalrous notions ever found admittance into that territory of liberty: the love of their country, and a sentiment of independence, were there the feelings of every breast. The noble knights of Berne, the burgesses of Zurich, the shepherds of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, equally respected each other, and looked down with disdain on German feudalism. Vier-Webber, the Tyrtæus of the Alps, did not, strictly speaking, belong to the Swiss by birth: but, enamoured of their noble cause, and the noble valour, by which they supported it, he flung himself into their ranks when they marched against the Duke of Burgundy; animated them by chaunting their ancient songs, and by his own compositions. His lays were repeated by hundreds of voices; and were carried from the lowest to the highest Alps, through every defile, and over every lake; announcing every where the impending conflicts, and calling upon the inhabitants to join their brethren in arms. His poem on the victory of the Swiss over the Duke of Burgundy, at the battle of Morat, in 1476, is Vier-Webber's masterpiece; and allowed by the Germans, to be surpassed by no war song of any succeeding age.

The limits of this article do not allow us to dwell on the chronicles in rhyme, or the poetical dialogues, with which Germany abounded at this time; or on the rise of the German theatre. Our author seems to admit the general inferiority of German poetry during this period, to the contemporaneous poetry of other European nations. But he dwells with peculiar pleasure on one German poet, who flourished about this time—Hans Sack, a shoemaker. In the number of his works, he was only inferior to Lopez de Vega. He composed 10,840 different pieces of poetry; 208 of these are tragedies or comedies. He published a selection of them in five volumes, in folio. He embraced the Lutheran religion, he was a warm advocate for it, and died in 1576. While he lived he was popular; after his death, his works fell into obscurity; but towards the middle of the last century, they again found admirers; by some of whom, says our author, they were immoderately extolled. The Reformation for a time banished profane poetry from the German territories subject to its influence. But Luther favoured both

poetry and music, when they were appropriated to pious purposes. The more rigorous Calvin banished all music, except chaunts that were strictly monotonous, from his churches.

Little of German prose deserves to be mentioned before the publication of Luther's translation of the Bible. This work forms an era, not only in the theology, but in the language of Germany. The dialect of Upper Saxony predominates in it; but with an admixture of words and phrases of other dialects. The general diffusion and popularity of this translation, had an influence on the German language, and gave it the authority of a classical standard. A similar effect was produced in England, by the translation of the Bible by King James's divines.

Two historical works, the *Chronicle of Bavaria*, by John Thurmayer, called Aventinus from his native country; and the *Universal History* of Sebastian Frank, are mentioned by our author with particular respect. He next proceeds to the literature of the middle ages: we invite our readers to peruse what is said on it, in the seventh lecture of Schlegel; we lament its being too long for insertion in this article.

**THIRD PERIOD: 1600—1750.**—The religious divisions occasioned by the Reformation, and increased by the war of thirty years, made Germany a theatre of contention and hostilities, during a great portion of the period to which our subject has now led us: their disastrous results were increased by the intervention of the foreign powers, who took part in them. Still, the arts, the sciences, and literature, were cultivated by many with success. Kepler, by his *Profound Meditations*, extended the boundaries of astronomical lore. With no other ambition than that of being useful to mankind, with no hope of fortune, and sometimes in actual penury, he immortalised himself and his age by his sublime discoveries. Otto Guericke invented the air-pump; Heveclius, in mathematics, and Stall in chemistry, obtained high renown; and other writers opened the road to the study of the historical antiquities of Germany, and to its early vernacular literature, and particularly that of its poets. It is remarkable, that Ireinshemus, who supplied, with the greatest success, the lost books of Quintus Curtius, absolutely failed in his attempts at poetry in his native tongue. Werder published excellent translations of Ariosto and Tasso: Leibnitz and Wolf, either as mathematicians or metaphysicians, were without German rivals. But both the learned and the elegant still generally wrote in Latin; the language of Germany was as yet little cultivated.

In the midst of these obstacles to the extension of literature, several universities were either founded, restored, or amplified; and other literary institutions were established. In 1600, the order of the Palm was organised in the ducal palace at Weimar; in 1640, the order of the Shepherds of Peigmitz, was founded at Nuremburgh; in 1660, the order of the Swans of the Elbe, and, at a later

period, the literary society of *Lupino*, were successfully formed. All were respectably filled, and essentially contributed to the extension of science and erudition.

The most eminent of German poets during this time, was Opitz: we copy the following account of him from Schegell\*.

"Opitz rose in the midst of the war of thirty years, and gave to the language and poetry of Germany a direction, which has since found many imitators. His immediate models were sought for from Holland, a country, which at the time possessed a Hugo Grotius; and which was not only the most learned and enlightened of all Protestant countries, but also rich and cultivated in its poetry; and also abounding in vernacular tragedies, composed after the antique model, a considerable time before the great French tragedies were fostered in the court of Louis XIV. Yet the excellence of Opitz is quite independent of what he borrowed from any foreign literature, or from the Dutch tragedies, or from the Spanish romances. Still, even his dramatic attempts, his free translations, or imitations of the Greek and Italian theatres, have not produced any effect. The truth is, that, in the very best and most original of his lyrical miscellanies and didactic poems, we should always regard, more what he was fitted by nature to be, and what he desired, and felt and aspired to, than what he really was."

"He is often called the father of German poetry,"—we think, he greatly contributed to the improvement of the German language, and that this is his greatest merit.

"Next to Opitz," continues Schlegel, "the most distinguished poet of this time is Fleming. His poetry is intensely personal: it is filled with the inspiration of his own friendships, passions and loves. His life was worthy of being so celebrated: he travelled through the then unknown interior of Russia and Persia, and has described all that he saw, or experienced, during this interesting journey, with the most glowing feeling, and a truly oriental splendour of fancy. In style, however, he is quite inferior to Opitz."

Both Schlegel, and the author of the work before us, agree in asserting that the period of German literature, which now engages our attention, is, with the exception of Leibnitz and Wolf, wholly destitute of any prose-writers of eminence.—"It is," says Schlegel, "our proper era of barbarism: a sort of division and chaotic interregnum in the history of the belles lettres of Germany. Our language hesitated between a species of would-be French, and wavering German; and was, with all this weakness, full of affectation and artifice. Even in a political point of view, the most degrading and unfortunate period of our history, is that which immediately followed the peace of Westphalia." We have seen a Latin essay by a Dutch writer, "on the causes of the superiority of the Dutch over the Germans in literature;"—and the work of a Frenchman, in which he inquires, "whether a German could possess wit?"

**FOURTH PERIOD: 1750—1800.**—The war of seven years, divided the learned of Germany into a French and an English party. In all its Protestant, and some of its Catholic states, a taste for English literature prevailed. The Germans began to perceive that their language, their taste, and their feelings corresponded much more with those of England than with those of France. Frederick of Prussia patronised the French; invited many French beaux-esprits to his court; and avowed the most perfect contempt for German poetry.—But here the maxim,

“*Regis ad exemplum totus componetur orbis,*”

was not visible: the honest Germans despised the French wits, who came under their view, and undervalued the productions of the Gallic muse. Still the muse of Germany received no encouragement from any of its princes. It was not a German prince, but a king of Denmark, who conferred the pension on Klopstock, which preserved him from want. Klopstock resented Frederick's neglect of him; and, in one of his writings, pointedly observed to that monarch, that it was not in bad Greek that Julius Cæsar wrote his immortal Commentaries. Prince Henry of Prussia, made Gellert a present of a horse; and, strange to say, was lauded for this munificence by his courtiers. A peasant presented Gellert with a bushel of corn, “for the pleasure he had received from his writings.” The wits of Germany pronounced the latter the more valuable gift of the two: for the wheat, they observed, would feed Gellert; but Gellert must feed the horse.

The German poets, during the period now under our consideration, may be divided into two classes. The first, opens with Klopstock and his immortal Messiah. It was more admired, or at least more read, on its first appearance, than it is at present; but it enlarged the language, and elevated the minds of the Germans, and infused into his countrymen poetical feelings and aspirations, to which till that time they had been strangers. In this poem he brought celestial machinery into action; in some of his other poems, he used the Gothic diableries. It was left to Wieland to revive the Provencal enchantments. It must be lamented by all readers of taste, that he quitted them for novelist mediocrity; and that, when he might have been an Ariosto, he chose to be a Crebillon.

The second class consisted of poets, whose thoughts were more engaged by scenes of real life. They wrote in hexameters; a species of metre which, though it seems to be more congenial to the German, than to any other modern language, is still considered by the Germans themselves, as an exotic. This class of poets began to attract notice about the year 1760: it comprises, among many of distinction, Goethe, Stolberg, Voss, Burger and Lessing.

These poets generally possess a boldness and facility, to which their predecessors were strangers. They are full of soul, fire and life: but are sometimes irregular and deficient in tact. The Ger-

man theatre was improved ; but it also was somewhat weakened, by its intercourse with France. Lessing introduced Shakspeare to the acquaintance of the Germans, and infused his own admiration of him into all his countrymen. In consequence of it, notions both of nature and of poetry, far more exact and exquisite than were ever before entertained, became common.

ART. XIV. *The Traveller's Oracle ; or, Maxims for loco-motion : containing Precepts for Promoting the Pleasures, and Limits for Preserving the Health of Travellers.* In Two Parts. By William Kitchener, M.D. 8vo. London ; Colburn. 1827.

“WHAT’S in a name?” it has often been asked. Dr. Kitchener, had he been alive, might have answered, a great deal. We are greatly mistaken, if the bare title of this work do not contribute to pass it through several editions. In these days of rapid loco-motion, few are the persons in easy circumstances, who either have not travelled, or do not contemplate at some period of their lives the performance of that agreeable labour. The former will buy this oracle, in order to see by what means they might have been saved from the inconveniences, which in their peregrinations they may have occasionally undergone. The latter must get it, in order that they may learn some of the evils which they know not of, and guard against them accordingly. Both classes of readers will be woefully disappointed, when they reach the last page of the second part, for they will find that the first volume is a mere medley, made up in a great measure of extracts from other works of the same author ; and that the second volume is a treatise, in the Doctor’s gossiping way, on the art of buying and keeping horses and carriages.

Indeed, how could any man, who deals fairly with the public, affect to give them instructions for travelling, whose personal knowledge of the continent was limited to a very small part of the nation most frequented by English—France? The maxims useful for any body to know, who intends to visit that country, may be seen in Galignani’s Itinerary, from which our author has quoted them. They are few indeed, compared with those which he would require to learn who may choose to extend his tour to Spain, to Italy, Greece, Turkey, Germany or Russia. Dr. Kitchener’s work may perhaps teach some men, who have a turn for music on the high road, to sing half a dozen of as bad songs as were ever sold *by the yard* in the streets of London—a custom lately adopted by some good folks, who give in length of paper and print what they want in voice. Our oracle may, moreover, we deny it not, afford some useful hints to a young family, as to the expenses consequent on the purchase of a carriage, and a pair or two of horses. But as to the traveller setting out upon a foreign tour, if he will take the

trouble to cut out of the first volume, a few of the leaves which we shall indicate, he will save in the first place some room in his carriage library; and in the next place he will gain some hours of time, which, if they were devoted to the collection of useful information from this production, would have been most uselessly expended.

Of course, no man who leaves property behind him, is to set out on a long journey without having made his will; and in order to do this effectually, the doctor advises him to consult "the Pleasure of making a Will," in the Doctor's own work, called "The Art of Invigorating Life." By the way, our author had a happy, we shall not say an empirical, trick of making each of his works in their successive order, a series of advertisements for those which preceded it. Thus we are from page to page of the present production constantly referred to the Doctor's former publications, and not unfrequently we are treated with copious extracts from them. Such was the value which he appears to have fixed upon his literary labours, that we should not be surprised if, when he revolved them over in his mind, he had brought himself to believe that they contained within themselves every thing absolutely essential to human knowledge.

It required, assuredly, no oracle, to inform us that 'the best season for travelling is during those months when there is no occasion for a fire; that is, just before, and after the extreme heat.' We, however, cordially approve of the following maxims:—

'Cleanliness when travelling is doubly necessary; to sponge the body every morning with tepid water, and then rub it dry with a wet towel, will greatly contribute to preserve health. To put the feet into warm water for a couple of minutes, just before going to bed, is very refreshing and inviting to sleep: for promoting tranquillity, both mental and corporeal, a *cleansing* may be regarded as next in efficacy to a *clear conscience*.'—vol. i., pp. 13, 14.

There are occasions, when firmness in resisting imposition, and in insisting upon better fare and accommodation, may be found useful to a traveller. But, generally speaking, his rule should be forbearance and civility.

'You will every where much more readily obtain your wishes, and keep out of danger, by patience and fair words, than by impatience and opprobrious language: so true is the saying of Henry IV. of France:

"Parole douce, et main au bonnet,  
Ne conte rien, et bon est."

'Keep your rank among the great, but disdain not to stoop to the peasant, when charity dictates.

'A respectful and humble carriage is a mighty advantage to gain knowledge, it unlocks the heart of every one.'—vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

Most of our countrymen, except those of the highest rank and the best education, seem determined, whenever they go abroad, to act upon the very reverse of these sensible maxims. They imagine, that because that they can "pay their way" liberally, they have a

right to turn their hosts' almost out of their own houses; and that, unless they produce the greatest possible degree of inconvenience and annoyance, to those of whose service they may stand in need, they will become the dupes of some enormous fraud. Another point on which, we blush to say, Englishmen seem very generally to entertain the most erroneous notions, is that of the religion which may prevail in the foreign countries they visit. If it differ, not merely in essentials, but even in minute shades, from their own, they seem to assume it as a right, which nobody should question, that they are to laugh at every ceremony which they witness, and this, too, not in their own apartments at their hotels, but in the very presence of the clergy and people, amongst whom they are sojourning. We have seen with our own eyes, some very disgusting specimens of this conduct; we have read of others equally censurable, in the works of authors who, though they should have known better, boast of their deeds in this way, as the proofs of their national liberty of thought—a liberty, which it seems they consider imperfect, unless all the rest of the world be excluded from the enjoyment of it. To such persons, and they form, we fear, a tribe too numerous and too obstinate to be easily or speedily corrected, we venture to recommend Dr. Kitchener's advice on these subjects.

'Instead of finding fault with the customs of a place, and telling the people that the English ones are a thousand times better (as my countrymen are very apt to do); commend their table, their dress, their houses, and their manners, a little more, it may be, than you really think they deserve: this degree of complaisance is neither criminal nor affect; it is but a small price to pay for the good-will and affection of the people you converse with. As the generality of people are weak enough to be pleased with these little things, those who refuse to please them so cheaply, are weaker than they.

'Listen patiently, and without offering the least contradiction, to the religious and political opinions which are occasionally started in conversation, however different they may be from your own.

'*Protestants* are too apt to ridicule Catholics, and *Catholics* to revile Protestants;—any ridicule of any religion, or idle application of sentences taken from the Scriptures, is a mode of merriment, which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its vulgarity.'—vol. i., pp. 165, 166.

The following maxims may also be adopted with advantage by all travellers, whether they intend to publish their tours, or to keep them in manuscript. In either case, they will always revert to their labours with a much greater degree of pleasure, than they can possibly imagine a priori.

'Never stir without paper, pen, and ink, and a note-book in your pocket. Notes made with pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling.

'Commit to paper whatever you see, hear, or read; that is remarkable,



with your sensations on observing it; do this upon the spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes: at all events, do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity.'—vol. i., p. 26.

The Doctor, if he had had a little more experience himself in travelling, would have added—"If you do delay making your memorandums beyond the moment when the subjects of them are quite new to your observation, the probability is, that you will not make them at all." The reason is this, that each new object which a traveller sees, tends to make him indifferent about that which preceded it; and unless he notes down his sensations on the spot, they are not easily revived again, and never in the warmth which characterises them in the first instance. As soon as the gloss of novelty is lost by any thing which had once struck the traveller's attention, he thinks that it must be known to all the world, and that it is not worth his while to include a record of it in his journal. Our author has borrowed from an old book the following rule:—

"When you meet with an extraordinary person, request the favour of him to write his name in your note-book, with some short sentence as a souvenir."

We cannot help thinking, that in most countries of the world, and most particularly in our own, such a request would be considered, unless the parties were upon pretty intimate terms, as a near approach to impertinence.

As to the mode of loco-motion, we are told that travelling on foot or on horse-back, is the most healthful: but that, as Tertullian says, in his lib. ii., Not., "riding on cow-back is the most independent;" the example of which style of travelling, he takes from the cynic, *Asclepiades*, who is said to have made the grand tour of his time on the back of a cow, and to have lived during his journey on her milk. But if our traveller object to foot it, or have an unconquerable aversion to horses and cows, to stage-coaches, voitures, and diligences, he must take a carriage of his own, and then he may consult, not without advantage, the Doctor's observations on travelling carriages.

He is particular in insisting that the traveller shall uniformly pay due worship to the night, and never, if possible, deprive himself of a sound sleep. Our author, who, after all, was a mere Londoner, is diffuse upon this part of his theme. He considers the man who destroys the sleep of another, to be guilty of a crime little short of murder; at the very least it is, in his opinion, a 'grand larceny.' He remarks with much truth, that the greatest criminals in this way are the carpenters employed in the repair, or construction, of houses, in this boundless metropolis. We quite agree with him in his statement, that they make it an invariable rule, for what reason we cannot conjecture, to set all their hammers going as loudly as possible during the first half-hour of their

morning's work; after which period, they are left to ponder in silence during the remainder of the day.

Novices in the art of travelling, think they are in duty bound to eat on such occasions, the double, at least, of the quantity of food which they usually consume. This is a great mistake. The motion which they undergo 'acts itself as a stimulus, and therefore less nourishment is required than in a state of rest.' Experienced travellers eat and drink as little as possible, as they know that excess of any kind, is almost certain to bring on fever and inflammation, which may not be easily subdued. But if they are to repose any confidence in our Doctor on this point, they cannot possibly think of setting out on a long journey, without taking with them a copy of his "*Cook's Oracle*," of which there is just published, by Cadell & Co., Edinburgh, and Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria-lane, a new edition, in 12mo. price 7s. 6d., boards.' The author, not satisfied with the gentle insinuation conveyed in this announcement, adds to it three most persuasive arguments, in the shapes of extracts, laudatory of the said Oracle, from the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Monthly Review* for December, 1821, and our able contemporary of Edinburgh.

Strangely enough, the chapter entitled by our author, '*Hints for preserving Health*,' is principally devoted to a dissertation on watches! Among a number of things which he insists upon as necessary to the traveller's convenience, after enumerating sword and tuck sticks, a portable case of instruments for drawing, pins, needles, and thread, a ruby or rhodium pen, pencils, foot-rules, watches, chronometers, a mariner's compass, a thermometer, a barometer, a telescope, and a variety of other articles, which, by the way, the said traveller could hardly take, unless his carriage was as large as a modern bazaar; our diligent adviser omits not to recommend one of his own opera-glasses, which cannot be had 'any where better than at Dolland's.' 'The author,' he kindly adds, 'speaks positively on this subject; he has studied the subject. See the first part of his "*Economy of the Eyes*," printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria-lane.'

We expected, as a matter of course, that our traveller could not be properly fitted out, unless he had a pair of spectacles, and instructions for the use of them, from Dr. Kitchener. The only memorandum, indeed, which we find on this subject is as follows:—'It hath been said, that "gold spectacles are presumptive evidence that the wearer hath quite as much gold as he has good sense." But lest the Viator should wish for further knowledge on this topic, he is obligingly desired 'for every information respecting spectacles to see "*The Economy of the Eyes*," part 1, by the author of the present work, and printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.'

What a serious loss, thought we, the world hath sustained, in not having from the same immortal pen, a treatise on wigs, um-

brellas and slippers! But we reckoned without our host, for the two very next chapters are devoted to 'Dr. Kitchener's feet preservers!' and to the beauties of 'a well-fitting and easy shoe,' in the course of which we are recommended to get by heart 'the author's last work, "The Century of Surgeons," 12mo. 1825, published by Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane,' and also the aforesaid "Art of Invigorating Life." Further we are told, that the author's "Peristaltic Persuaders" are a Panacea which every traveller should be provided with, and thereupon we are fairly drenched with recipes and medicines, sufficient to last a whole garrison for a year. The chapter on 'Travelling Medicine Chests,' sagely concludes with the following maxims:—

'Some portable soup will also be frequently found very acceptable.

'Provide a good store of *sixpences*; for as *Tom Thrifty* (i. e. the Doctor), says, they are handy little fellows, that will sometimes do the work of *shillings*: for the same reason, take some *shillings*, and *half-crowns* and *crowns*, which are the deputies of half-sovereigns, as the latter will occasionally serve as substitutes for *sovereigns*.'—vol. i., p. 96.

This advice is all very well, though one may fairly ask what connection portable soups and sixpences have with a medicine chest?

Our author gives a great deal of minute counsel concerning boxes and trunks; sleeping on the road, damp beds, and country inns. He adopts from Fielding a remark, which all experience has proved to be just, that "at good inns you pay extravagantly for good cheer, and at bad ones for nothing at all." It is equally true, that in order to obtain a good bed, and a good bed-room, it is sometimes expedient to order a good supper!

From these topics the Doctor proceeds to estimate the convenience afforded, and the expenses incurred, by different modes of travelling, but as his calculations are exclusively intended for England, we do not perceive any advantage in troubling the reader with them. We must, however, recommend to his attention, if he be an equestrian, the hints which the Doctor gives (vol. i., pp. 122—134), for the management of horses during a journey. They reflect credit on his benevolence, and are well calculated to ensure the health and comfort of the most generous, the most willing, and, when properly treated, the most affectionate of the animals which man has subdued to his service.

In a chapter entitled 'Travelling in Foreign Countries,' we have, besides copious extracts from Galignani, about thirty pages taken up with an anecdote shewing 'the dangers of gossiping with strangers,' the subject of the said anecdote being a Caledonian dealer on his way to London, who happened to fall in with two metropolitan highwaymen of comely appearance. Will the reader believe that the real object of this anecdote is, in the first place, to

introduce the Doctor's recipe for making what he calls *warm heart*\*, and of puffing off his "observations on vocal music and singing" (singing not being we suppose vocal music), published some time ago, and still remaining unsold? In the same chapter, we find also honourable mention made of his collection of British "National Songs," a work for the success of which, as for that of the last, 'the public have not proved quite so warm as the bookseller and editor;' the said public, most probably believing that the Doctor's "vocal music" was every whit as bad as his "singing," which every body who ever heard him must remember to have been execrable, and to have been rendered still more so by the *ale* with which it was accompanied.

We are great friends to pedestrianism, and therefore we highly applaud our author's observations on that subject. We shall give some of them for our reader's edification.

'Health and vigour depend on exercise and diet, which are nature's own remedies.

'One of the best moderators of morbidly acute feeling, is exercise, continued almost to fatigue. A man suffering under a fit of the vapours, after half an hour's brisk ambulation will often find that he has walked it off, and that the action of his body has exonerated his mind.

'From the want of due exercise in the open air, some nervous invalids often become as irritable as over-indulged infants; and in warm weather, they are wan with languor; and in cold, are lumps of alive ice.

'The plan of gentle and increasing exertion need scarcely be ever interrupted, since there are few days of our year whose mornings are not sufficiently cool. It will confer the additional benefit of putting an end to that tendency to take cold, with which nervous people are so constantly plagued; and it will restore to the objects of sight that amenity, to those of taste that flavour, to those of thought that interest, and to all nature that grace and life which were fading so fast.

'Diet and exercise are the only effectual means of preserving to the blood its original purity, to the secretions their free course, to the nerves their due tone, to the muscles their strength and firmness, to the taste its natural relish for plain food, and to the springs of life their elasticity.

'No other abstinence, however salutary, can compensate the mischief that attends upon an abstinence from exercise.

'There is no exercise equal to walking in the open air; it invigorates the body, and exhilarates the mind: after a smart walk for an hour or more, I return home in much higher spirits than if I had sat still and drank a tumbler of wine. But however moderate exercise invigorates the circulation, excites appetite, and ensures digestion, if it be continued till we are tired and fatigued, instead of these three good effects, languor will take place, during which, appetite will be enfeebled, and digestion impaired.—vol. i., pp. 228—237.

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\* A compound of lemons, milk, syrup, brandy, rum and wine, which the Doctor pronounces to be unrivalled. The reader will find the recipe in vol. i., pp. 177. -179.

The Doctor mentions a ludicrous fact, for the purpose of shewing how the strength of man may be diminished by indulging in dolence.

Meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to my inquiry after his health, he replied, "why better—better, thank ye; I think I begin to feel some symptoms of the return of a little English energy: do you know, that the day before yesterday, I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, I actually put on one of my stockings myself!"

If the critical reader ask us what all this, and a great deal more of the two volumes before us, have to do with instructions for travellers, we can only protest, after the manner of Billy Harris\*, that if we had that knowledge, we would feel the greatest pleasure in the world in communicating it to him. That portion of the work which *bonâ fide* treats of the subject it professes to have in view, might be easily compressed within the compass of fifty pages.

## NOTICES.

ART. XV. *A Series of Practical Instructions in Landscape-Painting in Water Colours; containing Directions for Sketching from Nature, and the Application of Perspective, &c.* By John Clark. In four parts. 4to. 6l. 6s. London: Leigh. 1827.

WE have been much pleased with the plan of this work, and with the elegant and attractive manner in which it is executed. Mr. Clark has judiciously divided the time usually assigned for the instruction of the pupil in landscape-painting, into four stages. He is first taught to draw the simple outlines of houses and trees, sketches in lead pencil, scenes exhibiting light and shade, and diagrams calculated to initiate him in perspective. He is next led to understand the terms used in drawing, to tint sketches, with the view of making him further acquainted with the niceties of light and shade, and to draw in colours. The effects of landscape at the different periods of the day, and by moonlight, then occupy his attention; and at the same time he begins to sketch plants, herbage, agricultural implements, boats, groups of figures, and the varied orders of architecture. Finally, the pupil having mastered all the elemental difficulties, tries his hand on peculiar scenery, such as chalk, sand, gravel, ruins, cities, marine views, woods, &c.; and upon animals, flowers, and the scenic effects of snow, tempest, and fire. Each of the lectures, appertaining to these different stages, is illustrated by suitable views from nature, and representations of the descriptive objects which occur in them. The lectures are clear, intelligent and simple, and the views by which they are accompanied combine a high degree of skill, with delineations of scenes which at once entertain and improve the fancy, and afford excellent exercises for the inexperienced hand of the pupil. The four parts, consisting of lectures and views, are covered separately, and enclosed in a case contrived

\* See his "Jonah Barrington's Memoirs."

to preserve them within a convenient compass. The case is neatly bound in the shape of a moderate quarto volume, and forms a handsome ornament for the table, either of the drawing-room or the library.

ART. XVI. *Horæ Poeticæ, or a Series of Verses, Original and Translated.* By Thomas Smith. sm. 8vo. pp. 100. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1827.

WE gather from one of the copies of verses, "The Task Delightful," in which Mr. Smith comments rather feelingly on Thomson's idea of the delightfulness of rearing the tender thought, &c., that he is a school-master, pretty hardly worked, and but poorly paid; and that he does not always find his scholars either very bright or very docile. For one part of this misfortune, we hope that the subscription by which, as we gather from the preface, this series of verses was published, will in some degree compensate. The author himself speaks of them with so much modesty, that criticism is, perhaps, unnecessary. In the verses we have just alluded to, there is, however, a good deal of plain good sense, which, if it were put into plain prose, would be worth the attention of parents, might lighten in some degree the toil of the instructor, and enhance the progress of the instructed.

ART. XVII. *The Tour of the Dove; or, a Visit to Dovedale, &c., a Poem.* By John Edwards. Second edition. sm. 12mo. pp. 122. London: Longman & Co. (No date).

DESCRIPTIVE poetry may be, and sometimes is, a very delightful species of composition; and abounding, as many portions of our island do, in the wild and luxuriant beauties of the picturesque, there are few in which a poetical imagination could be more expected to luxuriate, than along the romantic scenery of Dovedale: for there Nature herself may be said to have been poetical. Through a considerable part of the course of this haunted stream, almost every step presents some new excitement to the imagination. But to render even scenes like these truly gratifying in the poet's theme, something more than the tact of rhyme, and a mere eye for the beauties of forms and superficies, is requisite. A discriminative taste, a quick sensibility, and a vivid fancy, to seize upon the most striking and characteristic features, and exhibit them in their "gayest, happiest attitudes," or their sublimest and most impressive features,—together with a fluent harmony of diction, at once picturesque and imaginative, that while it fills the ear with all the varied charms of melody, can reflect to the mind, in all their freshness, the glowing, or the more sombre tints of nature, are indispensable. That the poem of Mr. Edwards manifests a striking union of all these requisites, we cannot pronounce; nor can we, indeed affirm, that with any one of them the author appears to be pre-eminently endowed. Neither can we admit that any portion of that enchanting scenery through which, heretofore, we have so often strayed, was renewed, with any additional freshness, in our remembrance, by the perusal of this poetical tour. It has, however, some pleasing passages, of which the following stanza, from the second canto, may be taken as a specimen.

• How fair the limpid Dove ! whose waving line  
Gives life and freshness to each sloping mound.  
There to the bee her bank's wild eglantine  
Shews its sweet rose reflected ; floret-crown'd,  
Her plants diffuse her sea-green tresses round ;  
With starry water-breaks her surface gleams ;  
And far above, by shadows part embrown'd,  
Part bathed in golden light of orient beams,

A wilderness of wood looks down upon the streams.'—p. 32.

The versification throughout is tolerably equal ; seldom rising above, or sinking much below the example here presented.

ART. XVIII. *Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers.* 2 vols. 12mo. London : Taylor. 1827.

THESE volumes emanate from reflective, ingenious, and well-stored minds, and are alike void of affectation and pedantry. They are, in fact, the author's *thought book*, in which beauty, utility, philosophy, metaphysics, and religion, are by turns treated logically and playfully. The materials are in the rough, and aptly compared in the preface to stones in a quarry : they might, with equal truth, be likened to ore in its primitive state, being as valuable as they are useful. They consist of detached observations and reflections on various topics, in the shape of apothegms, axioms, queries, paradoxes, &c., rendered striking by analogy and antithesis, interspersed with occasional trains of thought and argument, deductions from facts, and suggestions upon self-evident propositions. The authors have judiciously inserted a few pieces of truth, that are as old as the world, and their appearance among the more modern speculations is startling, without being a disadvantage to the rest of the work : some of them seem new from their very antiquity, and, like old silver, shine the brighter from having been well used.

ART. XIX. *Vittoria Colonna : a Tale of Rome, in the Nineteenth Century.* 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. Blackwood. 1827.

JUDGING from the period in which the incidents of this novel occur, we anticipated it to be a scandalous chronicle of the English residents and visitors at Rome ; for such is the appetite at present for fashionable small-talk, that we deemed even the ruins of Rome were no longer exempted from the impertinence of this folly. But we were agreeably mistaken, and proportionably gratified, at finding in it a romantic yet probable story of love, without under-plot, or any adventitious circumstances, beyond what are necessary to elucidate the different points of the narrative. There are several celebrated real personages, as well as fictitious characters, introduced ; the dialogue is animated, pointed, natural, and often impassioned ; the descriptions vivid and powerful, and the style of the narrative clear and precise, though occasionally too succinct. The author appears to more advantage in scenes of beauty and playfulness, than in powerful and passionate ones ; but truth and nature, as well as originality, mark his delineations both of the mind and the heart. The character of his heroine

is well sustained from first to last; there is consistency, spirit, and beauty in it, and she engages our sympathy and admiration.

ART. XX. *Essays on the Perception of an External Universe, and other Subjects connected with the Doctrine of Causation.* By Lady Mary Shepherd. 8vo. London: Hookham. 1827.

A TREATISE upon Metaphysics, by a lady of quality, is a phenomenon not to be passed over unnoticed, although it may not, in the nineteenth century, excite quite as much surprise as it would have done, could it have occurred in the time of our grandfathers. Female intellect now receives cultivation and exercise, such, both in kind and degree, as were then enjoyed only by individuals of distinguished abilities, even of the more favoured sex. And is it to be expected, or to be desired, that, thus trained, thus exercised, thus stimulated, the mind of woman should still patiently submit to the spiritual thralldom of those chair-working and pudding-making days? If further apology be needed for this feminine intrusion into the masculine realms of science, we must say that Lady Mary Shepherd, entering it as the antagonist of scepticism, if she offend the arrogance of man by presenting herself in the lists to contend against a Hume, claims our good will and good wishes, by defending the cause we all desire to see victorious, and maintaining opinions, which even those who themselves dispute them, generally require the weaker half of the species to believe. Lady Mary has another claim to indulgence. Her mind, though of a very high order, and gifted with unusual abilities, is essentially feminine. If she possess much depth of thought, it is softened and relieved by fancy and feeling, that give birth to very eloquent passages. If she be an acutely subtle discriminator, a keen detector of her adversary's sophisms, she is not quite equally distinguished by closeness of reasoning, and her evident intolerance of, rather, perhaps, the delay, than of the labour of deliberate investigation, renders her an eager generalizer upon insufficient data. This character of mind was strongly exemplified in our fair Authoress's former publication. In her Essay upon the Relation of Cause and Effect, we were much impressed with the talent displayed in pointing out both the sophistical fallacy of much of Hume's reasoning upon the subject, and the nature of the idea attached to the words 'cause and effect,' by most persons who have not philosophized away all common sense.

The volume now before us is a sequel to the former work, and was intended, as we learn from the preface, to have been appended to it as an additional chapter, until the writer found that the subject matter required and deserved far more development than it could thus have obtained. She then determined to devote to it the present Essay, the purport of which is to prove the real existence of the external universe. It shews her, like the other, a formidable antagonist, peculiarly skilful in exposing the fallacies of the writers whom she attacks. She has ably pointed out various weak places in the reasonings of Berkeley and Hume, against the real existence of all that we hear, see, and feel; as also in the distinction made by yet more modern and very celebrated metaphysicians, between primary and secondary qualities.



ART. XXI. *Dés Institutions Judiciaires de L'Angleterre, comparees avec celles de la France et de quelques autres États anciens et modernes.* Par Joseph Rey, de Grenoble, Avocat, Ancien Magistrat. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris : Nève. London : Treuttel & Würtz. 1286.

BOTH before and since the revolution, the judicial institutions of England have occupied the attention of learned lawyers in France. But it would seem that they have inquired more curiously into the subject, and, indeed, have understood it much better, since the peace of 1814, when the French obtained a constitution similar in many respects to our own. The works of M. Cottu and M. Taillandier, on the administration of criminal justice in England, and on its penal laws compared with those of France, exhibit a perfect acquaintance on the part of those eminent writers, with the principal perfections and defects of that portion of our judicial system. The author, whose work is now before us, appears to have resided a long time in England, and to have studied with great diligence the whole administration of our law. He shews through a laboured and very learned detail, that our judicial institutions differ essentially, not only from those of France, but also from those of the greater part of the other nations of Europe. And for this difference he fully and correctly accounts, by tracing the history of our tribunals; which our ancestors preserved from the inroads of the Roman law, which has gained the mastery over most of the ancient local customs and laws of the continent. Our trial by jury he justly holds up as the most peculiar feature of our system, and which has enabled our ancestors, more perhaps than any other of its ingredients, to resist the strides which the civil law might otherwise have made upon it. M. Rey enters at great length into the history and functions of our different courts, and though he finds occasionally much to admire in them, yet he is of opinion that much confusion and inconsistency reigns in their organization—an opinion in which every unprejudiced and enlightened Englishman will agree with him. The work displays in every part a philosophic and accomplished mind, and we recommend it to the attention of those who may be employed in refining the administration either of our civil or criminal law.

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ART. XXII. *Specimens of Sonnets from the most Celebrated Italian Poets; with Translations.* 8vo. pp. 104. London : Murray. 1827.

A JUDICIOUS selection from the sonnets of the most celebrated Italian poets, forms not only an elegant cabinet of lyric verse, but offers also the materials for much light and pleasing study. In these respects, the little volume before us will be an acceptable present to the Italian reader. We do not exactly think that the selection of its sonnets is the very best that might have been made : but it is sufficiently appropriate for its purposes ; and the editor is evidently accomplished in his subject. With congenial tastes, he appears to be the friend of one of our living poets, the perfect transfusion of whose affections and thoughts into a foreign language is perhaps the most singular literary phenomenon of our times. The volume opens with a sonnet dedicatory to Mr. Mathias, which rather extravagantly informs us that 'the slumber of the Mantuan bard is sweetened by the kindred lore' of that gentleman. The translations which accompany the

sonnets are to be commended rather for their accuracy than for the harmony of the versification; and they will therefore be more valuable as studies for the young Italian learner, than pleasing to a delicate poetical ear. How far are such stanzas as the following from rendering the exquisite sweetness of the original! how ruggedly in the translator's hands sounds our 'mother English,' after the melodious softness of a language, whose tones fall on the ear like the gentle flow of murmuring waters!

"Non mai piú bella luce, o piú bel Sole  
Del viso di costei nel mondo nacque;  
Ne' 'n valle ombrosa erranti e gelid' acque  
Bagnar' più fresche e candide vïole."

"Never rose purer light, or Sun more fair,  
Than the soft beams that in her features play,  
Never 'mid streams that through dark vallies stray,  
Did violets fresh more snowy lustre wear."—pp. 6, 7.

"Espero, sacra ed amorosa Stella,  
Nel notturno silenzio scorta e duce,  
Viva fiamma d'amor, amica luce,  
Di Venere gentil raggio e facella!"

"Blest star of eve, bright Hesperus, whose glow  
Serves for sweet escort through the still of night,  
Of love the living flame, the friendly light,  
And torch of Venus when she walks below!"—pp. 32, 33.

We have been surprised to find among the earlier specimens nothing from Molza, whose sonnets are remarkable for elevation of sentiment and purity of language. That especially commencing 'Io pur doveva il bel mio sole, io stesso,' is familiar to every Italian scholar, as one of the most beautiful pieces of the sixteenth century. So also, we have no specimen from Luigi di Transillo, of the same age, whose 'E freddo è il fonte, e chiare, e cresse ha L'onde, &c., contains one of the most pleasing descriptions with which we are acquainted, of the calm and repose of rural life. Want of space cannot be pleaded for these omissions, since we have four or five common-place selections from Della Casa and Redi, where a single sonnet from each might have sufficed. Nor are the pieces chosen always those which we should have preferred of their respective authors. Vittoria Colonna's well known sonnet to Bembo, on the death of her husband "Ahi, quanto fu al mio," &c., has far more beauty and tenderness than the one here given, and has never, that we are aware, been translated into English. To point also to an example of later date, we are favoured, for the twentieth time, with a version of Filicaja's 'Italia! Italia!' which both in the original, and in English, seems doomed to be eternally mouthed by all the world: any other of that poet's six sonnets on Italy would have possessed more freshness, and given more variety to the collection; and that particularly beginning 'Dov'è Italia il tuo braccio' is very little, if at all, inferior to the more hacknied lines. But though we might, in these and other instances, have recommended a rather different selection of Italian sonnets from that adopted by the translator, we are not the less ready to declare that he has produced a very pretty and agreeable little volume.

## LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Domestic and Foreign.*

We have seen most of the plates which are destined to embellish *The Keepsake*, a new annual about to be published by Messrs. Hurst and Chance, and we have no hesitation in stating, that in point of design and execution, they exceed any prints of the kind which have ever yet fallen under our notice. If the literary matter be at all worthy of these splendid engravings, *The Keepsake* will throw all rivalry at an immeasurable distance behind it.

Among the various other annuals already announced, are Ackermann's "Forget-Me-Not," "The Friendship's Offering," and "The Pledge of Friendship." Mr. Pickering also promises a *Bijou* for the ensuing year, to be continued, we presume, if successful. It is to be splendidly illustrated, and among its literary contents are said to be two early productions of His Majesty and the late Duke of York.

In our account of Mr. Alexander's translation of the 'Travels of Mirza Itessa Moodeen,' in the last number of *The Monthly Review*, we conceived that we were justified in suspecting Mr. A.'s interpolations to be more numerous and more extensive than he would be willing to admit. We learn, however, from a correspondent, upon whose report we place the most implicit reliance, that the work is in every essential respect a genuine one, and that Mr. Alexander's additions are merely for the sake of making the author's meaning more intelligible than it otherwise would have been.

Notwithstanding Sir Walter Scott's failure in his last great work, he is still indefatigable in his literary labours. His forthcoming production, entitled, "The Chronicles of the Canongate," is to consist of three tales, *The Highland Widow*, *The Two Drovers*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter*. He has also made good progress with a book for children, which is to be called "The Tales of a Grandfather."

The admirers of Italian literature will have heard with deep regret of the death of Ugo Foscolo, which took place on the 10th of last month. He was distinguished, above all the Italians of his time, for the purity of his taste, and the energy of his diction. We lament to hear that he died in circumstances of great pecuniary embarrassment, particularly as they arose in a great measure from the thoughtless irregularity of his life.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Mawman, it is said, that Dr. Lingard will give the publication of the future volumes of his *History of England* to Mr. Murray.

Mr. Stendhall, already well known in the literary world by his *Letters on Italy*, is about to publish a romance, entitled, *Armance*; or, *Various Scenes in a Parisian Saloon*, in 1827.

Mr. Wiffen has circulated amongst his friends, copies of verses on the *Alameda at Amptill Park*; which have been printed at the expense of his patron, the Duke of Bedford.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

## France.

- Dufour's Perspective Geometry, 8vo.  
 The National Guard at the Obelisk of Massena, 8vo.  
 A Review of Modern Universal History, 2 vols., 12mo.  
 The Dangers of Prolonging the absolute Liberty of the Press, 8vo.  
 The Amount of Crimes compared with the State of Elementary Instruction, 8vo.  
 Report of Baron de Stael's Pastoral Establishment at Coppet, 8vo. Lyons.  
 Soulangue-Bodin's Discourse on the Importance of Horticulture, 8vo.  
 The Art of Taking and Destroying all Animals which are injurious to Agriculture, Gardening, &c., 18mo.  
 Delacoux on the Sanitary Education of Infants, 8vo.  
 Teyssedre's Rules and Theory of Billiards, 12mo.  
 A Collection of Fac-Similes of Autograph Letters and Signatures of celebrated Men, part 4, 4to.  
 The French Bar, or Annals of Judicial Eloquence in France, 8vo.  
 Jauffret's Letters on Ancient and Modern Pabulists, 3 vols., 12mo.  
 The Guzla, a Selection of Illyrian Poetry, 12mo.  
 The Poetical Works of the late Right Hon. G. Canning, translated into French, 18mo.  
 An Epitome of the History of the Revolutions in the Spanish American Colonies.  
 Emilia, a Drama in five Acts, in Prose, imitated from Sir W. Scott, 8vo.  
 Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences during the year 1826, 4to.  
 The Judicial Institutions of England compared with those of France. By M. Rey, 2 vols., 8vo.  
 Religion Considered, as to its Source, its Forms, and its Consequences. By M. B. Constant, 3 tomes, 8vo.  
 Chateaugiron's Translation of Schiller's History of the Insurrection of the Low Countries, under Philip II. king of Spain, 2 vols., 8vo.  
 Desaubiez's System of Finance and Public Economy, applicable to the different Governments of Europe, and the New World, 8vo.  
 The Complete Works of Plato. By Victor Cousin.  
 A Historical and Chronological Table of

the Polytechnical School, from its foundation in 1795, to the present time.

The Art of Manufacturing Porcelain, 12mo.

Letters to a Professor on the State of Public Education in France, 8vo.

## Germany.

- Alexander and Darius, a Tragedy. By Baron d'Uchritz.  
 Silly, J. Catalogus Artificum, sive Architecti, Statuarii, Sculptores, Pictores, Cælatores, et Sculptores Græcorum et Romanorum, 8vo., Dresd.  
 Varronis, M. Ter. de Lingua Latina Libri qui supersunt. Recens. L. Spengel. 8vo.  
 Creme, A. F. W. Geographisch-Statistische Darstellung der Staatskräfte, 3 vols., 8vo.  
 Schott, Dr. G. Dissertatio de Indole Linguae Sinicæ, 8vo., Halis Sax.  
 Hermann, Godofr. Opuscula, 2 vols., 8vo., Leipz.  
 Zeitschrift für Physik und Mathematik. Herausgegeben von Baumgärtner und Ettingshausen, 1r. and 2r. Bds. in 4 Hefen. Wien.  
 Annalen der Blumisterei. Herausgegeben von J. E. von Reider. 1r. and 2r. Jahrg. in 12. Heften, 8vo., mit color. Kupfern. Nürnberg.  
 Urania, Taschenbuch für das Jahr, 1828, 18mo.  
 Böttcher. Geschichte der Carthager, nach den Quellen bearbeitet, 8vo. Berlin.  
 Spittler. Geschichte des Pabstthums, erneuert und verbollständigt von Dr. H. E. G. Paulus, 8vo. Heidelberg.  
 Eichhorn. Einleitung in das Neue Testament. Vierter und Fünfter Band, 8vo., Leipzig.  
 Hirt. Gebäude der Griechen.  
 Buttmann. Ausführliche Griechische Sprachlehre. II. Band. 2de Abth.  
 Krug. Geschichte der Philosophie alter Zeit. 2de verbesserte Auflage, 8vo.  
 Rotscher. Aristophanes und sein Zeitalter, 8vo.  
 Clauren, H. Lieschen, 2 Thle. 8vo. Dresden.

## The Netherlands.

The Little Bossu: or, the Travels of My Uncle: a work directed against popular superstitions and prejudices. Liege.

## Spain.

A Collection of the Dramatic Works of Spanish Authors. Madrid.

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ART. I. *History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second.* By William Godwin. Vol. iii. 8vo. pp. 599. London: Colburn. 1827.

By the publication of this volume, we are called upon to resume our notice of Mr. Godwin's historical labours. The earlier portions of his 'History of the Commonwealth of England,' have already been carefully reviewed in our pages; and on the appearance of his second volume, more particularly, we took occasion \* to examine at considerable length, both the literary merits of the work, and the cast of its political principles and deductions. The same general characteristics of mind and manner will naturally more or less pervade an author's undertaking; and the duty of passing judgment upon the execution of its separate parts at long intervals of time, involves the awkward necessity, either of some repetition of our opinions, or of unexplained reference to those formerly expressed. Choosing the lesser evil, we shall here only briefly remind our readers of the qualities which we found reason to attribute to Mr. Godwin's composition and sentiments: an overweening pretension of superiority above all former historians—a mistaken estimate of the novelty and value of his own inquiries—an outrageous and bigoted partiality for the republican cause—and a style of expression, by turns bombastic and low, inflated and vulgar, laboured and slovenly. At the same time, we bore testimony to Mr. Godwin's scrupulous fidelity in the statement of facts, to the evident sincerity of spirit in which, however erroneously, his conclusions were formed, and to the animation and skill, which were not unfrequently observable in the conduct of his narrative.

The volume now before us, is not inferior to those which preceded it, in the honest and animated relation of facts: it also exhibits most of the blemishes before observed, but not all of them.

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\* Monthly Review, vol. ii. (June, 1826), pp. 146—162.

Mr. Godwin is still strongly possessed with the fancy, that it has been reserved for himself to rescue the annals of the Commonwealth, and the character of its leaders, from oblivion and calumny. He still imagines that he is realising the promise of his motto, 'to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten.' 'One hundred and seventy four years,' says his advertisement, with whimsical precision, 'have now passed over the epoch of the Commonwealth, and it is time that the subject should be made the province of *genuine history*, of patient inquiry, and sober judgment. Party annalists have skimmed its surface, and passed away, as if a poison lurked among its ingredients. An attempt is here made to analyse its contents, to assign the motives of the actors, and to trace up effects to the causes from whence they sprung.' The pertinacity with which Mr. Godwin has adhered to this favourite position, is a curious instance of self-delusion. That it has remained for him to write the '*genuine history*' of the Commonwealth, is an assumption so gratuitous and wholly unfounded, as to be almost too ridiculous for formal contradiction: that 'party annalists have skimmed its surface and passed away,' is an assertion to be disproved by a reference to any of the common authorities which have treated of that period. To take, even among the most eager enemies of the republican cause, the familiar example of Hume, it is observable, that the five years during which the Commonwealth existed, occupy a larger space in his pages, than either the five succeeding years of the Protectorate, or the first seven after the Restoration.

There is more approach to truth in the remark, by which Mr. Godwin indirectly contradicts himself, almost in the same sentence, that the annals of the Commonwealth have '*uniformly furnished a theme of scurrility to the advocates of prerogative and despotism.*' The fact is, that the exposure of that odious tyranny which was exercised under the form of a republic, has always offered a theme far more grateful to the enemies, than to the real lovers of rational freedom. Hume, and other Tory writers, have dwelt with complacency upon scenes of anarchy and violence, which they would deduce as necessary consequences from the justifiable resistance of the parliament to the arbitrary government of Charles I.: the advocates of our constitutional liberties, on the contrary, have had little temptation to linger over the spectacle of an oligarchical usurpation and a military despotism, which entailed temporary ruin and lasting discredit upon the original cause of popular rights.

But it is needless to say, that the history of the Commonwealth has been a thousand times examined, under all the various aspects of which it is susceptible; and it is really too absurd to find Mr. Godwin persevering in his resolution, to view the subject as one which is left to his superior sagacity, to his '*patient inquiry, and sober judgment,*' to investigate and determine. Even in his own precious conception of the '*genuine history*' of the Common-



wealth, he has, as we formerly observed, long been anticipated by a writer, who, with the same materials to work upon, and with precisely the same admiration of the Rump government, at least, equalled him in ability and industry, and far surpassed him in fiery zeal. Mr. Godwin must be contented to yield the precedence in his championship, to a woman; and to be numbered in his vocation among the followers of Catherine Macauley.

In one respect, however, Mr. Godwin's pretensions are less arrogantly advanced in this, than in his earlier volumes. He, indeed, in one place (p. 318), tells us of the construction which 'vulgar writers of history' usually put on incidents; but, except here, and in the passage above quoted from his introduction, he has abstained from repeating the contemptuous and sweeping depreciation of historians as a body, in which he formerly indulged. We are also bound to notice a very considerable improvement in his style. It is still, indeed, devoid of all grace, loosely colloquial, and very frequently even vulgar in expression. In the construction of the language, particularly, the elliptical omission of the relative, as well as the conjunctive *that*, gives throughout an air of inelegance and carelessness: as in such sentences as these—'The regiments and bodies of men [which] they led out against the insurgents, might, in the very sight of the enemy, desert their leaders, and join the standard of those [whom] they were brought forth to subdue' (p. 73)—'The reasons [which] they assigned being drawn from their political sentiments, and the scruple [which] they felt in obeying' (p. 97)—'They decided agreeably to the best judgment [which] they possessed' (p. 176)—'It was necessary [that] they should be put down' (p. 110), &c., and innumerable instances of the same kind might be adduced. This negligent form of expression is not very suitable to the language of history; but Mr. Godwin sometimes affects a colloquial abruptness, which is still more undignified; as in such passages as the following:—'It is curious to consider the termination of such a scene. Did it do harm? No; but much good. The government could not well have excused themselves from the prosecution. But they conducted it ill. If they had done otherwise, Lilburne would probably have forfeited his life. So much the worse: blood should not unnecessarily be spilled.' (p. 176). But, notwithstanding such blemishes of manner, this volume is certainly free from a great deal of the affectation, the mean and incongruous imagery, and the mingled metaphor, which thickly disfigured the earlier portions of Mr. Godwin's work. If it still exhibits none of the refinements of composition, it is always clearly and intelligibly written: if the language cannot claim the merit of classical purity, it is generally good enough for common purposes of narration.

There is, however, one feature in the volume, which should not be passed over without reprehension. The peculiarities both of Mr. Godwin's political and theological opinions are, perhaps,

sufficiently known to the world: but as long as they were not, in his former volumes, offensively obtruded, they scarcely fell within the fair province of criticism. But here they are betrayed with a freedom, which certainly courts no concealment. In one place, (p. 175), we have a foolish philippic against courts of justice in general. 'Lilburne was treated by the court that tried him, in the most unjust and overbearing manner. But *when was it otherwise?* What are courts of justice? and what are trials for treason? where *the well paid and the luxurious* sit in judgment upon a helpless and unfortunate individual, against whom the entire government of the country is the prosecuting party.' As if all judges were of the school of Jeffreys, and all who are arraigned before them, guiltless and oppressed! So, also, Mr. Godwin is careful to put on record his contempt of monarchical institutions. The Scotch people (p. 317), 'would not as now have resorted to the southern metropolis, to the emasculating spectacle of a court, and to endeavour to vie with their polished neighbours in suing for the smiles and graces of a prince. They would have come to the improving scene of a haughty republic,' &c. But these ebullitions of democratic spleen, are only puerile and laughable: they are mingled with graver evidences of a worn spirit. As when we are told (p. 540) of 'Providence, or *the system of the universe*, by whatever name we shall think fit to call it;' and that the people of England said of Cromwell, 'as was once observed of *a person advancing higher pretensions*, "his mother, and his sisters, and his kinsfolk, are they not all with us. From whence then hath this man these things?" Matt. xiii., 55, 56.' Such passages as these are, to say the least of them, highly indecent; and Mr. Godwin may be assured that they can answer no better purpose, than to disgust the understanding and insult the feelings of most of his readers.

The period embraced in the present volume, extends from the death of Charles I., to the commencement of the Protectorate. It composes the history of the Commonwealth, 'strictly so called,' says Mr. Godwin, in his advertisement, 'the subject for which the work was undertaken.' Until this period, 'the great leaders among the commonwealthsmen may be considered as merely engaged in clearing away obstacles, and obtaining an adequate area,'—they succeeded with a vengeance—'for reducing their speculations to practice. In the commencement of the year 1649, they abolished kingship, and the house of lords: they had no old institutions standing in the way to impede their efforts. Now it was that they were to erect their republic.' And then, Mr. Godwin proceeds to confess, that 'their ultimate success was not equal to their courage and their talents.' But he claims for them this honour; that they 'subdued every declared enemy, both from within and without;' and that the epoch of their republican government 'may challenge any equal period of English history in

the glory of its rule, and, perhaps, in the virtue and disinterestedness of many of its most distinguished leaders.'

Such then may be considered Mr. Godwin's introductory manifesto, both of the purpose of this volume, and the opinions which he has brought to its compilation. A very slight analysis of the conclusions which he has formed from the materials before him, will shew the spirit in which he has consummated his work, and determine the degree of its historical value. Any summary of the events themselves, which occupy the volume, familiar as they are to most readers, can scarcely be requisite. The whole epoch here exhibited extends through only about five years: it is very far inferior, in deep importance and interest, to that which preceded it—from the ruin of the royal cause in the field, to the death of the king—but still well worthy of study and observation. The execution of Charles, and the 'abolition of kingship, and the house of lords' had, as observed by Mr. Godwin, cleared away all obstacles for the foundation of a pure democracy. The establishment of the Commonwealth, under the government of a single house of parliament, was then nominally effected. The subjugation of Ireland and Scotland to its sway by Cromwell, and the formidable army which professed to act under its orders; the complete overthrow of the royalists at the battle of Worcester; the tranquil submission of the whole British empire to its authority; and the successful conduct of the Dutch war;—such were the principal events which marked the brief reign of the Commonwealth. Then came the easy work of its extinction, by the same power of the sword which had created and maintained it; and the solemn farce of Barebone's parliament only succeeded to usher in the undisguised assumption of the Protectorate by Cromwell.

These then are the leading outlines of the story contained in the present volume. But the most important application of its details, of course, relates to the manner in which the domestic government of the Commonwealth was constructed and administered, the principles of its constitution, and the acts of its leaders. Upon the discussion of these topics, Mr. Godwin has pledged the character of his work; and it has been seen that his declared object throughout, is to vindicate the system on which the Commonwealth stood, and the conduct of the men who directed its affairs. It will be our business, rather, generally to investigate the tendency of his arguments, and the correctness of his views on these questions, than in any respect to follow the regular course of the events which are developed in his narrative.

The first point of inquiry necessary to determine the real character of that period, which writers of all parties have agreed, as if by courtesy, to entitle the era of the Commonwealth, is obvious, and lies within a small compass. What was the *Commonwealth*? What was the nature of the power, and the right to exercise it, by which the state was now governed? The simple answer to this

inquiry involves the exposure of one of the most audacious and barefaced usurpations, of which there is any record in the political history of the universe. The small body of men, who engrossed the whole legislative and executive authority of the nation, called themselves a parliament, the representatives of the people. This pretension, not the grossest sophistry could uphold for an instant. The long parliament, to which they were originally elected, had first lost a considerable minority of its numbers by the secession of the men, who, on the commencement of the civil war, adhered to the royal cause. Still the great majority, which remained at Westminster, might not unfairly be held to represent the voice of the nation, which had chosen the whole body: as much as if the minority had still retained their seats and divided against them. After the decision of the struggle in the field, the menaces of the army terrified eleven members more, the leaders of the Presbyterian party, to withdraw from the house, and actual military violence shortly followed up this intimidation by their formal expulsion. Still some appearance of the forms of decency had been preserved; and still, though really reduced under a disgraceful subjection to the army, a majority of the original parliament remained, with some shadow of right, though with violated dignity, to exercise the functions, and claim the authority of their whole body. But lastly came the famous 'purging of the house' by the military independents; the open, undisguised, and violent expulsion of the great mass of the members, which left only the small republican minority in possession of their seats.

These men thus formed the remnant of a house of commons, which the people had chosen, but which civil war and armed violence had three several times broken into fragments and dispersed. The very scantiness of their number palpably betrayed the impudence of their assertion of representative authority. After the last purging of the house, there remained not in it above eighty or ninety individuals at most; and though many of the secluded members were subsequently allowed, under conditions, to resume their seats, it is not even pretended that the whole number thus united ever amounted to one hundred and fifty. They never, indeed, when they made a full house, had much above one hundred present; and the numbers which divided on questions of high moment recorded on the journals, disprove an ordinary attendance of more than sixty or seventy members. But even admitting their number at the extreme calculation of one hundred and fifty, out of the original house of above five hundred, they had never constituted *de jure* so much as a third part of the representation of the people; and the prescribed period for which they had been elected to parliament at all, had long since expired: *de facto*, they were now in their assumed capacity of rulers, totally rejected by the public feeling and voice of the country, and notoriously loaded with the hatred and indignant scorn of the whole nation. Yet

this scanty and detested minority of the long parliament—best known as the Rump—the creatures and slaves of the army, and holding their places only by sufferance, as the accomplices and tools of the military leaders, composed the whole republican parliament—the representative image, and the ostensible government, of the pseudo Commonwealth. Reviewing this plain statement of the history of their body, it may seem to us absolutely astonishing, that the existence of any legal pretension of government in their number should for an instant be imagined: it is, above all, incredible how any writer possessing, like Mr. Godwin, attachment to the great principles of civil liberty, should be found the admirer and apologist of these men's usurpation.

The precise measure of the approbation which our author would bestow upon the 'founders of the Commonwealth,' it is not easy to gather from his reflections on their various proceedings. His decided feeling in their favour, is rather to be inferred from the declaration of his preface, the avowed object of his work, and the general spirit of his views, than from any formal assertion of the legality of the title by which they ruled. The simplicity and candour, which are so curiously observable in the midst of his violent prejudices, have, on the contrary, necessarily led him into admissions, which, to any other mind than his own, must have brought conviction of the utter iniquity of his idol's cause. He acknowledges—as how could he avoid so doing?—that (p. 26) 'the decided ascendancy which they possessed in parliament, had been secured by extremity and violence;'—that (p. 468) 'they were a body recognised by no law;'—that (p. 25) 'they were in a certain sense a handful of men, with the whole people of England against them;'—that (p. 116) 'probably not more than a third part (he might have more correctly said, not a tenth or a hundredth part) of the nation were sincere adherents to the commonwealthsmen and the independents;' and he in one place, as if unwittingly, sums up the real character and position of these usurpers, in the following just and eloquent passage:

'The collection of men which called itself the parliament, was no more than an hundred, or an hundred and fifty individuals, the remains of that illustrious assembly which met in November, 1640, whom chance had left after a multitude of successive desertions, purgings and proscriptions. Nothing can be more obvious than the contempt into which such a body of men must fall with the unthinking many. In their haughty pretence to be the representatives of the people of England, they were a palpable usurpation. And who would not say, and, hearing it, who would not believe, that they were a contemptible body of tyrants, regarding nothing but their selfish and sordid interests, grasping all power with an indiscriminate and unsparing hand, dividing among themselves the profits, the opulence and the good things of their country, and determined never to resign their power so long as the indignation of Englishmen would endure their wretched monopoly?'—pp. 413, 414.

After these candid acknowledgments, the strange contradictions into which Mr. Godwin has been led, by the attempt to justify the flagrant usurpation of his favourite party, will be sufficiently manifest from such passages as the following :

' The government of the country was, at this time, in a very artificial and unnatural condition. The existing power and organization rested in three bodies of men : the council of war, who had purged the parliament on the sixth of December ; the parliament, or house of commons, such as it remained after that reduction of its members ; and the council of state, which had been appointed by the mutual understanding and concord of the other two. These three bodies of men were in perfect harmony : the majority of the house of commons, since the event of the sixth of December, had espoused and approved the ideas of the council of war ; and the council of state, which was in reality a selection of the ablest and fittest members from the other two, was employed, with assiduity, sagacity, and energy, in carrying on the executive government in a way corresponding with the designs and conceptions of their creators. The whole of these, in their authority over the nation, and they retained for the present the acquiescence or submission of the great body of the people, hung by a single thread. The council of war and of state were arbitrary combinations of men ; but the parliament had been chosen by the people. It is true, they were reduced by the compulsory absence of many of their members, and by other circumstances, to a small number, and were styled by Lilburne and other audacious and inconsiderate men, a mock parliament. Still they bore the magic name—a parliament : the laws of England by old prescription were accustomed to emanate from the parliament of England. Constituted as they were, they could not be despised. The abilities of Cromwell, Ireton, and Vane, countenanced by the virtues of Fairfax, Ludlow, Bradshaw, and Scot, necessarily commanded respect. They had in their service the professional talents of Whitlocke, St. John, Rolle, and the gallant Blake. They were recommended to public favour by the wit of Marten, and the literature of Milton. They included in their council, the Earls of Pembroke, Salisbury, Denbigh and Mulgrave, with Viscount Lisle, son of the Earl of Leicester, and brother to Algernon Sidney. Such was the present house of commons ; such the present administrative government.'—pp. 113—115.

And in another place :

' The celebrated assembly, indeed, which had sat down in November 1640, and which had so nobly vindicated the rights of Englishmen, and of mankind, had twice been weeded of its members : but these changes had been in some measure unavoidable ; the first reduction of its numbers being caused by the desertion of those members who, in the final separation, had chosen to adhere to the party of the king ; and the second, by the presbyterian usurpation, the followers of that having determined to embrace the cause of Scotland and intolerance, at the expense of sacrificing many of the points for which they originally contended. Still the one hundred and fifty members which those walls contained, were the parliament, the precious remains of the most august assembly that ever sat under that name. They had all of them been elected by the people. Yet more than this—they were the assembly that for four years had administered the affairs of

the Commonwealth with unexampled prosperity; all their undertakings had been crowned with victory—in Ireland, in Scotland, and against the armies of Scotland on English ground; no rebellion had ever risen up against them; they had memorably vindicated the honour of their flag against the insolence of the Dutch; and they had gradually taught nearly every court in Europe, who had begun with treating them with contempt, almost with contumely, that they must be attended to and respected. Their enemies acknowledged them for statesmen, eminently qualified by their endowments and the firmness of their temper, to administer the affairs of a nation. Impartial men confessed their disinterestedness.—Englishmen could, without dishonour, suffer themselves to be subjected to such a body.'—pp. 535, 536.

Upon the glaring inconsistencies which pervade the passages thus quoted, all comment is needless; but it is amusing to place some of them in juxta position:

'The parliament had been chosen by the people. It is true, they were reduced by the compulsory absence of many of their members, and by other circumstances, to a small number, and were styled by Lilburne, and other *audacious and inconsiderate men*, a mock parliament.

'Constituted as they were, they could not be *despised*.

'Englishmen could, without dishonour, suffer themselves to be subjected to such a body.'

'They were a body recognised by no law.

'In their haughty pretence to be the representatives of the people of England, they were a palpable usurpation.

'And who would not say, and, hearing it, who would not believe, that they were a *contemptible* body of tyrants?

'Determined never to resign their power, as long as the indignation of Englishmen would endure their wretched monopoly.'

But the whole of the following passage, in which Mr. Godwin, after eulogising the virtuous purposes and the ability of the Commonwealth leaders, concludes, by meeting the question of their 'right to govern the country in opposition to the wishes of its inhabitants,' is, perhaps, the most curious and characteristic that we could offer from his pages:—

'Opinion is an arbitrary sovereign in human affairs; and time is that which most of all fastens theories, systems, institutions, and tastes upon the favour of mankind. The present rulers saw that it was now but a small portion of their countrymen that were republicans. But a Commonwealth was established; and it could not be overturned without convulsions, bloodshed, the massacre, by form of law or otherwise, of those whose talents now adorned the helm of public affairs, and without innumerable calamities. According to a common figure, the vessel of the state would be turned without rudder and guidance into a raging ocean;

and upon what rock it would split, and what would be the issue of the adventure, it was not in human sagacity to pronounce. There were besides, two things which the present governors, by their energies and perseverance, had obtained, which they valued above all price. These were, the administration of a state without the intervention of a sovereign and a court, and the free and full toleration of all modes of religious worship and opinion. They would have held themselves criminal to all future ages, if they supinely suffered the present state of things, and the present operative principles to pass away, if they could be preserved.

‘Cromwell, and Ireton, and Vane, and the rest, were intimately persuaded, that by a judicious course of proceeding, these advantages might be preserved. If things were allowed to continue in their present state, and if, by a skilful and judicious administration, the Commonwealth came by just degrees to be respected both abroad and at home, they believed that many of those persons who now looked upon it with an unkind and jealous eye, would become its warmest friends. They felt in themselves the ability and the virtue to effect this great purpose. The Commonwealth was now viewed with eyes askance, and with feelings of coldness, if not of aversion. But, when once it was seen that this form of government was pregnant with blessings innumerable; that it afforded security, wealth, and a liberal treatment to all in its own borders; and that it succeeded in putting down the hostility of Ireland and Scotland, in impressing with awe, Holland, France, Spain, and the various nations of the continent, and in gaining for England, a character and a respect, which she had never possessed under any of her kings, they believed that the whole of the people in a manner, would become commonwealthsmen, and would hold embraced, in the straitest bonds of affection, a government to which now they had little partiality. They sanguinely anticipated that they should effect all this. And then how glorious would be the consummation, to convert their countrymen to the cause of freedom by benefits and honours; to instil into them the knowledge of their true interests, by the powerful criterion of experience, and finally to deliver to them the undiminished and inestimable privileges of freemen, saying, exercise them boldly, and without fear; for you are worthy to possess them!

‘A question of extreme delicacy arises in this place, whether the present rulers had a right to govern, and to continue a system of government over their country, in opposition to the will of its inhabitants? In other words, whether it is allowable to impose the most unequivocal benefit upon a man, or a body of men, which he or they want the inclination to accept? Theory says, no. But in the complicated scene of human affairs, there is no theory that will fit all cases. Among beings capable of pleasure and pain, of enjoyment and suffering, the general advantage is the supreme law, to which all others give place. The hazard and the evil are in one man setting up his judgment, and superseding the judgment of others, when the affair is theirs. His intention may be the purest that can be imagined. His judgment may be enlightened in the highest possible degree. But this is perhaps one of the cases, in which the event must decide upon the soundness of the proceeding. If the usurper, for such, though in the mildest sense we must style him, succeeds, it is well. If he really affects all the good he proposes; if in the close of the affair, he delivers up unlimited powers into the hands of a people now prepared for



the wholesome use of them, and they become wise and manlike, and virtuous and happy; yes,—infallibly he did well. It is to be feared, that in a case of this infinite moment and difficulty, by this criterion he must be content to be judged.'—pp. 117—120.

This is indeed a very edifying piece of argument, and would be quite worthy of the political school, and of the patriotic statesmen themselves, for whom it is intended as an apology. It certainly forms rather an odd commentary upon the famous vote of those very men, that "the people are the origin of all just power:"—a theoretical truth from which, as one of the ablest of our living historians has justly remarked\*, they had proceeded to deduce two practical falsehoods; that *they* represented the people, and that no part of that power had been delegated to the king, and the house of peers. A maxim, in itself to be for ever revered as the only true principle of all rational liberty, and all public right; but which the acts of these men, and of subsequent demagogues and apostles of revolution, have done more to bring into suspicion and odium, to pervert and to violate, than all the abuses and excesses of regal tyranny, and all the slavish doctrines of the 'advocates of prerogative and despotism.'

But Mr. Godwin maintains, that the 'question of extreme delicacy,' whether usurpation is commendable, must be resolved by the purposes to which it is applied. Even on this dangerous and false position, his own statement is a damning conviction of the Commonwealth leaders; and his conclusions, to be consistent with his premises, should lead him to unqualified reprobation of the flagrant tyranny, the enormous injustice, and the selfish cupidity of the Rump oligarchy. We shall soon see how his zeal for this detestable faction again contradicts his own chosen principle. On the real character of the Rump government, perhaps we might be contented in general terms to adopt the brief judgment of a writer, whose sincere attachment to the cause of constitutional liberty will scarcely be questioned. "Of the Parliament," says Mr. Hallam, with not greater severity than truth, "scarcely two or three public acts of justice, humanity or generosity, and very few of political wisdom or courage, are recorded, from their quarrel with the king to their expulsion by Cromwell." But it will more strongly exemplify the spirit of Mr. Godwin's tenets, to particularise from his own account a few of the measures which distinguished the epoch of the Rump domination. That usurping oligarchy passed a law, declaring it "treason to affirm by writing or otherwise, that the government settled in the form of a commonwealth, is tyrannical, usurped or unlawful:"—a law of which it is sufficient to observe, that Mr. Godwin insists (p. 106), that 'the principle was undoubtedly founded in reason and justice;' though he

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\* Lingard's History of England, vol. x., p. 440.

admits in the same page, with charming naiveté, that 'it is not agreeable to sound principles of legislation,' to hang a man for calling a government tyrannical. So also, the Rump, by their votes, assumed to themselves the judicial, as well as legislative powers of the state; as in the famous case of Lilburne, in which they sentenced that demagogue, for a libel on five of their own members, (Journals, January 15th, 1652), without other trial than before a committee of their house, to ruinous fines of 7000*l.*, and banishment for life. Even for this monstrous act of despotic authority, Mr. Godwin has a defence to offer, and a most singular one it certainly is: that (p. 338), 'the English constitution had vested the power of making laws, and a species of what has been styled omnipotence, in king, lords and commons. But kingship and the house of lords had been abolished. The supreme national authority had been declared to be in the commons in parliament assembled. We are not therefore to confound the present proceedings with the arbitrary power sometimes assumed by the house of commons, when the house of commons is merely what has been called the third estate in parliament.' That is, because the fundamental constitution of the realm had been illegally and iniquitously destroyed, it had become lawful for the destroyers to centre all its incongruous powers and functions in themselves. And this shameless inroad upon the administration of justice, is not to be injuriously confounded with the *arbitrary power* now sometimes assumed by the house of commons. An unaccountable infatuation of mind, in which the hatred of authority is thus only excited in the inverse ratio of its tyrannical exercise! The extinction by act of parliament of the liberty of the press; the practice of arbitrary imprisonment without trial at all; and finally, the substitution of 'high courts of justice,' nominated by themselves, and filled with their creatures, instead of trial by jury;—these are some of the measures of the Rump government, which Mr. Godwin has of course been constrained to record. To palliate, it seems, this last invasion of every man's personal security, Mr. Godwin proceeds to offer the following notable remarks:

'The acquittal of Lilburne was attended with one memorable effect. It served as an instance impressing on the present rulers the opinion, that the government must place no reliance on juries for the trial of political offences. This was perhaps the inevitable consequence of the situation of the people of England, where a government was carried on, however ably and successfully administered, and however virtuous might be the dispositions of those who conducted it, which had not the approbation and support of the majority of its subjects. The parliament endeavoured to meet this difficulty, as they manfully endeavoured to provide for all the difficulties that surrounded them.

'They had no other resource, than in the repeated institution of that which they had already employed, a high court of justice. The measures of civil policy are in general little more than the choice of what appears to be a less, rather than the submitting to a greater evil. The present

leaders had previously decided, that it was better to employ a certain degree of delusion and craft, and to have recourse to the exercise of force in purging the legislative body, than submit to be the witnesses of a coalition between the king and the Presbyterians, which should render all their military labours, and all their heroic achievements, impotent and vain. In the present case, therefore, they did not hesitate rather to consent to the temporary and partial suspension of trial by jury, than abandon all they had effected, and all they purposed to effect, for the permanent advantage and felicity of the people of England.

'Trial by jury had for many centuries been the peculiar boast and glory of this country. It is a main pillar of our liberties. It is a remark, which had often been repeated, and of which the investigators of civil policy ought not to lose sight, that the privileges of individuals may be more fully and invariably asserted, under a mixed government, like that which we call the English constitution, than under a republic. Does it therefore follow, that a mixed government, or in other words, a limited monarchy, is better than a republic?

'In a mixed government, the negative securities, the preventing the interference of individuals, or of whatever represents and acts for the whole body of the community, with the discretionary rights of its subjects, where ever it can be dispensed with, constitute perhaps the first topic of attention. In a republic, the interests of the whole, the preserving the character, the prosperity and welfare of the nation, constitute the matter first to be attended to.

'Liberty is a blessing which can scarcely be too highly prized. It tends to give an erect mind to the person who possesses it. As Homer says, "the day that reduces a man to slavery, takes from him the half of his virtue." It also secures to him who possesses it, to a certain degree, the power of defending and entailing it. He has his voice in all public elections and affairs, and is not passively subjected to the judgment, enlightened or otherwise, or the will of another.

'But there is something better than liberty. Liberty is merely a means to an end. It is to be valued for the results with which it is pregnant, and not for its own sake alone. The chain of intellectual prizes which may fall to the lot of human beings, is, knowledge, virtue, happiness. Happiness is the end; and there are no further distinctions to be run on that, than as there may be a refined and elevated happiness, a groveling happiness, and various degrees of enjoyment, that are in neither of these extremes. The highest happiness is the best. Then comes virtue: virtue, the means of promoting the happiness of others, and still more certainly, of securing the happiness of the virtuous man himself. Last of the three, is knowledge: knowledge, which shews what virtue is, displays all its charms and attractions, and teaches us the way to attain it. Liberty, viewed in this scale, is inferior to the three, and instrumental to them.

'The conclusion that arises out of all this deduction is, that liberty itself may be valued too highly.

'These speculations may seem too abstract, to be fairly entitled to a place in history, whose office is the narration of facts. But without them we cannot fully appreciate the actions and the views of the commonwealthsmen; and they are the express and peculiar subject of this work.'

The meaning of all which is—if indeed it have any meaning at all—that the usurping Commonwealth government was a superior object of virtue to the preservation of every man's most sacred rights—that there is something better than liberty, and that this something was here connected with the ascendancy of an oligarchy, who fined, imprisoned, and banished at arbitrary discretion, and who, that even the power of life and death over their enemies might be placed securely within their own hands, substituted a high court of justice of their creatures, for the legitimate constitution of the trial by jury. In short, this one thing is evident amidst the obscurity and wordiness of Mr. Godwin's goodly dissertation upon liberty, that he is marvellously disposed to excuse and eulogise the conduct of the Commonwealth leaders, in violating every principle of freedom and justice.

Mr. Godwin has laboured as strenuously to assert the personal integrity and virtuous disinterestedness, as to justify the political consistency, of the Commonwealth leaders. Doubtless, among the enthusiasts of the republican party, a few men were still to be found, sincere in their principles, and uncorrupted by the tempting harvest of confiscations and office. But this, assuredly, was not the character of the Rump faction generally. Mr. Godwin is earnest in the endeavour, not very successfully, to repel the charges of venality and peculation, which have been repeatedly urged against their whole body. Yet he does not attempt to deny (p. 474) their greedy appropriation of places to themselves. 'They possessed the great offices of state. A moment's reflection would have told us this without need of an accuser.' Goodly provision of pensions, and forfeited royalist estates, was avowedly made (p. 182—6) for the leading men among them; and it is natural to believe, that a less ostensible care of the rest of the party was not neglected. At all events, the Rump retained in their hands, and in that of the council of state, most of whom were of their own body, the disposal of all the offices of government. These they took care to distribute among themselves and their creatures; and, in their frequent votes of confiscation, there are certainly circumstances sufficiently suspicious to give a strong colouring of probability to the further charges, whether well founded or not, of positive corruptness and peculation, against a body of men so evidently self-interested and rapacious.

Mr. Godwin has attempted to vindicate the patriotic virtue of the Rump oligarchy, in seizing the supreme authority, to which they had not a shadow of right; and he has palliated their most arbitrary, tyrannical, and selfish use of their power. The exhibition of blind passion and prejudice would be incomplete, if he had not also defended their pertinacity, in retaining for a period beyond all precedent, and probably designing to perpetuate, their illegal authority. In 1649, after putting Charles to death, they confessed the necessity of instituting a new election of a free parliament, and

resigning their functions into the hands of their successors : yet they had arbitrarily retained their power above four years longer, and to all appearance would never seriously have themselves proceeded in the work of their dissolution, if it had not been first urged by the intrigues, and finally completed by the open violence, of Cromwell. Mr. Godwin's defence of them is here as extraordinary as elsewhere in its nature. ' Were all the labours of the last ten years to be counted for nothing? If any fundamental change were to take place, and royalist or presbyterian assumed the sway, the first thing demanded would be the lives of the regicides, as an expiation for their offence. The public interest, the interest certainly of liberty and virtue and national character, demanded a pause, for the minds of men to compose themselves, and for the generous individuals who had now the direction of the state, to try how far, with caution, with skill, and with maturest deliberation, they could place all that was valuable to their countrymen, upon the *securest and most immoveable foundation.*' And again ; ' It was (p. 300) an anxious question that was before them, to consider when and with what precautionary measures, the nation *might be trusted with its own interests.*' The truth was, that in unquestionable opposition to the voice of the nation, they had usurped a despotic power, under circumstances of such extreme criminality that, even if they had been willing, they dared not, as Mr. Godwin elsewhere acknowledges, incur the hazard of resigning it. Yet to what after all do these arguments, like the whole of Mr. Godwin's defence of the lawless despotism of the Rump leaders, amount, beyond the tyrant's last, worst plea of necessity? It was the same danger of the position in which they had placed themselves, that had compelled them to resort to most of the arbitrary and even sanguinary measures of their government. They were

' — in blood

stept in so far, —

that no power of safely arresting their course was left to them. In the case of the cruel execution of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel, ' the proceedings,' says Mr. Godwin, ' in this business were certainly rigorous and revolting. But, in the first embodying and endowing with individual existence a government so narrow and precarious in its foundations, what was to be done? It was requisite to shew that the builders were in earnest, and that their measures were not to be broken in upon with impunity. It was this consideration that impelled men, so generous, benevolent, and humane, as the founders of the Commonwealth, to agree in what was thus carried into effect.' But we feel that it is only wasting words to offer any serious refutation of the case which Mr. Godwin has extravagantly attempted to set up, in favour of the Commonwealth leaders. Among all men of temperate principles and ordinary information, there cannot possibly prevail any difference of

opinion on the real character of the despotism consummated by that oligarchy ;—a despotism of which it has truly been said, that ' all the illegal practices of former kings, all that had cost Charles his crown and his life, appeared but as dust in the balance.' It has only been necessary to display the conduct and object of Mr. Godwin's work : the sophistry of his reasoning is perfectly harmless, and may safely be left to the common sense of every reader to detect.

Here, then, we finally close our examination of Mr. Godwin's work. We perceive that he considers his undertaking still incomplete ; and it will extend through, at least, one volume more, which must, of course, be occupied with the history of the Protectorate. But we shall probably not feel the wish, or the necessity, to accompany him through his account of the remaining period of Cromwell's despotism, which can scarcely admit of any novelty of illustration, and has in itself little attraction to offer to the student of our constitutional history. The general spirit of the whole work, we have, perhaps, sufficiently redeemed our pledge of analysing. On the character of the great usurper himself, or the acts of his government, there is no new light to be thrown. In the present volume, Mr. Godwin seems lost in uncertainty to determine the merits of his conduct at different epochs ; and he perpetually ascribes to him, in the same breath, contradictory motives and principles of action. Upon a former occasion, we remarked with surprise and disgust, that, up to the execution of the king, Mr. Godwin distinctly applauded the intentions of the future Lord Protector ; and we concluded, that this volume ' would probably enlighten us with the discovery at what period he *does* suspect his hero to have undergone the transition from political sincerity, to the selfish and iniquitous project of trampling on the public liberties.' But this it is here even difficult to understand. It is only certain (pp. 215—218), that he believes Cromwell to have been a sincere patriot, up to the period at which Fairfax made way for his final elevation, by refusing the command, that he consequently received, of the army against the Scotch presbyterians in the war of 1650. This, we are told, was the crisis at which Cromwell's disinterestedness melted away before the temptation offered by the possession of the supreme military authority ; and our historian graciously deplores the mischance, that Fairfax, by thus resigning his command, at the alleged instigation of his presbyterian lady, should have inadvertently corrupted the pure virtue of his successor. Mr. Godwin benevolently rejoices that Fairfax loved his wife ; but censures him for the evil consequences of his uxoriousness. ' We are glad (p. 217) that Fairfax loved his wife ; but it was not altogether right, that he should sacrifice all his connexions, the schemes in which he had been engaged, and his country, at the shrine of her good will.' Of one thing, however, Mr. Godwin is undoubtedly convinced—

that when Oliver assumed the Protectorate, he had at last become an apostate and a traitor to republican principles; and as, while he remains in this mood, we shall probably find little reason for farther disagreement with him, we are contented to leave him to accomplish his history of the Protectorate without further comment.

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ART. II. *Bibliotheca Parriana. A Catalogue of the Library of the late Reverend and learned Samuel Parr, L.L.D. Curate of Hatton, Prebendary of St. Paul's.* 8vo. pp. 708. London: Bohn & Mawman. 1827.

THE preface to this work exhibits the following account of its contents.

'For many years before his death, it was the anxious wish of Dr. Parr that his library should remain entire, and that it should, in consequence, be purchased by some opulent and liberal nobleman, or preferably, by some public body. "The world," he used to say, "would then see what sort of a collection of books had been made by a country parson." He was one day conversing with his friend, Dr. Maltby, upon the subject. Dr. M. observed, "it was very uncertain whether the books could be kept together; and, if they were, the world might know little or nothing about them, as they might not be very accessible to the public, or would be absorbed by a much mightier mass of library, as, for instance, in the British Museum. The better way to inform the world of the nature and amount of his literary treasures, would be, for himself to prepare a *Catalogue Raisonné*, with such observations upon any book, as his well-stored mind and accurate memory would readily suggest." Dr. Parr agreed in the justice of these remarks; but said, "I am now too old; and, besides, I have no amanuensis." However, he did employ himself in arranging a catalogue, and now and then did dictate some curious remark or anecdote, though with far less frequency than his friend had suggested, and the world could wish. He had also been previously in the habit of marking, on the fly leaf of any particular book, something relative to the work or the author, which suddenly occurred to his mind.'

Such is the catalogue now presented to us by Dr. Parr's executors; they have conferred by their publication of it, a great favour on their literary countrymen. It brings to our notice a multitude of books, both useful and curious, on a variety of subjects; some not generally known. We are far from thinking that they exhibit a perfect library, even of a moderate compass; but they would excellently serve for the plant of one, upon the most comprehensive scale: it will give us pleasure to hear that they are purchased by the London University.

The catalogue begins with a Polyglott Bible of Elias Hutter, described by Bohn, the bookseller, from whom it was purchased by Dr. Parr, to be unique. While Hutter was engaged on this work, he was also employed on his *Biblia Sacra*, in six languages: the five first are the Hebrew, the Chaldee, the Greek, the Latin,

and the German; the sixth, in the copies intended to be sold in the Slavonic territories, was the Slavonian translation, published in the edition of Wirtemburgh; in the copies intended for France, it was the French Genevan version; in those intended for Italy, it was the Italian Genevan version; in those intended for Germany, it was the translation made by Luther. The work, mentioned in Dr. Parr's catalogue, contains the New Testament in twelve languages: the Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, Latin, German, Bohemian, English, Danish, and Polonese. In addition to these important works, Hutter produced one which, in our opinion, is more valuable than any of the others: his Hebrew Bible, printed at Hamburgh, in 1588, and afterwards published with a new title page, but with no reprint, in 1596 and 1603. It is printed with the radical letters in black, the servile in hollow types, and the quiescent, or deficient letters, in a smaller character above the line. It is an invaluable work: it greatly facilitates the acquisition of an exact and profound knowledge of the Hebrew language. Hutter published several other works of merit. His income was small, and much of his time was taken up by his public duties as a professor; yet, under these circumstances, he published these laborious, expensive, and useful works. Surely his exertions should stimulate the wealthy beneficiaries of every country to emulate his example.

One hundred and thirty pages of the catalogue before us, are filled with the titles of books of theology. That part of them which relates to the Fathers, is not so considerable or so choice as we expected. The Doctor contented himself with less valuable editions than those collected by the Benedictine monks—confessedly the best—of St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Gregory Nanzianzen. St. Basil appears nowhere in the catalogue. The Doctor justly observes, that 'Vannini was a maniac, and ought to have been confined, not burnt.' Mentioning Bagshaw's *Dissertationes Anti-Socinianæ*, the Doctor informs us, that 'he himself did not erase the Socinians out of the catalogue of Christians.' To Bishop Hurd he seems generally unfavourable: the cause of this is to be traced to the Doctor's opinion of the political inconsistency and time-serving spirit of Hurd. (See Dr. Parr's *Warburtonian Tracts*). Johnson had an equally unfavourable opinion of that prelate. (See *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. iv., p. 202, edit. 4). Dr. Parr, however, calls his sermons, preached in Lincoln's-inn, 'very learned, argumentative, and elegant.' Jewel he terms, 'very learned.' He seems to have paid great attention to the celebrated work on "the Three Impostors." We have always considered it to be supposititious: we hope to see in the edition of Dr. Parr's works, his collections and observations respecting it. Bishop Lowth's *Prælections upon Hebrew Poetry*, he mentions in the highest terms of praise. Ben Mordecai's well-known *Apology*, he says, is 'argumentative and acute.' Roma Paganizans has its



place in the catalogue. We do not find in it the still more rare work, *Roma Racoviana*. Dr. Van Mildert, whose nomination to the see of Durham gave such universal satisfaction, is justly termed, by Dr. Parr, 'venerable.'

Dr. Bell's attempt to ascertain and illustrate the authority, nature, and design of the Institution of Christ, commonly called, the Communion and the Lord's Supper,—is inserted in the catalogue. 'On the sacrament, my serious opinion,' says Dr. Parr, 'agrees with those of Hoadly, Bell, and John Taylor, of Norwich.' He pronounces Dr. Balguy's Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Chester, in 1772, to be 'excellent.' Cassander's work, *De Officio Pii et publicæ Tranquilitatis vere Amantis in hoc Religionis Dissidio*,—is, says Dr. Parr, 'replete with various learning, and true and evangelical piety: it contains the genuine opinions of the best men on the most important matters;—opinions ever dear to my heart, and perfectly according with the precepts of Christ himself.' 'Why,'—says the good Doctor, in a subsequent page, 'do the Romanists and Protestants revile each other? My prayer is, that God may bless both!' In one of the Doctor's letters, published by Mr. Butler, in the second part of his *Reminiscences*, the Doctor unequivocally acknowledges himself to be one of the Latitudinarian divines. Mr. Gibbon describes that celebrated succession of learned and liberal men, as deriving their origin from *Erasmus*; as having subsequently appeared among the disciples of *Arminius*, and as being found, towards the end of the reign of James I., in the colleges of Cambridge. In the account given of them, by Bishop Burnet, they appear to great advantage. Perceiving that the minds of men required to be more liberally enlightened, and their affections to be more powerfully engaged on the side of religion, than had been thought necessary, 'they set themselves,' as the Doctor expresses it, 'to raise those who conversed with them to another sort of thoughts, and to consider the Christian religion as a doctrine from God, both to elevate and to sweeten human nature. With this view, they laboured chiefly to take men from being in parties, from narrow notions, and from fierceness about opinions. They also continued to keep up a good correspondence with those who differed from them in opinion; and allowed a great freedom, both in philosophy and divinity.' Probably most of our readers will think, that it does Dr. Parr no discredit to have enrolled himself among these honourable and amiable divines. His avowal of the coincidence of his own opinion with those of bishop Hoadly, Dr. Bell, and Mr. Taylor, on the real presence, seems to confirm Mr. Gibbon's assertion of the actual prevalence among the reformed churches of the opinion of *Zwinglius*, that the sacrament of the altar "is no more than a spiritual communion, a simple memorial of Christ's death and passion." We wish Dr. Parr had expressed himself more fully on the Charge of Dr. Balguy in 1772, which he so highly commends:

his wish for peace between Protestants and Romanists, cannot be too loudly praised. When Erasmus published his first edition of the Greek Testament, he presented it to the Archbishop of Mentz. In return for it, the Archbishop wrote him an obliging letter, and sent to him with it a golden cup, "of great size and weight," says Erasmus, "and of excellent workmanship. He moreover assigned to it a name; he called it, *Poculum amoris*, the Cup of Love, and said, that it cemented together all who drank from it in mutual benevolence." We wish this cup to be in the hand of every Christian of every denomination. We intreat them to forget their feuds, and to unite in defence of their common Christianity. When Bayle's Dictionary first appeared, the celebrated *Nicole* is said to have observed, that "the contests between Catholics and Protestants were at an end; as the sole contest would thenceforth be, whether Christianity should exist or not."

The philological part of the catalogue extends from page 130 to page 542. It is amply stored; particularly in classical literature.

Dr. Parr appears to have entertained great respect for the learning and critical acumen of the celebrated Dr. Bentley. That great man, during his life, was more esteemed on the continent than among his countrymen. In the contest on the Epistles of Phalaris, almost all the beaux esprits of both the Universities sided against him; but it is now universally admitted, by those who are familiar with the works, to which the dispute gave rise, that he excelled his adversaries as much in wit as in learning. It is not a little remarkable, that circumstances demonstrating the spuriousness of the Letters of Phalaris, have been produced by Mr. Gibbon, which escaped all the combatants. (See his *Posthumous Works*, vol. v., pp. 564, 566).

Dr. Parr speaks of Dr. Sumner, his master at Harrow-school, in terms of great affection and praise:—'Cary Sumner; head master of Harrow-school, to Samuel Parr, 1771.—Dr. Sumner deservedly possessed the confidence of his scholars, and the respect of his literary companions. He had elegant manners, various erudition, and most exquisite taste. He was the instructor of my boyhood, and the guide of my youth; and during the thirty-eight years which have elapsed since his death, I have often thought of him and spoken of him, as animam qualem neque candidiorem terra tulit, neque cui me esset devinctior alter.' These expressions do equal honour to the preceptor and the pupil.

Dr. Parr mentions an edition of Homer—the gift to him of that most honourable, magnanimous, learned, and ingenious man, Mr. Robert Smith, before he went to India, in 1803. Twining's Translation of Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry, was 'the gift of the editor, whom I am proud and happy,' says Dr. Parr, 'to call my friend; because he is one of the best scholars now living, and one of the best men that ever lived.' Hampton's Translation of Polybius, is said by the Doctor, to have been given him by his illustrious friend, James Mackintosh.

We were amused by the peremptory tone in which, in his note on Morhoff's Dissertations, Dr. Parr informs us, that he and Dr. Johnson had decided against the charge of Patavinity, brought by Pollio, against Livy. Has any Latin scholar of modern times been so completely master of the Latin language, as to be sensible of that very delicate peculiarity which constituted Patavinity? Could any describe with accuracy, in what it consisted? Dr. Johnson might, in some sense of the word, be called a good Latin scholar; but it is certain that he had not given those days and nights to the study of the Latin language, which are required for an exact apprehension of its niceties. Dr. Parr greatly excelled his brother critic in the knowledge of the Latin language; but do his own Latin works shew that he really knew and felt the true Latin idiom, the true style of the Augustan age? We doubt it. We wish that Dr. Parr had enlarged his note (on Schminck's Synagma) respecting the final vowel in Latin verses left short before *sp*, *st*, &c. The verse—

*"Æquam nulla potest inflare scientia mentem,"*

occasioned a war of words between two Belgic colleges.

On Spence's Polymetis, Dr. Parr says, 'Mr. Spence told my friend Langton, that his strictures, with the exception of two, fell only upon those parts of the Odyssey which were translated, not by Mr. Pope, but by Mr. Tickell, and his other coadjutors; and Mr. Spence, with his usual ingenuousness and acuteness, added, "that after the most minute attention to Pope's verses, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, he believed himself to have found there every beautiful expression in the language of English poetry." Was not Mr. Spence mistaken, in supposing Tickell to have been one of Mr. Pope's coadjutors in the translation of the Odyssey? Was he not still more mistaken in his belief that he found, in the Iliad and Odyssey, every beautiful expression in the language of English poetry? Do not Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden, exhibit hundreds of poetical expressions, not to be met with in the writings of Pope? We lament the severe expressions used by Dr. Parr, respecting Dr. Saunders, Dr. Paley, Dr. Milner, and Mr. Beloe, though, of the person last named, he had some reason to complain, for unjust treatment of himself in the Sexagenarian. We still more lament the mention, in the catalogue, of *Aloysia Sygæa*, and the note appended to the title of the work published under her name. Dr. Parr acquaints us, that 'he agreed with Bishop Law about space, time, necessity, and existence; but that he respected the learning and sagacity of his learned opponent, Mr. Jackson.'

The following remark, on a work respecting the nature and existence of a material world, does Dr. Parr great honour:—

'The last-mentioned book abounds with pleasantries, as well as abstruse reasoning. The style is perspicuous and elegant, and the model formed

upon that of Mr. Hume. The principles lead to unqualified scepticism in natural as well as revealed religion. It is a very curious fact, that the Bishop of Llandaff, in the last volume of his Divinity Tracts, when pointing out books for young students, gravely recommends this very work, as likely to please those persons who have a turn for metaphysical inquiries. I shall suspect that he had hardly read beyond the title-page. When living at Norwich, I ordered the book for a club, and having read it, I would not suffer it to go forward. During the controversy on Materialism, between Priestley, Price, and others, Priestley met with this book; he was struck with the talents of the writer; he eagerly inquired after him for several years, and at last he was informed that he had left England for the West Indies.'—S. P.

We close our remarks on this division of the catalogue, with the following critique.

'Dr. Parr is bound to make the following statement. Mr. Hume, in his History of England, speaks of Sir Walter Raleigh as one of the first Free-thinkers in this country. Now, in Raleigh's History of the World, he again and again writes as a believer in Revelation. What then should lead Mr. Hume to this opinion? It was, Dr. Parr suspects, hastily and not very fairly formed, from the title of the tract which stands first in this collection. This acute and philosophical little work contains, indeed, the medulla of scepticism; but then, it is a mere *tentamen* or *lusus*, as Mr. Hume ought to have seen. But Mr. Hume looked no further, or he would have found in other parts of the same volume, decisive proof of Sir Walter's piety. Dr. Parr appeals to the Instructions to his Son and Posterity, and the Dutiful Advice of a loving Son to his aged Father. In the former there is a chapter with this title, *Let God be thy protector and director in all thy actions*; and in the latter, although there be no express mention of the name of Christ, there are frequent and serious references to the New Testament, St. Austin, St. Cyprian, and to Daniel.

'Dr. Parr would here notice one curious fact. The eloquent passage in page 45 of the Introduction to Warburton's Julian, was probably suggested to the Bishop by a passage equally eloquent in Sir Walter Raleigh's History, where he is speaking of the fall of the Roman Empire.'

We now proceed to the third division of the catalogue—a large and valuable collection of Tracts. They contain most of the smaller publications, on theological, ecclesiastical, or civil topics, which agitated the public mind from the middle of the last century till the decease of Dr. Parr. Taken together, they considerably enhance the value of the collection, and make it particularly desirable that the whole library should become the property of a public institution. Persons engaged in forming a new library upon an extensive scale, are commonly too solicitous to obtain books of acknowledged rarity or great expense. Where the means are ample, those should be procured; but the first object in the collection of a library, should be, to obtain books of common use, or those which are most frequently wanted. Even *trash* should not be despised. All who are accustomed to literary researches, know, that the books, which it is most difficult to procure, are not, generally

speaking, those which bear a high price, but those, which are sold for a few shillings when they are met with, but which, in the moment of need, cannot be found.

The Tracts, which we are now contemplating, suggest to us a reflection, which has often occurred to us, in the perusal of the Bibliothèques of Le Clerc, and other journals, English and foreign:—the multitude of works, really excellent, but which are now either wholly forgotten, or known to very few. An humiliating reflection to writers! For how seldom is any author to be met with, who can justly flatter himself, that the work, upon which he is employed, possesses that transcendental merit, which, while his contemporaries sink in oblivion, will buoy up his publication against the overwhelming wave of time. But this reflection, however unpleasant, should rather stimulate authors to aim at excellence, than discourage their attempts. Most of the writers, of whom we are now speaking, contributed, in their day, both to the public pleasure, and the public good; and generally enjoyed, or at least, thought they enjoyed, all the celebrity to which in their own opinion their writings entitled them. In one of his conflicts with Mr. Fox, Mr. Horne acknowledged, that Mr. Fox had largely contributed to put an end to the American war; but Mr. Fox should not, said Mr. Horne, “arrogate the whole merit of the deed to himself; hundreds of well-written pamphlets against the war were incessantly published; there was not one that had not some good effect, however small.”

We conjecture, from the scarcity of the books in Dr. Parr's catalogue respecting the disputes on liberty and necessity, that the Doctor did not enter much into that abstruse, irreducible problem. On one celebrated tract upon it, he gives us the following curious statement:—

“The “*Fur Prædestinatus*” was republished and translated in 1813, in consequence of the execution of a Calvinist at Northampton. He denied the fact at the gallows. He had been encouraged in presumption and self-delusion by a Calvinist teacher. The Calvinists in Northamptonshire took up his cause, and attacked the judge and the jury. Their attack was repelled by the testimony of the offender's attorney, who lived at Wellingborough, and who, in justice to the laws of his country, published the criminal's private confession, made to him in Northampton gaol. One Haffey White, a notorious offender, was hanged at the same time, but did not deny his own guilt.”—S. P.

We shall only present our readers with one further extract.

‘*Micylli (Jacobi) Ratio Examinandorum Versuum, Liber Rarissimus. Francof, 1535.*’

Under the title of this work, Dr. Parr writes as follows:—

‘Dr. Askew would never permit this book to be touched by his friends. He told me, that Bentley was suspected of having obtained some metrical information from Micyllus; and one day, standing on a ladder, he read

to me some parts, with which I was very much struck. After the death of Dr. Askew, I was determined to possess the book; and I gave Messrs. Leigh and Baker, of York-street, Covent-garden, an unlimited commission to secure it for me. I paid a considerable price for it, but I would not part with it for ten times that price. The work of Micyllus was republished by him, in a much larger form. I never saw this larger work but once, and that was in the Bodleian library, where the value of it was evidently unknown. I mentioned it to Mr. Gaisford, who seemed not to have heard of it before; and I earnestly, but ineffectually, recommended its publication to three delegates of the Clarendon press.

In a few lines at the end of this note, we are informed, that this book, so rare, and so highly prized by Dr. Parr, has since been lost from his library.

Lamentable it is—but it is too true, *losses of books, such as that here complained of by the executors of Dr. Parr*, occur more frequently in England than elsewhere. The English public is also accused of wantonly defacing books, statues, and other monuments of art, more than the public of any other civilised nation. These charges we have heard frequently mentioned, as excuses for the very imperfect access to our public libraries and literary institutions, compared with the very easy, and almost unrestrained liberty of approach to those on the continent.

We must now take our leave of this interesting volume: it is honourable to Dr. Parr, to have made such a collection of books; and highly creditable to his executors to have made it known, in the manner they have done, to the public. An advertisement at the end of the volume acquaints the reader, that a collection of Dr. Parr's Works is in the press; and that an intimate acquaintance of his (Dr. John Johnstone), is employed in preparing an account of the Dr.'s life, from authentic documents, to which he, as an executor, has access. We hear, that Mr. Barken, of Thetford, who resided for a long time under the Doctor's roof, and enjoyed his friendship and correspondence during many years (of which some proof appears in the catalogue itself, pp. 209, 285, 395, 683, 703), is preparing a collection of *Parriana*, which will, we hope, be ample.

From Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates, till the *Colloquia Mensalia* of Luther, little of the kind made its appearance. The *Table Talk* of Selden is excellent. There are few persons who, if they were required to mention the most instructive work they had read, would not mention, without hesitation, Mr. Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*. The trophies of Miltiades prevented the sleep of Themistocles; let us hope that Mr. Boswell's trophies will, in the same manner, and with the same beneficial result, prevent the sleep of Mr. Barker.

**ART. III.** *Two Years in Ava. From May, 1824, to May, 1826.* By an Officer on the Staff of the Quarter-Master-General's Department. 8vo. pp. 455. London: Murray. 1827.

THIS interesting and sensible volume, is the production of Captain T. A. Trant, of his Majesty's infantry, who served in the quarter-master-general's department of the army, under Sir Archibald Campbell, throughout the whole of the Burmese war. Under the modest title which the gallant author has chosen, of '*Two Years in Ava*,' his book is, in fact, a consecutive and lively narrative of the whole proceedings of the army, from the landing at Rangoon, to the conclusion of the peace. Its novelty, however, merely as a memoir of the British campaigns in the Burmhan empire, has been forestalled by Colonel Snodgrass's work; and it is far less minute, and less strictly historical in its military and political details, than that able publication, which, from the situation held by the writer, is to be regarded as the authorised, and almost official journal of the operations of the war.

But Captain Trant's volume is as superior, in the fullness of its notices on the civil statistics of the country, which was the theatre of hostilities—on its scenery and productions—on the manners, customs, and character of the people, as it is inferior in its professional relation. It is evidently the composition of a young and enthusiastic soldier, who had plunged into the spirit-stirring career of his duty with all the ardour inspired by a first campaign, and whose quick curiosity, in the intervals of military action, was abundantly excited and occupied, by the peculiarities of the new and striking objects that every where surrounded him. The results of his observation, shew an acute and intelligent mind; and his conclusions are in general formed with good sense and judgment: his report of military movements is not very systematically or methodically connected; but his descriptions of combats, occurrences, and localities, are all full of animation and circumstance; and remarkably picturesque and imaginative.

We should, however, be doing Captain Trant much injustice, if we left it to be concluded, that his volume is without a good deal of merit and value, both in a military and political point of view. Being less restrained than Colonel Snodgrass necessarily was by the capacity in which he served, from declaring his candid opinion of every measure, he has not only openly pointed out the same errors in the commencement of the Burmese war, which we before exposed; but has also descanted with freedom upon the questionable advantages and policy of the territorial acquisitions of the peace. With respect to the gross faults, which were committed by our Indian government in the outset of hostilities—their total previous neglect to obtain any accurate knowledge of the Burmhan country and resources—the injudicious time at which the expedi-

tion was needlessly dispatched, to be cooped up at Rangoon by the enemy, and wasted by the ravages of disease, during the nine months of the bad season—the absurd expectation, that the seizure of a single seaport would be sufficient to induce a haughty barbarian court to make full submission to our power—and the unpardonable omission to furnish the troops, in case this unreasonable hope should be disappointed, with the means of water transport, and supplies for an advance;—upon all these points it would now, so long after the fortunate lapse of events, seem, perhaps, but unprofitable to renew any discussion. But there is so much truth in our author's scattered comments upon one of these subjects—the neglect to obtain previous information,—and the case may be so applicable to the future, as a warning for our local authorities in the East, that it is well worthy of being dwelt upon.

‘The rapid rise of the Burmese power,’ says Captain Trant, ‘coeval as it was with our own in Asia, must, for many years past, have attracted the attention of our rulers in India; as it required but little penetration to foresee, that when once we came in collision with a powerful nation, never yet defeated by us, but, on the contrary, supposing itself superior to the whole world, a trial, at least, would be made on its part to assert its superiority, and a war would, of course, be inevitable.

‘Knowing this to be the case, it seems quite incomprehensible, that so little knowledge should have been acquired of the real power and resources of our neighbours; and, even after the conquest of Assam, when the cloud that was gathering in the political horizon, might have pointed out the necessity of precaution to those, whom a long acquaintance with Asiatic courts should have made distrustful of the transient calm—even then, no steps were taken to ascertain the views and nature of the Burman government; so that, when the storm unexpectedly burst, all was confusion, and government was obliged to act upon information, received twelve years before.

‘Thus was the army sent to Rangoon, on the supposition, that if an advance should prove expedient, it might be embarked in Burman boats, manned by Burmans, and sailing up the Irrawaddy, reach the capital of Ava in three or four months. How little could the character of the Burman nation be known to those from whom this advice emanated; and what an erroneous opinion must they not have formed of despotic governments, did they conceive, that one so arbitrary as the Burman, could be divested of the means of withholding from us the resources of the country, even had the inhabitants felt inclined to favour our cause,—an occurrence not likely to take place, as their alarm would naturally induce them to fly from a horde of strangers, and to repose confidence in the strength of that government, under which they had been born.’—pp. 5, 6.

A curious contrast to the unaccountable and disgraceful apathy of our Indian rulers, in scarcely seeking any knowledge of a country, which was almost under their eyes, is instanced by Captain Trant, from a little discovery which was made, on the advance of the army in the second campaign, at Sarawah, half-way between Rangoon and Prome.



'About the apartments were numerous offerings of the pious, and in one of the houses a book was found, which may be considered of great importance, as shewing the estimation in which this nation was held by a very insignificant power in Europe, at a time when we, its immediate neighbours, must have been enveloped in shameful ignorance of every thing concerning it. This was a plain and simple exposition of the tenets of the Christian faith, in the Latin and Burman languages, and printed at the press of the society for the propagation of the true faith, at Rome, in 1785.

'On inquiry, I found that, about that period, some Italian priests were settled near Ava, and taught Latin to several people, amongst others to Mr. Gibson. For many years past, no persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion have visited Ava as missionaries; the fall and poverty of that church, by the events of the French revolution, and the detention of its venerable pontiff under Napoleon, having of course prevented the church of Rome from sending any of its members to disseminate the light of the Gospel in these regions; but the Roman Catholic religion is still followed by a few individuals, and is represented by priests of that race, miscalled Portuguese, who, from their intermarriage with the natives of India, now retain but little trace of their origin, except the dialect, which still remains to them, of the language of their forefathers.'—pp. 156, 157.

One most disastrous consequence, resulting from our Indian government's previous neglect to acquire any military knowledge of the Burmhan empire, has been hitherto little exposed, but is strikingly exhibited in this volume. It was not until after near twelve months had been lost in the operations, of which the mouth of the Irrawaddy was the base, that an invasion was attempted from the maritime country of Arracan, which is divided, as a reference to the common maps will shew, from the kingdoms of Pegu and Ava Proper, by a chain of mountains running north and south, parallel and intermediate to the sea-coast and the course of the Irrawaddy. It was projected, that a second invading force, entering Arracan, should cross the mountains and strike upon the Irrawaddy, to form a junction with Sir A. Campbell's division; and an army of ten thousand men under General Morrison was assembled, as we formerly remarked, on the Chittagong frontier, for that purpose. General Morrison, a brave and distinguished officer, after a smart action, captured the city of Arracan, the capital of the province, while Sir A. Campbell was advancing to Prome; but though the routed enemy had fled to the Irrawaddy, the passage over the mountains was believed, upon a partial reconnaissance, to be impracticable (Captain Trant says, that the only good road was not explored); and all farther attempt at co-operation was abandoned. General Morrison being thus compelled to remain 'in the swampy, pestilential flats of Arracan,' one half of his army perished there miserably by disease; and the rest became so emaciated from sickness, that it was completely disorganised and useless.

After the conclusion of the peace, the easy means of having averted this deplorable miscarriage, were discovered too late. Sir

A. Campbell, deeming it of the highest importance that the inlet from Arracan to the heart of Ava should be known to us, in case of another war, dispatched Captain Trant, with a battalion of Sepoys, and the elephants of the army, to explore the best route across the mountains, from Sembeghewn on the Irrawaddy, to Aeng in Arracan. Our author's report, which was afterwards published by order of government in the Calcutta Gazette, and is here embodied in his volume, is clear and satisfactory, and does him great credit. He found 'a superb road' across the mountains, which had been executed by the Burmhan government some years before, to facilitate the intercourse between Arracan and Ava; and which, as it was the channel of so great an inland trade as to be annually traversed, it is computed, by forty thousand persons, ought to have been as well known to our authorities in India, as the high route from Calcutta to Cawnpore. The whole distance from the Irrawaddy to Aeng, is only one hundred and twenty-four miles; and the detachment, as well as the elephants, accomplished a march, which had been supposed impracticable, *in eleven days*. It is therefore evident, as our author justly concludes, that, had this road been accurately known or examined, there was nothing to have prevented General Morrison's fine army, especially after the flight of the enemy, from having wintered in the elevated and healthy districts of Ava, instead of mouldering away in the fatal marshes of Arracan.

We may add, that, with this information at the commencement of the war, the contest might have been brought to a conclusion with a far less cost of time, blood, and treasure. The distance from Aeng to the point at which the road impinges on the Irrawaddy, cannot be above a fourth of that from the same point to Rangoon; and the whole line from the coast of Arracan, to the Burmese capital, does not exceed twenty-five days' marches. The difficulty of forcing the mountain passes, 'than which nature never formed,' as Captain Trant rather awkwardly calls it, 'an *easier-to-be-defended* barrier,' might, perhaps, against the unimpaired strength of the Burmhan empire, have rendered it imprudent to confine the invasion to this simple point of assault. But if, at the commencement of the season for operations, one army had been dispatched to advance from Rangoon, with proper means of river transport, and another had operated simultaneously from Arracan, there can be little doubt that, in the surprise and distraction of a barbarous enemy's tactics, the war might have been finished, by the junction of the invaders, in a single campaign.

The importance, however, of the knowledge acquired by Captain Trant's memoir of his march, is chiefly with reference to the future contingencies of warfare in the same country; and this portion of his book, in a military point of view, besides containing some interesting notices of the mountaineer tribes of Arracan, is incomparably the most valuable. The passes commanding the

route over the mountains, are now within our frontier ; and their occupation may, at any time, secure to us the key of Ava.

‘ The advantages of this fine road, leading, in twenty-five marches, from Aeng to Ava, more than counterbalance the fatigue and trouble likely to attend the passage of artillery over the mountains, where, in many places, from the great ascent, bullocks could be of no use in dragging the guns, which must, therefore, necessarily be pulled up by sheer strength of arm ; and for the same reason it would be impossible to convey the stores in carts. That part of the road which requires most actual making, is for eight miles in the bed of the Mine river, where the annual torrents are constantly changing the position of the rocks and stones ; but this could be remedied, in many places, by felling large trees, and with them forming an artificial road, the rocks answering as abutments. Some parts of this road among the mountains require widening ; and it would be requisite to sink tanks at the springs, and cut paths to and from them : but, taking every thing into consideration, there is little doubt but that a battalion of pioneers, sent one week in advance, would render the Aeng road quite passable for an army.’—pp. 447, 448.

Having, in our notice of Colonel Snodgrass’s book, given as full an outline as our limits might permit, of the military operation of the Burmese war, we shall not of course here follow Captain Trant through the same narrative. But we may take from his pages the relation of an assault upon some stockades, in the beginning of the war, to exemplify, by a single instance, the lively style of his sketches of this nature.

‘ On the 8th of July, Sir Archibald Campbell determined on capturing these stockades ; and sending General Macbean by land, with one thousand Europeans and five hundred Sepoys, in the direction most likely to intercept their retreat, he, with the gun-boats, and a considerable force, proceeded by water.

‘ There were two roads leading from the Pagoda, in the direction we wished to pursue ; one, a mere footpath, the other passable for guns. General Macbean preferred the former, and left his artillery behind. The enemy not expecting us by this path, we marched through the jungle for three miles, without seeing a soul, although, in the wood to our left, voices could be distinctly heard, and also the sound of the axe falling on trees, which they were felling to erect their fortifications ; but, after marching this distance, two stockades were descried, a few yards in advance. The General instantly halted, to enable the troops, which were marching in single file (and consequently occupied a great length of ground) to form column, during which time, we could observe small parties of Burmahs, armed with muskets, coming from the opposite wood to reinforce the stockades. Firing also was heard to the left, which indicated that Sir Archibald Campbell was engaged ; and General Macbean therefore made his dispositions for an attack. Brigadier M’Creagh, with five hundred men from his Majesty’s thirteenth and thirty-eighth regiments, commanded by Majors Sale and Frith, were formed in a column of subdivisions, and with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, directed to advance on the work. This movement was effected with so much

rapidity, order, and regularity, that to be in possession of this stockade, and moving on to attack the next, was the affair of a moment. The second was abandoned on the approach of the column; and we then discovered, in a large plain, backed by the jungle, a succession of stockades, amounting in all to seven. This did not deter the troops from escalading and capturing a third stockade, and then rushing on to the largest: there the column experienced some loss, in consequence of the delay in bringing up the scaling ladders through the muddy, paddy fields, but when they arrived the work was assaulted at all points. There was another stockade inside the outer one, to which, and to the side opposite to us, the Burmahs had retired, leaving the place between perfectly clear: the troops, therefore, entered in crowds, and encircled the work, whilst a small party went into the inner stockade, and drove the enemy outside, where our troops were ready to receive them at the bayonet's point.

'The panic that now took place among the Burmahs, can scarcely be described: rushing in crowds towards the only gate through which they might escape, they completely choked it up; others then attempted to climb over the walls, but were mowed down by our shot, and those at the gate were falling by dozens. Some became quite desperate, and with their long, dishevelled black hair streaming over their shoulders, and giving them the most ferocious appearance, seized their swords with both hands, and dashed on the bayonets of the soldiers, where they met with that death, which they seemed alternately to fear and despise; whilst others hid themselves in the trenches, full of water, and there lay motionless, feigning to be dead. The carnage was very great, at least five hundred men being slain in the main stockade, and amongst them was Shumbah Woonghee. When the firing first commenced, he had been wounded, and his attendants were carrying him into the jungle, amidst a host of fugitives, when he received another shot, which terminated his existence. Many other chieftains of rank also fell: one had attacked a soldier of the thirteenth, and was in the act of cutting him down, when Major Sale came to his assistance, and having felled him to the ground, rescued the soldier from his perilous situation.

'In this stockade, was a battery of nine small guns, and ranged in a row behind, were the Burman colours. They were made of red silk, swallow-tailed, and having the figure of a Braminy goose in the centre, and when furled, were bound round with green leaves instead of cases. A great many stand of arms were captured and destroyed, and many handsome spears, the shafts headed with chased silver, swords with gold and silver handles, and scabbards, silver caps, and even the Tsaloeh, or gold chain of pine links, worn by the Woonghee, became the property of the soldiers. The latter ornament was afterwards sold for six hundred and fifty rupees.'—pp. 66—69.

To pass from the mere military and political narrative of the volume before us, we must, we believe, restrict ourselves to observe, that the work presents us with a great deal more information on the condition and character of the empire and the people of Ava, than we can here find room to notice. During the cantonment of our army for many months at Prome, the author enjoyed a very favourable opportunity, of which he seems to have made the most,

of studying the manners and customs, the civil institutions and the qualities of the people. There, under the protection of our authorities, the poor inhabitants of a large district gladly returned to their homes; their native and local magistrates tendered their sincere submission, and resumed their offices; and the operation of their own laws was wisely permitted. Finding that, although conquerors, we neither tyrannised over them nor plundered them, the whole population soon discriminated between our equitable government, and that of their own cruel court; and a degree of happiness reigned among them, to which they seemed hitherto to have been strangers. The greatest order and security prevailed: only one murder was committed while our army remained at Prome; and the perpetrator, being delivered up to the native magistrates, was executed according to the laws of the country.

Of the natural character of the people, Captain Trant seems to have formed a very favourable impression; and they really appear to require only a better government, to insure their rapid advancement in civilisation and virtue. Their religion—a modification of Boodhism—is of course gross and idolatrous: but it is apparently free from the sensual depravity of the Hindoo system. They have no distinctions of *caste*, and little of that inveterate superstition, therewith connected, which in British India offers so insurmountable a resistance to the progress of moral and religious improvement. The influence of their wretched government, like that of all Asiatic despotisms, can be productive only of perfidy, meanness, and cruelty: but yet our troops had abundant experience, that the Burmese are naturally a shrewd, bold, and courageous race; and individual examples of fidelity, as well as of intelligence and enterprise, were by no means wanting among them. Several instances of this occur in Captain Trant's narrative. When General Cotton was repulsed at Donabew, his only mode of communicating the intelligence to Sir A. Campbell was through a Burmese, who, traversing the country in the enemy's occupation, faithfully delivered his dispatch, written on a small piece of paper rolled in a quill. Sir A. Campbell's reply was in the same form entrusted to another native messenger, who undertook to deliver it. 'His address did him great credit, and he contrived completely to outwit our adversaries; for, leaving Sarawah with a little canoe full of tamarinds, he boldly pulled into the middle of the Burman fleet of war-boats, and there offering his wares for sale, passed himself off in the character of a trader. Not the least suspicion being attached to him, he found no difficulty in dropping down the stream during the night; and, after delivering his letter to General Cotton, brought back an answer by land, in which the General stated, that to avoid being constantly annoyed by the Burmahs, he had fallen back ten miles below Donabew.' A short time after, a more remarkable trait of honesty was exhibited by a native:

'We had tried to send General Morrison a letter from Uadeet before

we retrograded, and the messenger, a fine young Burmah, received a considerable sum in advance, and the promise of double, should he succeed in his mission. After being repeatedly arrested and searched, he at last reached Prome, when, finding that to proceed further on his journey was quite impossible, he returned to our camp, and bringing back the money and the letter, said, "I cannot succeed in what I have undertaken; take back, therefore, your letter and your money." Such real honesty and nobleness of character is rarely to be met with, and there are many, even in our fortunate land, who might take a lesson from this uncivilised Burmah. It may be unnecessary to add, that he was not deprived of his well-earned pittance.'— pp. 189, 190.

Our author's sketches of Burmese manners, costume, amusements, &c., are all very pleasing and lively :

'It is singular, that the Burman nation, though bordering on Hindostan, should differ so materially from the inhabitants of that country in one custom, which is a peculiar characteristic of the East; and it offers a good sample of their mental superiority in that respect over their neighbours. In this country, women are free: they are not regarded with that unworthy jealousy or suspicion, which prompts the oriental nations to immure their women in a *séraglio*; but are allowed unrestrained intercourse with every one. It is true that, like all semi-barbarous nations, the Burmahs look upon women as inferior beings to themselves; a husband will not eat at the same table with his wife; if walking together, she must not presume to precede him; and her domestic occupations are of the most menial kinds—she must proceed to the river several times a day, for the purpose of drawing water; she beats out the rice from the husk, and prepares the family meals; and, if her time allows it, must employ herself in sewing her own and husband's dresses, or else working at the loom. The women are never idle; and yet, notwithstanding this drudgery, are lively, intelligent and good-humoured, for the most part know how to read and write, and enter with the greatest warmth into the news and politics of the day. They are very attentive to their social duties; and, though unrestrained by the rules of decorum, are seldom guilty of infidelity to their husbands. With this freedom there is much less danger of a woman proving false to her marriage vows, than when under the surveillance of a jealous husband, or imprisoned within the walls of a harem. In the one instance, she is the guardian of her own honour, and will seldom prove false to the trust; in the other, she feels herself slighted, she finds her reputation is in the hands of others, and she then, from revenge, will become guilty of acts, she would not otherwise have thought of. Chastity, in the sense we understand the word, is but little known; and no degree of obloquy is attached to a girl, who may have parted with her maiden fame without the ceremony of marriage; indeed, the latter is merely a civil arrangement.'

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'The Burman women pay great attention to the adornment of their persons. Their hair is tied in a bunch at the back of the head; and, as a quantity of it is considered a great beauty, false tails, sometimes two or three in number, are ingeniously mixed with the real hair, so as to form a large knot, which is further adorned with flowers. In the ears, instead of

riings, they wear rolls of gold, about half an inch in diameter; and round the neck, gold chains, differing in make and value, according to the wealth of the owner.

'The lower garment\* consists of one single piece of variegated silk of different patterns: this is wrapped round the body, partly covering the bosom, and tucked in under the arm. It falls as low as the ankle, but being open in front, and merely lapping over a little when not moving, if they walk, discloses the whole of the leg; only one limb being visible at a time, according to the forward step. Custom soon deprived this dress of the indecent appearance with which it first struck us. It is peculiar to the whole of this part of Asia, and has been so from time immemorial. The *engee*, a light muslin jacket worn open, and red sandals, complete the habiliments of the sex. Those moving in higher circles wear the same, but of more costly materials.

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'The men are a fine athletic race; and though not tall, are very muscular and well-proportioned, offering a striking contrast to the straight, shapeless limbs of the inhabitants of Hindostan. When young, they are mostly handsome: their demeanour is marked by an elasticity of step and dignity of countenance, which denote the confidence they feel in themselves; and a young Burman dandy, with his handkerchief fantastically wound in his long black hair, his dashing silk loonghee tied round the waist, and the graceful Tartan scarf† thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and much resembling the Highland plaid, is really a fine figure to contemplate. In maturer age, however, they rapidly fall off; their features soon become wrinkled, and the little tuft of hair which they allow to grow on the chin (the rest of the beard being carefully plucked out) is, at that period, anything but ornamental to the countenance. They tattoo their thighs with a variety of curious letters and figures, intended to operate as a charm against an enemy, and also to denote servitude to the king; and this being done with a blueish mixture, gives the leg the appearance of being clothed. The chest and arms also are often tattooed; but this is performed with a red paint, and generally consists of a number of squares, with mystic characters engraven on them.' pp. 208—214.

We have also a long account of their several games and amusements: among the former wrestling and boxing, and of the latter, dancing, music, and dramatic representations. Some of their airs, especially a war-boat song, are far from unpleasing, as we have found on trial of three melodies, which are given as examples by Captain Trant, and may be recommended to the curiosity of our musical friends.

The graver statistical matter of the volume, we must leave our readers to gather for themselves. Captain Trant has accumulated no inconsiderable quantity of information in some successive chapters on the religion, government, laws, revenues, productions, commerce, climate, and soil of the barbarian empire. His estimate of the population of the Burmhan territories is ingenious, and seems

\* Called in Burmah, *loonghee*.

† Pussoh.

likely to be accurate. He concludes, from the amount and proportion of the military conscriptions, and from personal view of the districts through which he passed, that the whole scanty population of the empire cannot exceed six millions; and he shews how this calculation may be reconciled with the far greater estimate of Symes.

‘The late Colonel Symes, in his work on Ava, computes the population at seventeen millions, by supposing the number of towns and villages to amount to eight thousand; but in this number, if we may judge by experience, more than two-thirds only nominally existed, the inhabitants having, probably, emigrated to other spots, to which a new name would be given, whilst the deserted village, in the returns of the district, would be placed on the same list with the inhabited ones. This I have remarked, in many instances, to be the case; the names of those villages handed down by tradition having been invariably given me, as well as those actually in existence. Colonel Symes could not be aware of this custom, and thus his calculation is not founded on so erroneous a basis as has generally been supposed.’—p. 238.

In connexion with this circumstance, of the immense number of ruined and desert towns, both in the kingdom of Pegu and in that of Ava Proper, Captain Trant has a number of highly interesting notices, scattered through his volume, on the architectural remains and other antiquities of the country. From these monuments, there seems no doubt that the same regions must have been, at periods both more and less remote, the seat of an empire far more populous, better skilled in the arts of civilisation, and altogether more flourishing and wealthy, than the present state. The more modern tale of desolation is told—as well by the traces of villages thickly strewn over the country, where the nearest hamlets are now ten miles asunder—as by the ruined ramparts and vast solitary area of Pegu, Lyne, Pagahm Mew, Terreckettree, and various other great cities. The walls of the last place here named, may be traced through a circuit of ten miles; and the massive thickness and strength both of these brick remains, and of other structures of the same material, are deplorably contrasted by the wretched mud hovels and wooden bulwarks of the modern Burmese towns. But the surviving monuments of earlier ages are still more remarkable. The neatly and strongly arched roofs of old temples, shew a perfect acquaintance with the art of vaulting, which the Burmese have now totally lost. Frescoes of great age are found on the walls of these structures, still retaining the most brilliant colouring, and in every respect superior to more modern attempts of the kind; and those enormous masses of brick, the Dagon and Shoemadoo, and Shoezeegoon pagodas, at Rangoon, Pegu, and Pagahm, are of immemorial antiquity. It is remarkable that these stupendous constructions are altogether dissimilar from any religious edifices in India, and ‘approach,’ says our author, ‘in idea nearer to the pyramids than any other relic of antiquity.’ He



also observes that 'in Ava, the constant ornaments of the religious edifices are sphinxes, griffins, mermaids, and crocodiles, which are the exact symbols of the religion of the Egyptians. Neither the Chinese, Hindoos, or Mussulmans, employ the same emblems, and, consequently, it is not from imitating them that this custom has taken root. Does it not, therefore, seem strange that Ava and Egypt should have given the same ideal forms to different accompaniments of their religious emblems? and would not this warrant the conclusion that some unknown cause exists for the similarity?' But, suddenly, as if afraid of being laughed at for pursuing the conjecture, which is in fact far from being destitute of possible foundation, he adds, that 'this is a very wild hypothesis, and so little borne out by probability, that it scarcely bears discussing.'

But the truth is, that these Burmese monuments have yet to be visited by persons capable of learnedly investigating their antiquity. It is no discredit to Captain Trant, that he has not been able to carry his researches in the Burmese country farther, both on this and other subjects of scientific and learned interest: he merits, on the contrary, great eulogy for having effected so much as he has done. Indeed, in these respects, we cannot repeat too strongly our praise of the intelligence and mental activity displayed both by himself and Colonel Snodgrass, in accumulating so large a mass of unprofessional knowledge on the state of the Burmhan country, amidst a warfare so harassing, and under the distraction and fatigue of military avocations. But the increase of our general knowledge of the invaded empire, should not have been left to the mere chance exertions of individuals, whose principal attention must necessarily be engrossed by their duties in the field; and it is impossible not to regret, that the army was unaccompanied by a few professed men of learning, who might have exclusively and severally directed their whole time and labour to civil and scientific and antiquarian researches. Upon this subject Captain Trant's sensible remarks are well worth quotation:

'In thus glancing over the animal productions of Ava, it cannot be expected that a soldier should be very proficient on the subject; his occupations in the field are so numerous, and of such an active description, that he can spare but little time for profound researches into the natural history of the country, even supposing that his talents should qualify him for such an office; and it is, therefore, much to be regretted that the British government did not send two or three scientific men with this expedition, for the purpose of inquiring into the natural history, geology, and botanical peculiarities of Ava.

'Let it be recollected that this empire was totally unknown to us, and that we, as lords of the East, and, consequently, having innumerable opportunities of gaining scientific information, should consider it a duty we owe the polished world, to contribute our quota to the general fund of science and knowledge. In a similar situation the French would have acted very differently, and the public would, ere this, have possessed an

accurate description of the countries of Ava and Pegu. They would have sent a complete society of men of talent, each well versed in his own line; and the result might have been (as with the expedition to Egypt), that our scientific knowledge would have advanced as rapidly as our arms.'—p. 279.

As our author here justly observes, a French government, under the same circumstances, would not have lost the opportunity of extending their stores of philosophical discovery. Some ridicule it has been attempted at times to cast upon the conduct of the Directory of the French republic, in attaching a train of *savans* to their Egyptian expedition; but the example is surely deserving of imitation, especially by our Indian administration, and in a most interesting quarter of the globe, where our arms are frequently penetrating into regions previously unexplored and little known. The march of an Anglo-Indian army, has usually been as much a journey of discovery as a career of conquest; and might always be made more conducive than it has hitherto been, to extend the boundaries of our knowledge with those of our empire. And further, upon less generous considerations, our political interests would seem equally to suggest this proceeding. In the case of our expedition into Ava, for instance, too many efforts could scarcely have been made to acquire a thorough knowledge of the natural productions and statistics of a country, of which we may one day be compelled to take permanent possession. For, however willingly the truth may be dissembled, and the prospect deprecated, no reflecting man can blind himself to the rapid operation of that law of necessity, by which it should seem that our Eastern empire is inevitably doomed to a perpetual extension, until it shall fall under the mere superincumbent force of its own unwieldy and gigantic weight.

ART. IV. *Apologie der neuern Theologie des evangelischen Deutschlands gegen ihren neuesten Ankläger, &c.* Von D. K. G. Bretschneider. 8vo. pp. 66. Halle. 1826.

*Defence of the Modern Theology of Evangelical Germany against its most recent Accuser; or, an Examination of the State of the Protestant Religion in Germany, in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. Hugh James Ross.*

It is a striking coincidence, and indicative of the general impulse given to the national mind, that the period at which the Germans emerged so honourably into literary distinction, was likewise the epoch of a new school of theology. The elder German divines have long been highly esteemed for the soundness of their judgment, their great depth of research and profound erudition. Their successors, however, were not contented to tread in their footsteps, or to adopt their views. They struck out a new path for them-

selves, and extolled their mode of interpreting the Scriptures, as a release from the fetters of systems which, as they contend, placed the human mind under undue restraint. Their doctrines have been silently, but constantly gaining ground, and have at length forced themselves into general notice. The distinguishing features of this new system, are the adoption of the principle, that it is impossible to go too deeply into the consideration of religious subjects. Making reason not only the test of revelation, but the limit of religion, they overlook the self-evident proposition, that as the religious system is not to be completed in this world, so neither can it be thoroughly explained to the comprehension of our finite capacities; and are unwilling to acknowledge, that there is a point at which reason is insufficient, as in the ocean, there is a depth which all the powers of man have hitherto been unable to fathom.

Their opponents, on the contrary maintain, that the mode of exposition adopted by the Neologists (such is the name given to the adherents of the new school), is subversive of the principles of true criticism, and opens the road to the wildest theories of imagination and caprice. Among those who have stepped forward as the open assailants of this system, Mr. Rose deserves a conspicuous place, from the exclusive object of his work and the pretension displayed in it. Our readers are doubtless aware, that we allude to his *Discourses on the State of the Protestant Religion in Germany*, which were preached before the University of Cambridge, and afterwards published with many notes, in confirmation of the charges contained in the text. If the Neologists be extravagant in their adherence to the principles of unassisted reason, Mr. Rose is remarkable on the other side, by his uncompromising hostility to it. Nothing was easier than victory, in the cause which he had espoused—the opinions of his adversaries carried their own refutation with them; he had but to quote from their works, and he was secure. Not content with this, he aimed at higher things, and failed. By a carelessness of assertion, which frequently amounts almost to self-contradiction, and a frankness of admission which in one particular instance, as we shall presently shew, compels him, either to reject the legitimate deduction from his own premises, or to assent to the wildest dreams of those very writers, the refutation of whose doctrines was the sole object of his work, he has unfortunately afforded his adversaries an excuse for retaliating in kind. Dr. Bretschneider has accordingly confined himself, in the greater part of his pamphlet, to combating the opinions of Mr. Rose, and pointing out the deductions from the principles laid down in some of his *Discourses*, leaving the vital part of the controversy, the tendency of the doctrines of the Neologists, nearly untouched. This was hardly fair; but it is of little use for a commander to carry the war into an enemy's country, while anarchy and dissension

convulse his own. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, that he has made good his proofs against Mr. Rose, he does not thereby dispose of the quotations from the German writers, subjoined to these Discourses; and it is very singular, that he hardly once attempts it.

Dr. Bretschneiders' *Apologie*, contains sixty-six pages; the first forty of which are occupied with observations on Mr. Rose's arguments and opinions, whilst an account of the different systems that have obtained in Germany, and the reception which they experienced, occupies hardly ten pages; and, the exposition of the doctrines of his own party (the evangelical), little more than one page. Yet he entitles his work an apology for the modern theology of evangelical Germany. How can that be called an apology for German theology? But if the work does not in itself contain any defence of the system, it is of service as pointing out those authors, in whose writings it may fairly be supposed, that the new doctrines are developed in their least offensive form.

After premising, that a systematic refutation of Mr. Rose's work, would almost require a continued history of theology, from the Reformation to the present time, Dr. Bretschneider says,

'But fortunately, such a mode of refutation is not always necessary, and, certainly not with Mr. Rose. We consider him as a witness, and his book as written evidence. But the force of an accusation is destroyed, if it can be proved, 1st, that the witness is partial. 2ndly, that he is deficient in the judgment and knowledge necessary to form a right understanding of the facts alleged by him. 3rdly, that he places these facts, in a false and partial light; if not intentionally, yet, from weakness. 4thly, that he derives his intelligence, not from his own observation, but from other persons, *who are not named*; especially, if it can be proved, that these persons belong to the declared adversaries of the party accused. Of all this, we can convict Mr. Rose; and when we have so convicted him, it follows that his testimony, or accusation, deserves no credit.'—*Apologie*, p. 6.

It is plain, that the three first charges might easily be reduced to one; and with respect to the fourth, the persons consulted, although the declared adversaries of the accused, might still speak the truth. But we apprehend, that the whole reasoning is founded in error. The evidence of a witness is not destroyed, because he is partial, or because he derives his intelligence from the adversaries of the accused. The knowledge of such a circumstance might influence the cross-examining counsel in his mode of eliciting the truth, and Dr. Bretschneider should have proved, not that Mr. Rose is partial, or that he derived his information from Anti-Neologists, but that the tendency of the doctrines maintained by the Neologists, was not such as was imputed to them. Besides, if the observation were of any consequence, Mr. Rose assumed the office of judge, and cannot be considered as a witness. The witness deposes to facts; the judge deduces inferences from these facts. But let us hear Dr. Bretschneider in continuation.

'This accusation is nothing less than that, since the time of Semler, a school of divines has existed in Germany, in which is to be found "a daringness of disbelief and a wantonness of blasphemy, which, in a professed believer, we should expect and understand," "a dreadful pest," "to threaten the destruction of all that is dear, sacred and holy." Rose, pp. 58, 59. That the witness who advances such an accusation, is partial, is manifest from the charge itself, which is expressed in such unmeasured and exaggerated terms, that it can be true only of Atheists, or must presuppose insanity in the evangelical teachers of Germany.'—*Apologie*, p. 7.

These are strong terms ; whether Mr. Rose is partial in the use of them, must depend on the proofs which he brings forward to substantiate them. It is remarkable, that Dr. Bretschneider should have omitted, perhaps the strongest expression of all, considering the extent in which it was applied. We read in the first Discourse, that "it need not be added, that the Protestant church of that country (Germany), is the mere shadow of a name;" and at p. 8, of the advertisement, we are told, "in truth, I have only expressed what has been said to me by every intelligent German, with whom I conversed on the subject."

We give the following, as one of the parts of the pamphlet to which Dr. Bretschneider would probably wish to direct the attention of the English reader.

'Mr. Rose in his work, appears to us in the following light. Educated in the bosom of the English episcopal church, he conscientiously adopted its creed as the only true exposition of Christianity, and became a zealous orthodox Englishman, believing all true theology to be comprised in the thirty-nine articles. It never occurred to him to investigate this belief, as he assents to the principle of his church \*, that the fathers of the church of the three or four first centuries, are the most competent witnesses respecting what Jesus and the Apostles had taught, and the sense in which the Holy Scriptures are to be understood. Whoever says this, has never read those fathers, or he would have given up so gross an error. "A minister of the church (says Mr. Rose), must no longer think his own thoughts, or form his own plans; but he must teach what the church commands, in the sphere which she assigns." Even if he should perceive any errors, "it belongs not to him to remedy the error, or supply the deficiency." Mr. Rose, therefore, trod with closed eyes, the beaten path of the Episcopal church. In this state of comfortable repose, he was disturbed by an occurrence always unpleasant to those who have given up all reliance on their own judgment, viz., that Kühnöl's Commentary on the New Testament, and Rosenmüller's Scholia on the Old Testament, together with Schleusner's Lexicon, were much used by students of theology in England; and that in these writings, Schleusner's Lexicon not excepted, he discovered the poison of heresy, by which the students were transported beyond the thirty-nine articles. Full of anxiety at the introduction of this poison into his native land, he pays particular attention to the theology of the

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\* Dr. B. is mistaken in supposing this to be a principle of the English church.—*Rev.*

Germans, in a philosophical tour, which he made through their territory, that on his return home, he might warn his countrymen against the writings of the Germans, destroy the credit they had acquired in England, and maintain that fortunate system, in which the divines must not think their own thoughts, but only the thirty-nine articles.'

When Mr. Rose says, that a minister of a church may not think his own thoughts, he probably only meant to say that his thoughts should coincide with those of the church to which he belongs, so that they should form not twain; but one thought. But, if by this expression, he would intimate what the words at first sight certainly imply, we would ask him, how upon this principle, he could justify the secession of the Protestants from the Roman Catholic church?

Dr. B. accuses Mr. Rose of inserting at random quotations from writers of all parties, and of supporting his charges against the divines, by extracts from lay writers. Mr. Rose's object was to point out to his countrymen the danger likely to accrue from the use of the German commentators. If, therefore, he found objectionable matter in writings of all parties, was he to blame in exposing it? His quotations from lay writers, merely proves that he was incorrect in attributing such opinions only to the divines. But that our readers may judge for themselves, we will insert Dr. B's. classification of the German writers on theology, together with his opinion of the reception given to the different doctrines promulgated since the year 1750.

'A very superficial knowledge of the history of theology, since the middle of the last century, would enable us to trace *four* very different directions, into which the inquiries respecting Christianity branched. Firstly, there were some, in whose opinion all revelation was nothing but superstition;—Jesus, an enthusiast, or an impostor;—and Christianity a mass of errors. They therefore thought that they were doing a meritorious action, by undermining the esteem in which it was held. These were the followers of the English and French Free-thinkers; but few of them were found in Germany, and amongst them no divine.

'The second class consisted of those who wished to advance natural religion at the expense of Christianity; who believed indeed an historical Christ, but attributed no divine effect to Christianity; and thought that they could explain the Life of Jesus, and the origin of Christianity, entirely upon natural principles. They considered the Life of Jesus as a romance, Jesus himself as a member of secret societies, and treated the holy Scriptures merely as human books. Among the adherents of this class were K. F. Bahrdt, at first a divine, but soon removed from his office, and the non-theologians, Reimarus (author of the *Wolfenbüttele Fragments*), and Venturini (*History of the Great Prophet of Nazareth*). Perhaps Brennecke may also be included. Those whom we usually call Rationalists, form a third and very different class. They acknowledge Christianity to be collectively a divine, beneficent institution, for the salvation of the world; and Jesus to be an apostle of divine Providence; and believe that in the holy Scriptures is contained a true and eternal word

of God, which would through the same be preserved and extended for the good of men. They *only* deny a supernatural and miraculous action of God; and consider it as the end of Christianity to introduce, establish, and extend religion, for which reason is sufficient, and therefore in Christianity they distinguish the substantial and unsubstantial, that which is local and temporal from that which is always binding\*. To this class belong, of philosophers, Steinbart, Kant, Krug; of divines, W. A. Teller, Löffler, Thiess, Henke; and of those yet living, J. C. F. Schmidt, De Wette, Paulus, Wegscheider, Röhr. Lastly, there was, and is a *fourth* class, who consider the Bible and Christianity as a divine revelation, in a higher sense than the Rationalists, as they acknowledge a revealing action of God, which they distinguish from his common providence, carefully mark the different periods of this divine instruction, and establish the divinity of Christianity more upon its internal evidence than upon miracles. They particularly separate church belief from the doctrines of Scripture, reforming it according to the expressions of the divine Word; and preserve such a relation between reason and revelation, that reason should *prove* revelation, and that the latter should contain nothing *contrary* to reason, although it may contain much that goes *beyond* it. This is the view which Döderlein, Morus, and Reinhard took, and which is now followed by Ammon, Schott, Niemeyer, Bretschneider and others.' *Apologie*, pp. 46—48.

But as Dr. Bretschneider justly observes, it is of far greater importance to inquire what reception the promulgation of these different opinions experienced. We shall, therefore, extract his observations on this subject, before we subjoin any remarks of our own.

\* Theological opinions should be divided into four classes, according to the success with which they were received. Firstly, attacks, conjectures, and learned theories, which, as soon as they were made known, were assailed on all sides, refuted, and consigned to oblivion. Such were the attacks of Bahrdt, Venturini, of the Wolfenbüttele Fragmentists, against whom, in particular, Döderlein wrote; Eck, with his natural explanation of the Miracles; Brennecke, with his treatise that Jesus lived twenty-seven years after his resurrection; many conjectures, doubts, and strange attacks of Semler on the Bible, and the oldest fathers of the church, which never were adopted; and the refutation of which strange

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\* Dr. Bretschneider refers to an extract from Wegscheider's *Institution Theolog. Christ.*, respecting Christianity and revelation, which he had given in an early page of his *Apologie*. We have subjoined it, that the reader may form his own opinion of this extract, which is confessedly one of the least violent that can be drawn from this writer.

"Quum princeps ille Christianæ religionis auctor in eâ instituendâ *summam sanctitatem & pietatem* cum plurissimis virtutis præceptis conjunxerit, eoque ipso voluntati divinæ egregie se accommodaverit, quumque ex ejus instituti *initii & progressu* facile cognoscatur, *divina providentiæ auxilium et favorem ei mirifice profuisse*, summo jure religionis christianæ institutio *Dei ipsius opus et munus* habetur, eodemque jure Jesu, ejusque Apostoli *Dei legati atque ministri* habentur."

theory, by Mr. Rose, is consequently unnecessary: the doubts, of the same writer, respecting the authenticity of many of the books of the New Testament, of which those respecting the Epistle to the Hebrews being written by St. Paul (which the ancient church had rejected) have alone been retained. A second class consists of theories and views which, for a time, met with approbation, and were more widely diffused, but were still strongly contested, and at last set aside, or can now only boast of a small number of defenders. To this class belongs the moral exposition of the Scriptures, the explanation of the same in a modern sense, the accommodation theory in a more extensive acceptation of the term (for every one must admit a certain accommodation on the testimony of St. Paul), the natural explanation of the miracles of Jesus, Steinbart's Glückseligkeitslehre, the objections urged against the positive punishments of God, and the like. There is another class of opinions which have been adopted only by the smaller number of divines, have always been opposed, and are still closely pressed in the controversy. To this belongs systematic rationalism, properly so called, as Rohr (*Briefe über den Rationalismus*) and Wegscheider have represented it. Lastly, there are opinions which have obtained a firm footing, and are entertained by the plurality of divines. These are the principles of those divines, who separate church doctrine and Scripture doctrine; who examine and rectify the church system according to the sense of Scripture determined by grammatical exposition; and concerning the Bible, carefully distinguish—the Bible, and the word of God contained in the Bible—the Old and New Testament, but particularly ideas individually and generally religious, and the representation of the same in a particular form. The manner of thinking which those divines follow, who have been already designated as the fourth class, and who, not unjustly, call themselves evangelical, is certainly the prevailing one, not only amongst divines, but also among the laity, and may be considered as the decided result of the theological investigations of about eighty years. The number of those who strictly adhere to the church system, or who, like Marheineke and Schleiermacher, make use of the church system to clothe therein a philosophical system, is, on the contrary, the smaller, and will in all probability remain so; but the class of blind zealots for all the theologoumena of the symbolical books (even such as are not deducible from Scripture, and are contradictory to reason), in whose ranks are to be found the public assailants and denouncers of all *rational theology*, becomes constantly more insignificant, and will gradually disappear.—*Apologie*, pp. 51–54.

We certainly might have expected accuracy of classification from Dr. Bretschneider, since he is pretty severe against Mr. Rose on this subject. An exact graduation of the esteem in which the different opinions are held in Germany could hardly have been expected from a foreigner, when we find Dr. Bretschneider expressing himself in terms, which may well justify us in attributing somewhat more influence to the conflicting opinions, than he wishes to assign to them. And surely it is too much to class among the adherents of the church system, those who merely use it as a cover for their own views. Those who, rejecting the substance, merely retain the form to serve their own purposes, can never with justice be reck-



oned as the followers of the church system. It is not a little singular, too, that Dr. Bretschneider should have given a more numerous list of those who follow the rationalist doctrines, than of those who belong to the evangelical party. To the latter, we have the significant '*&c.*,' it is true, whereby we are to understand, that many more remain behind; whereas, we must suppose, that he has given us the names of all, or nearly all, the principal rationalist writers, seeing that no supplemental *&c.* graces their concluding names. Verily, Dr. Bretschneider is no bad tactician.

He keeps up a constant fire against Mr. Rose's weak points, in hopes that the smoke he thereby raises may serve to conceal his own. He certainly makes it rather more laborious to clear the ground for the contest; but this mode of proceeding befits rather an enemy retreating, from a consciousness of his inferiority, than one who had taken the field in the exulting confidence of victory.

We have said, that by one frank admission Mr. Rose, if he would not reject the legitimate deductions from his own premises, must assent to the most extravagant theories of those writers, the refutation of whose doctrines was the sole object of his work. We allude to his unqualified approbation of the Fathers as interpreters of Scriptures. We will quote his own words:

"We must recur, for truth and light, first to Scripture, and then, if difficulties or doubts occur as to its interpretation, to the Christian writers who lived at the outset of the Christian system." *Rose*, p. 27.

Again:

"He (Calixtus) lays down the soundest rules for the interpretation of Scripture, and, on the subject of our present inquiry, displays the most enlightened views. 'No church,' he says, 'can be required to receive doctrines which have sprung up within four or five centuries; while every church, which deserves the name, must receive whatever was received by the pure and primitive ages: that is, it must receive Scripture, the doctrines of the Apostles, as exhibited in the Creeds, the Confessions of the Synods of Ephesus and Chalcedon, and whatever was considered as necessary to salvation by the Doctors of the ancient church, it must receive what they received, and condemn what they condemned.' These are views worthy of the most enlightened theologian," *&c.*—*Rose*, pp. 34, 35.

It is not our intention to enter at all into the question, how far this doctrine may be right or wrong; but we cannot understand how Mr. Rose can consistently maintain it, and at the same time object to that mode of interpretation in the German Commentators, which he approves in the Fathers.

We wish that Dr. Bretschneider had stated more fully the opinions of the new school of theology. This object he has rendered more difficult for foreigners, by withholding, as much as possible, the names of the evangelical party. We do not meet with the names of Kühnöl and Rosenmüller in any of the four classes of divines, although he was aware that to their works,

Mr. Rose's observations were more particularly directed. This omission is rendered still more extraordinary as, by a mistake of the German translation, Dr. Bretschneider supposes that Mr. Rose intended to confine his remarks to these two; which is far from being the case, as our readers will perceive, if they turn to p. 181 of Mr. Rose's work. But arguing, as Dr. Bretschneider has done upon that supposition, it is difficult to assign a reason for this omission. Whatever may be the defects of Mr. Rose's Discourses, we should be wanting in justice were we not to declare that in the notes he has collected a mass of evidence, which the rationalists, or even the evangelical party, will find it difficult to disprove. At any rate, this must be done by a different course of proceeding from that which Dr. Bretschneider has thought proper to adopt. We are not now to discuss who are of the evangelical, and who of the rationalist party. The same principles pervade the works of both; differing perhaps in degree, but not in kind. Judging of them from the most moderate, we feel ourselves compelled to declare our honest opinion, that the tendency of these doctrines is to strip Christianity of the distinguishing marks of a revelation. Their writers explain away, or fritter almost to nothing, the divine mission of Christ, by the doctrine of a mediate divine instruction; deny, if not directly, yet covertly, the probability of prophecy; and, although they admit the existence of miracles, yet assert that they have lost their force as proofs, nay, some of them have even gone so far as to doubt the possibility of inspiration. It is of little use that Dr. Bretschneider may say, these are not the doctrines entertained by the whole party; for there is so little concert between them, that hardly two writers could be selected from all whom Dr. Bretschneider has named, that entertain the same opinions. If, leaving more moderate commentators, we turn to the rest, we meet with nothing but wild and visionary theories, fitter rather to constitute the waking dreams of enthusiasts than the opinions of professors of Christianity.

Dr. Bretschneider allows in words, that revelation may contain much that is beyond the reach of reason; but the practice of his school accords not with this precept. Nay, he himself says, in another part of the work, that there cannot be too deep an inquiry into philosophical (by which he evidently means religious) subjects, and ridicules the idea that there can exist a point at which we should rest satisfied with obvious causes. (*Apologie*, p. 17). This is the source of all the mischief, an undue estimation of the powers of the intellect; and, it is manifest, that as long as this feeling prevails, all hope of improvement is vain.

**ART. V.** *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* By Henry Hallam. 2 vols. 4to. London: Murray. 1827.

MR. HALLAM'S name forms almost in itself a sufficient pledge of the value of any historical labours to which it may be prefixed. He has become, unquestionably, one of the first class of our living historians; and it is a remarkable evidence of his ability, that he has been indebted for this distinction solely to the publication of one work, which, from its very nature, partook more of the character of an elementary abridgment than of enlarged narration. But, in an age so redundant of historical writings as this, and in which, consequently, it is so difficult for another to discover any original or unbeaten track of inquiry, Mr. Hallam's choice of a subject was singularly felicitous. His "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," filled up a chasm in the shelves of every popular library, not only in this country, but in the languages of the Continent; and, at once concise and comprehensive, that work, without supplying any fresh stores of knowledge to the professed man of letters, has afforded precisely the same kind and degree of information, which was required for the gentleman of liberal education.

The View of the Middle Ages has occupied a previous void in our literature, because it constitutes the only good introduction that has yet appeared to the immediate study of the modern history of Europe. And, although its compression of historical transactions is necessarily very rigid and close, the philosophical spirit in which the whole book is executed, has raised its character far above that of all ordinary abridgments. The extent and accuracy of Mr. Hallam's learning—the diligence and originality of his researches—and his lucid arrangement of the great features in the condition of European society, throughout the ten centuries of the middle ages,—all bespoke an accomplished and powerful mind; and the effect of these qualities was enhanced, by unusual graces of composition and a dignified strain of enlightened reflection. In the success of his first work, and in the acquirement of the reputation which it won for him, Mr. Hallam was in no light degree aided by the inimitable charms of a style, which is wrought up and finished with equal carefulness and judgment, elegance and vigour; and the poetical imagery and chastened diction of his periods, lend peculiar force and beauty to the expression of that generous regard for humanity and truth, that enthusiastic devotion to the cause of rational liberty, which live along his eloquent pages.

The second work, which Mr. Hallam has now given to the world, more exclusive and detailed in its features, is still properly a continuation of one part of his former undertaking. A consi-

derable portion of the "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," was occupied with his masterly sketch of the origin and progress of the English constitution, until the extinction of the house of Plantagenet: the present volumes form the sequel to that subject from the same epoch, or the accession of the house of Tudor to the English throne, down to the death of George II. On the magnitude and importance of this design, it is needless to expatiate; and Mr. Hallam's especial qualifications for the task are equally obvious. It was easy to anticipate that the work would be, as he has himself felt, 'the most congenial to his own studies and habits of mind;' and a careful examination of its voluminous contents enables us to declare, that he has executed it with all the ability which was to be expected from his great previous attainments, his laborious industry in investigation, his excellent judgment, and his honorable principles. Of the general merits, indeed, and the permanent value of this work, it is impossible not to speak with the highest commendation; and it is scarcely too bold a prediction, that Mr. Hallam's constitutional history of England will retain its place as a standard authority and study, so long as our institutions, and our language itself, shall endure.

They, however, who look to find in these volumes the same easy, elegant, and popular attraction, as in the greater part of the author's former work, will assuredly be much disappointed. The book is not one for the general reader. It is not a mere sketch, which the mind can embrace without difficulty; but an elaborate dissertation on constitutional history, which extends, in detail, through three hundred years, and fills above thirteen hundred quarto pages. The character of the design denies it the variety of ordinary history, the vicissitudes of personal fortune, the spirit-stirring details of warfare, the great international drama of the universe; in which they, who read only for amusement, love to have their imaginations excited and their sympathies engaged. Here, on the contrary, there is none of the romance of history, none of its more vivid colouring or picturesque delineation; nothing but the materials of severer study. Doubtless, this absence of all lighter interest was a necessary condition of the undertaking; nor could it, perhaps, be well avoided to introduce the discussion of numerous points of constitutional law, dry and technical in themselves, and sure to fatigue and disgust the attention of the languid inquirer. But, owing to the great length to which Mr. Hallam has extended his commentary, the minuteness and the prolixity with which he dwells upon the consecutive details of his theme, it is certain that the repulsive qualities of the subject—for as such they will be considered by the majority of persons—have been very much aggravated; and the appalling size of the work will, we suspect, prove its exclusion from a great part of the circulation which, in a more concise form, the popularity of the author would probably

have secured for it. For ourselves, we would not willingly lose a single point of the great mass of minute and accurate knowledge and observation, which is stored up in these capacious volumes. We are only persuaded that they are far too long ever to become a popular treatise in their present state.

The commendation or censure, which is indifferently involved in this opinion, must be measured according to the object that is to be assigned to the author's labours: the book will be frequently consulted, for the advantage of desultory reference, by the student of our constitutional history and law; it will very seldom be thoroughly perused for ordinary purposes of amusement and common-place information. One defect, far less equivocal, however, than the mere length of the work, may, with more reason, be objected to Mr. Hallam's general conduct of his plan. In the perpetual crowd of details, the reader is apt to lose sight of the greater land-marks, which should direct him in the course of his inquiry into our constitutional history. The gradual encroachments of arbitrary power, and the progressive steps in the reaction of parliamentary opposition, are not always as clearly exhibited as they should be, with due reference to their relative importance and influence. We are often detained as long over the discussion of events and enactments, of little permanent consequence, as in the contemplation of others, which have produced the most lasting effects upon the whole fabric of our national institutions. This want of sufficient prominence and relief, in the principal features of the subject, is, we know, in some measure attributable to the great surface over which the author has drawn out his materials, and the consequent difficulty (to borrow the language of painting) of keeping down in shade the inferior and less important accessories of the design. But we cannot help thinking, that there has, at the same time, been some neglect or deficiency of methodical skill, in the arrangement of the subject. It would, for instance, have been a great assistance to the reader if, at the close of each epoch or division of his history, Mr. Hallam had always, in a brief recapitulation, taken a summary review of the constitutional character and the leading transactions of the period. Something of this kind he has once or twice attempted, but not in a sufficiently formal and satisfactory shape. Among the mechanical aids also, which he has omitted to provide for the easy arrangement and connexion of the passing matter in the reader's mind, it is not too trivial to mention the want of any marginal heading and running index to the divisions of the text. The disuse of this convenient practice is the more remarkable in so careful a writer, because, in his former work, in which it was far less indispensable, he sedulously adopted it.

While we are noticing minute defects in the general composition of the volumes before us, we are bound to confess that we cannot, on the present occasion, bestow that unqualified admira-

tion on Mr. Hallam's style, which it merited in his former production. Dry legal history, indeed, in its strictness, may seem to admit of little embellishment of language; nor should we here be entitled to expect a repetition of those brilliant periods, which perpetually illumined our author's sketches of the condition of society in the middle ages. But verbal correctness and elegance were still equally attainable; and the reader, who remembers the lucid simplicity and the neat construction of Mr. Hallam's sentences, will here be little prepared to encounter occasional instances of obscurity, and more frequently of ungraceful and even slovenly expression. The precise meaning of such passages as the following, it would not be very easy, on a first perusal, to determine:

'It was argued, that there was a fallacy in concluding the collective power of the house of lords to be augmented by its limitation, because, every single peer would evidently become of more weight in the kingdom; that the wealth of the whole body must bear a less proportion to that of the nation, and would possibly not exceed that of the lower house; while, on the other hand, it might be indefinitely multiplied by fresh creations; that the crown would lose one great engine of corrupt influence over the commons, which could never be truly independent, while its principal members were looking on it as a stepping-stone to hereditary honours.'—vol. ii., p. 591.

So also, when we are told (vol. ii., p. 186), that the 'cavalier faction carried through parliament a bill to make void the conveyance of some manors which Lord Derby had voluntarily sold before the restoration, in the very face of the act of indemnity, and against all law and justice;' it would naturally be thought the author's intention to say, that the lands had been sold in the very face of the act of indemnity, &c., rather than that the bill was iniquitous, which we gather from the context to be his meaning. Nor are such sentences as these much less obscure in their construction.

'For the Oxford counsellors and courtiers, who set themselves against the reception of the three earls, besides their particular animosity towards the Earl of Holland, and that general feeling of disdain and distrust, which, as Clarendon finely observes, seems by nature attached to all desertion and inconstancy, whether in politics or religion, even among those who reap the advantage of it, and when founded upon what they ought to reckon the soundest reasonings, there seems ground to suspect, that they had deeper and more selfish designs than they cared to manifest.—pp. 11, 12.

'But such a slave was Clarendon to his narrow prepossessions, that he would rather see the dissolute excesses *which* he abhorred suck nourishment from that revenue *which* had been allotted to maintain the national honour and interests, and *which*, by its deficiencies thus aggravated, had caused even in this very year the navy to be laid up, and the coasts to be left defenceless, than suffer them to be restrained by the only power to *which* thoughtless luxury would submit.'—p. 222.

Sometimes we encounter a single sentence, struggling with its overladen burthen through full half a quarto page :

'The causes so well pointed out by this historian, and some that might be added; the defensible nature of great part of the country; the extensive possessions of some powerful families; the influence of feudal tenure and Celtic clanship; the hereditary jurisdictions, hardly controlled, even in theory, by the supreme tribunals of the crown; the custom of entering into bonds of association for mutual defence; the frequent minorities of the reigning princes; the necessary abandonment of any strict regard to monarchical supremacy, during the struggle for independence against England; the election of one great nobleman to the crown, and its devotion upon another; the residence of the two first of the Stuart name in their own remote domains; the want of any such effective counterpoise to the aristocracy as the sovereigns of England possessed in its yeomanry and commercial towns, placed the kings of Scotland in a situation, which neither for their own, or their people's interest, they could be expected to endure.'—p. 663.

Nor are more glaring marks of carelessness wanting, even to the violation of grammatical accuracy.

'These innovations on the part of the new government, were maintained on the score of its unsettled state, and want of hold on the national sentiment. It may seem a reproach to the house of Hanover, that, connected as it ought to have been with the names most dear to English hearts, the Protestant religion and civil liberty, it should have been driven to try the resources of tyranny, and to demand more authority, to exercise more control, than had been necessary for the worst of *their* predecessors.'—p. 593.

We point to these little blemishes only as to "motes i' the sun-beam:" but it is really a matter of regret, as well as surprise, to find the production of so accomplished a writer disfigured, even in a slight degree, by the consequences of mere negligence and disregard of those graces, in which he has proved that he could so peculiarly excel.

The divisions, which Mr. Hallam has chosen for his subject, are obvious and natural. The great epochs of our constitutional history, are determined with sufficient propriety by those of the reigns of our successive princes and dynasties. The introductory chapter, is occupied with a sketch of the civil constitution under the four first sovereigns of the house of Tudor: a period which may be designated, as exhibiting the swelling rise and the flood-tide in the arbitrary power of the crown. The second chapter, is devoted to the affairs of the church during the same age, at least, from the reign of Henry VIII., to that of Mary, both inclusive; in which religious disputes exercised so prominent and lasting an influence upon the institutions and fortunes of the state. The third and fourth chapters pursue the train of ecclesiastical affairs under Elizabeth, and successively treat of the laws of her reign respecting Catholics and Protestant non-conformists. The fifth chapter, is

a dissertation upon the civil government of Elizabeth, in which, notwithstanding the despotic temper of her administration, it is easy to observe the gathering of those threatening elements of popular resistance, that burst into so fierce a storm, under the succeeding dynasty. The sixth chapter treats of the constitution under James I. ; and the two following conduct us through the reign of his son, until the meeting of the long parliament: a period, altogether the most important, and perhaps the most glorious in all our constitutional annals, as that in which the struggle between the pretensions of absolute monarchy and the rights of the people, was brought to a distinct and triumphant crisis. If the two first Stuarts had succeeded in their tyrannical efforts to elevate the overwrought prerogative of the Tudors into a systematic fabric of despotism, the early foundations of liberty, which the commons had laboriously planted during the reigns of the Plantagenet princes, would have been for ever buried under it, among the mere rubbish of antiquity: but after the enactment of the petition of right by the third parliament of Charles I. in 1628, the ancient and prescriptive franchises which had become the inheritance of Englishmen since the middle ages, were re-established with a solemnity, that left no excuse for the future encroachments and excesses of royal prerogative and tyranny.

Mr. Hallam's ninth chapter relates the history of the proceedings of the long parliament, from its convocation until the beginning of the civil war, at which point his first volume terminates. The second volume opens with a very long chapter, which takes a survey of the whole period, from the breaking out of the civil war until the restoration. The next two divisions conduct us through the disgraceful reign of Charles II. ; and a third, takes a retrospect of the state of the constitution under the government of that profligate and detestable prince; an epoch happily characterised by our author, as 'the transitional state between the ancient and modern schemes of the English constitution; as that in which, notwithstanding the arbitrary designs of the court, the people learned habitually to look upon their rights as unquestionable and fundamental, and were prepared for that more perfect settlement of the constitution, under [on] a more republican basis, which took place after the revolution.' The fourteenth chapter leads us through the reign of James II., to that ever memorable consummation of British liberty. Another division is assigned to the settlement of the revolution, or the reign of William III. ; and a single chapter more, the sixteenth, embraces the author's view of the state of the constitution under Anne, and the two first princes of Brunswick. A pair of episodical, or supplemental chapters, on Scotland and Ireland, complete the design of the work; and it concludes with a long and elaborate note, or appendix, on the hacknied question of the Icon Basilike, oddly introduced, with no very apparent pertinence to the subject-matter of constitutional history.



This rapid enumeration of the divisions of Mr. Hallam's volumes may serve to give some general idea of the plan and arrangement of the book : a few cursory remarks, illustrative of the spirit in which it has been composed, and of the merits of the author's researches and opinions, are all we shall further have room to offer.

The especial value of Mr. Hallam's sketch, in his former work, of the progress of the English constitution during the middle ages, has always appeared to us to consist in this : that it opposes, by the mere force of irrefragable evidence, a triumphant refutation to those insidious views, which such writers as Brady and Carte, and Mr. Hume too much after them, had attempted to inculcate, of the origin of our liberties ; as if the struggle of the commons with the tyranny of the two first Stuarts, had been far less the just assertion of prescriptive constitutional rights, than an insolent rebellion against the ancient authority and recognised despotism of the crown. Not that, if this position had been better founded, it would have afforded a tittle of reason for the slavish inferences which these high prerogative advocates had attempted to deduce from it. ' God forbid,' as Mr. Hallam has eloquently exclaimed, ' that our right to a just and free government should be tried by a jury of antiquaries !' But it is a generous pride, that intertwines the consciousness of hereditary freedom with the memory of our ancestors ; and no trifling argument against those who seem indifferent in its cause, that the character of the bravest and most virtuous among nations, has not depended upon the accidents of race or climate, but been gradually wrought by the plastic influence of civil rights, transmitted as a prescriptive inheritance through a long course of generations.'

The same liberal attachment to the cause of freedom—the same honest purpose and successful acuteness in his researches, which were the praise of Mr. Hallam's former labours, are here observable in his opening chapters, on our civil constitution under the house of Tudor. That the course of administration under that line became more arbitrary than it had been under the preceding dynasty, there can be no room to doubt ; that there had been a retrograde tendency towards absolute monarchy, between the reigns of the sixth and eighth Henry, is evident from an examination of the whole character of the government in that age, as compared with the constitutional records of the two previous centuries. The principal causes of the change, Mr. Hallam appears to us to have explained, in a very simple and satisfactory manner. The chief among these circumstances, which prepared and favored the growth of the arbitrary authority of the Tudors, may be found, even before their accession, in the condition of the English aristocracy, at the close of the wars of the Roses. The merciless proscriptions which, during those sanguinary feuds, thinned one-half of the noble families, had crushed the power of their order, and abated the courage of the survivors. The few temporal peers who

remained, feared to plunge themselves, by any opposition to the tyranny of a jealous court, into the danger of attainders and forfeitures, which had made such havock among their fathers. This depression of the house of peers had a corresponding effect upon the spirit of the commons. Dr. Lingard (vol. v., p. 463), we believe, was the first of our historians to start the highly probable conjecture which Mr. Hallam here seems, though without acknowledgment, to have adopted after him, that, in the early struggles of parliament with the Plantagenet princes, the efforts of the commons had been instigated and supported by the peers; and if this supposition be—as it doubtless is—well founded, there can be no wonder that, after the subjugation of the nobility, the commons should have fallen into a similar, though reluctant, submission to the crown; and especially under princes of a character so vigorous and active, so stern and inexorable, as that of the Tudor line in general.

Mr. Hallam, however, has well exposed one fallacy, which has hitherto, almost universally, passed current among our historians: that it was the politic measures of the founder of the Tudor dynasty, that systematically broke the power of the barons who had hitherto withstood the prerogative. One law of his reign, especially, has been much celebrated as an instance of his sagacious policy, and as the principal cause of exalting the royal authority upon the ruins of the aristocracy: the Statute of Fines, which is supposed to have given the power of alienating entailed lands. But Mr. Hallam shews, that both the intention and effect of this enactment have been misapprehended; that its design was not to give a tenant in tail greater power than before in the alienation of his estate, but simply, by establishing a short term of prescription, to put a check upon suits for recovery of lands, which, after times of so much violence and disturbance, were naturally springing up in the courts. The statute enacted, that a fine, levied with proclamation in a public court of justice, should, after five years' possession, except in particular circumstances, be a sufficient bar against all prior claims upon lands. This was its main scope: the liberty of alienation was neither necessarily, nor probably intended, to be given.

Another principal cause, besides the depression of the nobility, of the increasing power of the crown under the house of Tudor, was the breaking out of the religious differences under the second prince of that line. 'Nothing,' says Mr. Hallam, truly, 'seems more to have sustained the arbitrary rule of Henry VIII. than the jealousy of the two religious parties formed in his time, and who, for all the latter years of his life, were maintaining a doubtful and emulous contest for his favour.' For the indulgence of their mutual intolerance and hatred, for the gratification of oppressing each other in turn; they were contented to place their consciences and their lives, their religious tenets and their civil rights, at the

disposal and the sport of a capricious and sanguinary despot, who rendered them the alternate victims of his inconstant and ferocious bigotry. And we cannot here refrain from observing, with equal surprise and regret, a disposition on the part of so amiable and philosophical a writer as Mr. Hallam, to regard, with too much complacency, the character of that brutal and execrable tyrant. With a strange contradiction, even while he remarks his bloody disposition and *his selfish temper* (p. 32), and denounces him 'among the oppressors of innocence, whom the wrath of heaven has raised up, and the servility of man endured;' he praises him for his 'affable manners and (p. 38) his *generous temper*!' and dwells with a puerile fondness upon the poet's theme of 'the bright point of his character,' as

" the majestic lord.

Who broke the bonds of Rome ;"

concluding, with no very comprehensible logic, that 'after all, Henry was every whit as good a king and man as Francis I., whom there are still some, on the other side of the channel, servile enough to extol; not the least more tyrannical and sanguinary, and of better faith towards his neighbours.' It would be difficult to discover by what process of reasoning the crimes of one tyrant can extenuate those of another; but we have yet to learn, and Mr. Hallam has not explained to us, that Francis either butchered his wives, bastardised his children, deluged scaffolds with the blood of his most faithful ministers, sacrificed his innocent subjects to every burst of a jealous and capricious humour, or deepened the horrors of a persecuting age by the indiscriminate slaughter of all who rejected his imposition of contradictory articles of belief.

We are sorry to be compelled to think that this absurd partiality for the character of Henry VIII., has its origin in the latent influence of some narrow prejudices, which Mr. Hallam is almost the last writer that we should *a priori* have suspected of retaining. It seems as if, in cherishing the Whig principles of 1688, our author had not escaped imbibing some portion of that extravagant "No Popery" zeal, excusable enough in the Protestant opponents of the monarch, whose arbitrary politics created an unjust prejudice against his faith, but not very consistent or reconcileable with the enlightened spirit of a philosophical writer of these times. This feeling is too observable in some of his notes to his second and third chapters, on the state of the English church under the Tudors. At least, it is difficult, upon any other supposition, to account for the manner in which he here loses his temper, and forgets his gentlemanlike courtesy towards a living historian, whose researches have done more than those of any modern writer except himself, to elucidate the true character of the ecclesiastical affairs of that age. He properly confesses, in his preface, that, 'on a revision of his work, he has availed himself of the valuable labours of Dr. Lingard:' yet in these notes, he never passes an

opportunity of venting a strange spleen against that historian, and of impugning—without at all sufficient reason, as it appears to us—the fidelity and candour of his statements. Thus (pp. 34 and 66), he goes far out of the way, for a work on constitutional history, to proclaim his displeasure at Dr. Lingard, for not being as devout a believer as himself in the purity of Anne Boleyn. He accuses him of ‘using every oblique artifice, to lead his readers into a belief of that queen’s guilt;’ and is especially angry, that ‘he repeats what he must have known to be the strange and extravagant lies of Sanders about her birth; without vouching for them, indeed, but without any reprobation of their absurd malignity.’ Now, so far is this from being a fair account of Dr. Lingard’s statement, that he not only does ‘not vouch’ for the tale of Sanders, but (vol. vi., p. 163) declares expressly that the ‘best refutation of it is probably to be found in the silence of Pole.’ Few readers will join in this censure of Dr. Lingard, for not omitting to mention, merely in a passing note, and with this expression of disbelief, a report of which almost all historians have spoken; and still fewer persons will share in Mr. Hallam’s gallant indignation, that Dr. Lingard has not stopped to waste strong epithets upon so very momentous a question.

In a more offensive tone, Mr. Hallam proceeds, as if half the world did not entertain the same doubts as Dr. Lingard, of Anne Boleyn’s innocence, gratuitously and indecently to ascribe to him the most unfair motives of judgment:

‘Dr. Lingard must truly be laughing at the public, when he takes credit to himself, in the commencement of a note at the end of the same volume, for not “rendering his book more interesting, by representing her as an innocent and injured woman, falling a victim to the intrigues of a religious faction.” He well knows that he could not have done so, without contradicting the tenor of his entire work; without ceasing, as it were, to be himself. All the rest of this note is a pretended balancing of evidence, in the style of a judge, who can hardly bear to put for a moment the possibility of a prisoner’s innocence.’

Upon the question of Anne Boleyn’s ante-nuptial connexion with the king, Mr. Hallam assails Dr. Lingard again, for ‘asserting that Henry cohabited with her for three years, and for repeatedly calling her his mistress,’ on no other authority than a letter of the French ambassador. That authority, of a distinguished resident at the court, reporting the public belief at the time, and strengthened by the fact that she lived with the king in his palace, does not appear to us as deserving to be so lightly rejected. And it is certain, from the well known testimony of Cranmer’s letter, that a sufficient time did not intervene for her honour, between the date of her marriage and the birth of her daughter. Mr. Hallam thinks, perhaps justly, that ‘prurient curiosity about such obsolete scandal’—which he has himself, however, stirred anew—‘is very unworthy of history.’ But he admits that Anne’s

prudence might have been surprised at the end of a long courtship; and to us it seems very immaterial for her reputation, whether she fell in the third or the fifth year of the ordeal: but either case is a sufficient justification of Dr. Lingard's impression, and equally condemns the wanton insult of Mr. Hallam's inquiry—'with what face, after his assertions, can he put forward the least pretensions to historical candour?'

In the same spirit, Mr. Hallam elsewhere observes of a conjecture of Dr. Lingard's—'this means that any absurdity may be presumed, rather than acknowledge good Catholics to have propagated a lie;' and in another place, that 'a man of sense ought to be ashamed of such miserable partiality to his sect.' But we have no desire to dwell longer upon this coarse and groundless ill treatment of a learned and accurate writer, which is so lamentably at variance with the general urbanity and moderation of Mr. Hallam's opinions. It would really appear to be, in his eyes, a crime, that Dr. Lingard should presume to question the virtue of a single member of the one religious party, or to vindicate the memory of any individual of the other. Yet it is precisely to the praiseworthy labours of that writer, that the public are indebted for the correction of those distorted views of the ecclesiastical history of our country, during the sixteenth century, which the violence of religious party had succeeded in imposing upon the world. Dr. Lingard has executed his task with honour and truth; and has triumphantly replied, on every occasion in which his statements have been questioned, by proving his accurate reference to authorities and his scrupulous fidelity in using them. Doubtless, he has not been insensible to the desire of removing from his faith the obloquy of actions which belonged, not peculiarly to the principles of either creed, but to the general spirit of an imperfectly civilised and persecuting age. Until our own happier times, the voice of a Catholic historian could obtain no hearing in this country; and the history of the Reformation continued to be written only after the prejudiced report of its contemporary zealots. The story of the persecution of the Protestants under Mary, was detailed with every aggravation of horror; while the picture of the sufferings of the Catholics under Elizabeth (in which about an equal number of persons perished); the accursed use of the rack and the knife, the torturing and boweling alive of the victims, were sedulously veiled from observation and buried in oblivion, as if such things had never been. Superficial smatterers in English history, even twenty years ago, were positively yet ignorant that persecution was the common guilt of both churches, in England and on the continent, throughout the first hundred years of their struggle. A better spirit is now abroad: the cause of historical truth is prevailing; and the candid and tolerant of both faiths have discovered that, instead of loading the tenets and principles of either with the reproach of these

enormities, it is chargeable particularly upon neither, but in general upon the fierce and common intolerance of darker times.

It is especially to be deplored, that Mr. Hallam should have fallen into the tone of a few polemical disputants in this ungenerous depreciation of Dr. Lingard, because his own view of English ecclesiastical history, during the sixteenth century, is the best confirmation of the general fidelity of that writer. With too much learning and acuteness to be ignorant of the truth, with too much candour and honesty to suppress it, Mr. Hallam, in his text, corroborates the report of the historian whom he has so rudely assailed; and the whole spirit of these chapters on ecclesiastical affairs, offers a curious contrast to that of the notes, which we have unreservedly censured. Dr. Lingard had exposed the fallacy of the pretence, that the Catholics under Elizabeth suffered, not for their religious tenets, but for their political treason—what is Mr. Hallam's opinion?

'Treason, by the law of England, and according to the common use of language, is the crime of rebellion or conspiracy against the government. If a statute is made, by which the celebration of certain religious rites is subjected to the same penalties as rebellion or conspiracy, would any man, free from prejudice, and not designing to impose upon the uninformed, speak of persons convicted on such a statute as guilty of treason, without expressing in what sense he uses the words, or deny that they were as truly punished for their religion, as if they had been convicted of heresy? A man is punished for religion, when he incurs a penalty for its profession or exercise, to which he was not liable on any other account. Lawyers are apt to be too rigidly technical; but I believe none would be found to argue like these ecclesiastics.

'This is applicable to the great majority of capital convictions on this score under Elizabeth. The persons convicted could not be traitors in any fair sense of the word, because they were not charged with any thing properly denominated treason. It certainly appears that Campion and some other priests, about the same time, were indicted on the statute of Edward III. for compassing the queen's death, or intending to depose her. But the only evidence, so far as we know or have reason to suspect, that could be brought against them, was their own admission, at least by refusing to abjure it, of the pope's power to depose heretical princes. I suppose it is unnecessary to prove, that, without some overt act to shew a design of acting upon this principle, it could not fall within the statute. These gentlemen to whom I allude will answer, probably, that they are not bound to know the law. Perhaps not; but are they bound to write books, wherein, for want of that knowledge, they advance the most untenable positions? If a man is to commit errors, let it, at least, not be in defence of oppression and inhumanity.'—vol. i., p. 177.

And, again, of the intolerance of the reformed churches.

'Tolerance in religion, it is well known, so unanimously admitted, at least verbally, even by theologians in the present century, was scarcely considered as practicable, much less as a matter of right, during the period of the Reformation. The difference in this respect, between the Catholics

and Protestants, was only in degree, and in degree there was much less difference than we are prone to believe. Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive. The Lutheran princes and cities in Germany constantly refused to tolerate the use of the mass as an idolatrous service; and this name of idolatry, though adopted in retaliation for that of heresy, answered the same end as the other, of exciting animosity and uncharitableness. The Roman worship was equally proscribed in England. Many persons were sent to prison for hearing mass, and similar offences. The princess Mary supplicated in vain to have the exercise of her own religion at home, and Charles V. several times interceded in her behalf; but though Cranmer and Ridley, as well as the council, would have consented to this indulgence, the young king, whose education had unhappily infused a good deal of bigotry into his mind, could not be prevailed upon to connive at such idolatry. Yet, in one memorable instance, he had shewn a milder spirit, struggling against Cranmer to save a fanatical woman from the punishment of heresy. This is a stain upon Cranmer's memory, which nothing but his own death could have lightened. In men hardly escaped from a similar peril—in men who had nothing to plead but the right of private judgment—in men who had defied the prescriptive authority of past ages and of established power; the crime of persecution assumes a far deeper hue, and is capable of far less extenuation, than in a Roman inquisitor. Thus, the death of Servetus has weighed down the name and memory of Calvin. And, though Cranmer was incapable of the rancorous malignity of the Genevan lawgiver; yet, I regret to say, that there is a peculiar circumstance of aggravation in his pursuing to death this woman, Joan Boucher, and a Dutchman that had been convicted of Arianism. It is said, that he had been accessory, in the preceding reign, to the condemnation of Lambert, and perhaps some others, for opinions concerning the Lord's supper, which he had himself afterwards embraced\*. Such an evidence of the fallibility of human judgment, such an example that persecutions for heresy, how conscientiously soever managed, are liable to end in shedding the blood of those who maintain truth, should have taught him above all men a scrupulous repugnance to carry into effect those sanguinary laws.—vol. i. pp. 103, 104.

Mr. Hallam's chapter on the civil government of Elizabeth, is worthy of unalloyed praise. It has here principally been his object, to correct the insidious tendency of that animated, but exaggerated sketch, which Hume has given, of the constitution during the same epoch; and in opposition to it, he has successfully shewn, how the queen's high assumption of prerogative was encountered by a growing resistance in parliament, not always

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\* "When Joan Boucher was condemned, she said to her judges, 'It was not long ago since you burned Anne Askew for a piece of bread, and yet came yourselves soon after to believe and profess the same doctrine for which you burned her; and now you will needs burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will come to believe this also, when you have read the Scriptures and understand them.'" *Strype ii.*, 214.

uniform, but insensibly becoming more vigorous. The misrepresentations of Hume, as to the character of the constitution under Elizabeth, have, indeed, already been exposed—since the present chapter was written, as our author is needlessly careful to inform us—by Mr. Brodie, in his *History of the British Empire*, from the accession of Charles I., to the Restoration; but with a heat and passion, and a disposition to exaggerate on the opposite side, which will bear no comparison with the calm impartiality of Mr. Hallam's view of the subject. That Elizabeth was suffered to maintain a very tyrannical administration, it is absurd to deny. But Hume's capital and inexcusable fault, as it is here justly observed, has been, 'in every thing which he has written on our constitution, to have sought for evidence on one side of the question.' Thus, the remonstrance of the judges against arbitrary imprisonment by the council, is infinitely more conclusive to prove, that the right of personal liberty existed, than the fact of its infringement can be to prove that it did not. There is something fallacious in the negative argument which Hume perpetually uses, that because we find no umbrage taken at certain strains of prerogative, they must have been perfectly consonant to law. But even if nothing of this could be traced, which is not so often the case as he represents it, we should remember that, even when a constant watchfulness is exercised by means of political parties and a free press, a nation is seldom alive to the transgressions of a prudent and successful government. Mr. Hallam concludes, that the character which, on a former occasion, he has given of the English constitution under the house of Plantagenet, may still be applied to it under the line of Tudor;

'that it was a monarchy greatly limited by law, but retaining much power that was ill calculated to promote the public good, and swerving continually into an irregular course, which there was no restraint adequate to correct. It may be added, that the practical exercise of authority seems to have been less frequently violent and oppressive, and its legal limitations better understood in the reign of Elizabeth, than for some preceding ages; and that sufficient indications had become distinguishable before its close, from which it might be gathered, that the seventeenth century had arisen upon a race of men, in whom the spirit of those who stood against John and Edward, was rekindled with a less partial and a steadier warmth.'

Of our author's picture, at once lively and dispassionate, of the great constitutional struggle under the two first Stuart princes, we shall only observe, that often as the whole circumstances have been related and discussed, and incapable as they are of novelty, they cannot here be read without enduring interest and increased information. He adopts the only line of opinion which can justifiably be held by the common friends of the monarchy, and of the principles of public liberty. In the fury of party zeal, writers on this momentous portion of our history, have too generally fallen



into the opposite extremes, of making themselves throughout the wholesale advocates, either of the royal or parliamentary cause. Up to the dissolution of the third parliament of Charles I., in 1628, which passed the first Petition of Right, Mr. Hallam can entertain no question of the perfect justice; both of the popular resistance, or of the measures by which it was supported. Twelve years more of regal tyranny, of new and continued aggressions against the rights of a free people, exasperated their indignation, and produced a desire of vengeance, which blood only could appease, and a well-founded distrust of the insincerity of the king, which no late concessions would probably have satisfied. That many of the earliest enactments of the long parliament were virtuous and glorious in themselves, and entitled to our lasting gratitude, none but the partisans of despotism will be found to question; that the fresh and bitter memory of past wrongs, and incurable suspicion of the future designs of the court, hurried the popular party into violent and unconstitutional measures, can as little be denied. There never was a juster remark, than that which Mr. Hallam has here made:—‘that there was so much in the conduct and circumstances of both parties in the year 1642, to excite disapprobation and distrust, that a wise and virtuous patriot could hardly unite cordially with either of them. It was,’ as he truly adds, ‘with evil auspices, with much spirit of despotism on the one hand, with more of anarchy on the other, amidst the apprehensions and sorrows of good men, that the civil war commenced:’ the real—though happily as it proved, but the temporary—overthrow of the constitution, was surely to be dated from the first day on which the sword was drawn.

Over Mr. Hallam’s next chapter, on the period between the breaking out of the Civil War and the Restoration, we are contented to pass without comment; for we have already canvassed some of the principal political features of that epoch in our notice of Mr. Godwin’s work; and it is sufficient to say, that Mr. Hallam’s opinions on the character of the Commonwealth government are in perfect accordance with our own. We feel more regret that we have no room to analyse the three masterly chapters, which he has devoted to the reign of Charles II. Far more learned and more elaborate than Mr. Fox’s sketch of the same epoch, they form incomparably the most satisfactory view that has ever been attempted of the parliamentary history of a reign, which was strangely chequered with the extremes of resistance and submission to the designs of a bad prince and a corrupt government. The same high praise may, with equal justice, be extended to the following chapter, which conducts us through the reign of James II. to the memorable epoch of the Revolution. Mr. Hallam’s reflections upon that glorious settlement of our English liberties, are eminently characteristic of his lucid style of dissertation, and of the enlightened principles which pervade all the strictly political

portions of his volumes. We can afford to transcribe only the concluding paragraph.

‘ It has been always reckoned among the most difficult problems in the practical science of government, to combine an hereditary monarchy with security of freedom, so that neither the ambition of kings shall undermine the people’s rights, nor the jealousy of the people overturn the thrones. England had already experience of both these mischiefs; and there seemed no prospect before her but either their alternate recurrence, or a final submission to absolute power, unless by one great effort she could put the monarchy for ever beneath the law, and reduce it to an integrant portion, instead of the primary source and principle of the constitution. She must reverse the favoured maxim—*A Deo rex, a rege lex*—and make the crown itself appear the creature of the law. But our ancient monarchy, strong in a possession of seven centuries, and in those high and paramount prerogatives, which the consenting testimony of lawyers and the submission of parliaments had recognised; a monarchy from which the house of commons and every existing peer, though not perhaps the aristocratic order itself, derived its participation in the legislature, could not be bent to the republican theories, which have been not very successfully attempted in some modern codes of constitution. It could not be held, without breaking up all the foundations of our polity, that the monarchy emanated from the parliament, or even from the people. But by the Revolution and by the Act of Settlement, the rights of the actual monarch, of the reigning family, were made to emanate from the parliament and the people. In technical language, in the grave and respectful theory of our constitution, the crown is still the fountain from which law and justice spring forth. Its prerogatives are in the main the same as under the Tudors and the Stuarts; but the right of the house of Brunswick to exercise them, can only be deduced from the convention of 1688.’—vol. ii., pp. 438, 439.

Having reached this period of the great settlement of the English constitution, Mr. Hallam seems to have felt that the purpose of his subject was sufficiently accomplished, or that the due limits of his work were already exceeded: for, to the whole remarkable period, from the Revolution to the death of George II., he has assigned no more than a fourth part of this volume. But, even in this concluding division of his chronological view of the British constitution, less particular as it is in detail, and more meagre perhaps, in execution, than the earlier portions of his undertaking, there is much to be learned, and more to be admired; and few of our historical students will rise without improvement from the perusal of its accurate statements, its spirited discussion, and its admirable reflections.

ART. VI. *The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer.*  
 18mo. pp. 426. London: W. Baynes & Son, and Wightman &  
 Cramp. For 1828.

So many and so pleasant are the associations connected with the class of annual productions to which this little volume belongs, that we hasten to introduce it to our readers, and to bespeak for it whatever degree of indulgence it may require. We look upon it, as we do upon the earliest primrose of the spring; as the harbinger of a new season, the gay forerunner of a new year; and particularly of that portion of the year which is specially devoted to the endearing interchange of friendly relations, and of all the charities of family affections. We care not what may be the latent motives of those, who embark their capital and their talents in enterprises of this nature;—as far as we have yet been enabled to judge of these “*Annals*,” they have, in our opinion, been productive of a great deal of good. They serve as presents of the most engaging kind from the old to the young; and from the young to each other. They afford room for the display of a correct taste, when a choice is to be formed amidst several rivals; and if they be duly appreciated by those to whom they are bestowed, they cannot be read without adding something, however small, to the stores of information already acquired, and to the embellishment of the fancy, wherever that charming faculty has been already awakened.

Blending as they do, in pretension at least, the attractions of graceful literature with those of the fine arts, they contrive to include in their well-assorted repositories, something to suit every disposition of mind. They laugh with the cheerful, they reason with the grave; they rhyme with the poetical, and rave with the romantic! Sometimes, we must fain admit, their humour is a little dull, their essays become sermons, their verses halt abominably, and their imaginative flights take them altogether into the “*viewless air*.” But we must also say, that these occurrences take place by no means so often as one might on an average expect, in the mass of original and varied composition which these volumes annually exhibit. And it must further be added, that whether in their relaxed or their serious moods, they have, in no very glaring instance at least, been rendered unfit by any shades of indelicacy, for the pure and guileless minds, for whose entertainment they are principally intended.

There is indeed one member of a sentence, introduced as a foot note in the volume before us (p. 147), which might as well have been omitted: we were rather surprised that the quotation should have been made by a clergyman, and sanctioned by an editor in general so scrupulous as Mr. Hall. But we must presume that it was a mere oversight; as with this exception alone, ‘*The*

Amulet' continues fully to uphold the promise with which it first set out, of blending religious instruction with literary amusement and a taste for the fine arts. In one respect it excels all its predecessors. The moral point of the tale, the fragment, or the song, is not often displayed with that pulpitorial ostentation, if we may be pardoned the phrase, which marked many of the compositions in the former volumes. There is also a great variety in the subjects with which the editor has here presented us. History, dialogue, fiction in verse and prose, antiquities, religion, romance, and a hundred other themes, as diversified as the hues of the clouds or the flowers of the fields, beguile the attention onward from page to page, and ultimately leave it impressed with a sense of obligation to the numerous writers, who have contributed to its amusement.

Many of those writers, it is true, are not of the very first class among our living authors. Indeed, to be plain, the majority of them are as yet wholly unknown to fame; and are, we fear, likely to remain so to the end of their days. The poetry, or rather that sort of composition which resembles it, in the volume, is with very few exceptions, of an inferior character; and some of the subjects committed to the care of the prose, are most infelicitously chosen for such a publication. For instance, who, but Mr. Hall, would think of dragging a young lady through a parish workhouse, in order to make her acquainted with the different stages of misery, in which paupers may be found there? But, he may answer, it is right that she should have an opportunity of witnessing the sufferings of her fellow creatures. Well—but suppose she does not choose to go! Surely the churchwarden will not compel her.

Again, we have two distinct poems dedicated to the Vaudois, a race with which it seems we are never to have done. We intend to say something concerning them on a more favourable opportunity, when we shall be prepared to shew that their pretensions have been grossly exaggerated, and their history wonderfully embellished by certain modern divines. For the present, we leave them undisturbed in the possession of all the consolation they can derive, from the verses which are here consecrated to their glory. They must be, of all mankind, the most insatiable of praise, if they be not contented with the manner in which Miss Jewsbury has treated them. She has made the forest, the lake, and even the Alps proclaim their triumph, in voices given, we presume, for the occasion. The thought is not altogether original, so far as the Alps are concerned. But we confess, we were a little startled on hearing a vast multitude of trees talking as in one tone, and the old Genevan lake taking up the tale, with as much skill as if it had done nothing but murmur sweet verse since first its waters reflected the light.

But if the reader be tired of the Vaudois, what shall he say

when he reaches the Rev. Daniel Wilson's dissertation on the Slave Trade! Let it not be supposed that we wish to undervalue the interest, which ought never to be separated from that subject in the minds of Englishmen. They, however, have done their duty concerning it. The cause of the slaves is now only to be pleaded in the colonies where they are found, for it is only there that it meets with any effectual resistance. Why the Rev. Daniel Wilson has thought fit to transfer the essay from his manuscript sermons to the *Amulet*, we deem it vain to conjecture. This we may confidently say, that nobody will read it; even though the theme be clearly set forth and most methodically argued.

Mr. Hall may possibly have been nodding, when he handed the copy of the said dissertation to his printers; but he must have been buried in the deepest sleep, and dreaming of all sorts of horrors, when he resolved on imparting to his *Amulet* the charms of that most novel of historical subjects, the "Gunpowder Plot." Seeing that the work was likely to emerge into day on or about the 5th of November, we were grievously disappointed in not finding this 'brief history' ornamented by a full length likeness of the immortal Guy! We commend the editor to Whitechapel, where he will find, on that day, many exemplars of the renowned incendiary. Some he will discern in miniature, with two straw legs immersed in a pair of enormous top-boots, stolen from the wardrobe of publican or butcher's boy. Others, more suitable perhaps to his taste, will meet his eye, dressed in the mode of a modern watchman. But if he require a portly, good-humoured rogue for his study, let him proceed to the gate of the Welsh school, in Gray's Inn Lane, and there he will behold a rotund aldermanic Guy, seated in great state, and comforting himself with a real pot of porter!—Shame to the bigoted pen that, in these days of returning charity amongst all sects, would seek to revive the memory of evil times; and to perpetuate strife and rancour among men, whose duty it is to live together in harmony, as worshippers of the same God, and natives of the same noble country!

We are ourselves, however, getting rather more serious than we had intended. Nothing, indeed, stirs up our bile more, than to see books, which ought to be intended for the amusement of every body of every religion, addressed to the low prejudices of some classes at the expense of others. But now that we have glanced at the unfortunate taste of 'The Amulet' in this respect, we shall as frankly pass on to the redeeming parts of its character. And, in the very first page, right happy are we once more to meet with that most lively and picturesque of living writers, the favourite of every body who feels an interest in the quiet charms of rural and domestic life. Need we name Miss Mitford? Her verses, to be sure, have not often gained much praise from us; nor are we among the enthusiastic admirers of her tragedy. We shall, however, present the reader with her description of 'The Morning

Walk,' which forms the subject of the frontispiece to the present volume. In imagery or expression, these lines cannot be said to possess any transcendent merit; but the picture which they exhibit, and the sentiments which they contain, deserve to be remembered and cherished.

' 'Tis a bright summer morn, and the sunlight proud  
Gleams on the water, and sleeps on the cloud,  
Fitfully glitters the woodpaths between,  
And casts a broad glow on the shadowy green.

' And a lovely lady is walking there,  
Placid and gentle, and smiling and fair,  
With the grace of a queen in her gay palace bowers,  
And a foot that seems born to tread only on flowers.

' And beside that fair lady, so stately and mild,  
Mild, stately, and graceful—a tottering child,  
With her dimpled hand on her dimpled knee,  
Stands, like a model of infancy.

' And fair as they seem in the morn's dewy light,  
The beautiful child and the lady so bright!  
We feel as we view them a sympathy live,  
Truer, purer, and deeper, than beauty can give.

' For there harbours love with its smiles and its tears,  
Its tender forebodings, its tenderer fears,  
And its hopes, the sweetest on earth that rest—  
The matchless love of a mother's breast!

' 'Tis that which lends life to her form's proud grace,  
Which awakens the charm of her sparkling face;  
Her glance may be wandering around the wide land,  
But her thought's on the treasure she holds by the hand.'

pp. 15, 16.

The picture is one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's, engraved by C. Rolls; it represents a lady walking in a garden, accompanied by a child, whom she holds in the manner here described. The scenery is prettily executed; but the right arm of the mother, and the exposed little leg of the child, are out of all proportion. Two or three other contributions of Miss Mitford's pen are scattered through this volume. 'The Village Schoolmistress' is quite in her peculiar and fascinating style. The history of the school, the various petty tyrants who, in turn, filled its throne, the intrigues and rivalry to which its elections gave rise among the parish authorities, are all brought before us as if they were painted in one of Wilkie's exquisite rustic sketches. Had it not been too long for our purpose, we should have found great pleasure in transcribing it. We must, however, content ourselves with a less striking piece of rural life from the same hand. Short as it is, the reader cannot fail to admire the tact which it displays. The incident is a very common-

place one, but the manner in which it is told belongs only to Miss Mitford.

‘A happy boy was Thomas Stokes, the blacksmith’s son, of Upton Lea, last May morning; he was to go to B—— Fair with his eldest brother William, and his cousin Fanny, and he never closed his eyes all night for thinking of the pleasure he should enjoy on the morrow. “Thomas,” for shortness called “Tom,” was a lively, merry boy of nine years old, rising ten, as the horse-dealers say, and had never been at a fair in his life; so that his sleeplessness as well as the frequent soliloquies of triumphant ho! ho! (his usual exclamation when highly pleased), and the perpetual course of broad smiles in which his delight had been vented for a week before, were nothing remarkable. His companions were as wakeful and happy as himself. Now that might be accounted for in his cousin’s case, since it was also her first fair; for Fanny, a pretty dark-eyed lass of eighteen, was a Londoner, and, till she arrived that winter on a visit to her aunt, had never been out of the sound of Bow-bell; but why William, a young blacksmith of one-and-twenty, to whom fairs were almost as familiar as horse-shoes,—why he should lose his sleep on the occasion, is less easy to discover—perhaps from sympathy.

‘Through Tom’s impatience the party were early astir: indeed, he had roused the whole house long before day-break; and betimes in the forenoon they sate forth on their progress; Tom in a state of spirits that caused him to say ho! ho! every minute, and much endangered the new hat that he was tossing in the air; William and Fanny, with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One should not see a finer young couple: he decked in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy, and muscular, with a fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well; she pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket that she carried in her hand, which even more than her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and flower, proclaimed her town breeding,—although that ignorance was such, that Tom declared that on her first arrival at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an elm, or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny’s excuses, how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.

‘Their way led through pleasant footpaths; every bank covered with cowslips and blue-bells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn, and the tasselled hazel; now between orchards, whose trees, one flush of blossom, rose from amidst beds of daffodils, with their dark waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers; now along fields, newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves, were casting a glancing shadow on the ground as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly planted grain; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales; until at last they emerged into the gay high road, where their little party fell into the flood of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream.

‘A mingled stream in good sooth it was,—a most motley procession! Country folks in all varieties, from the pink-ribboned maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the sober and demure village

matron, who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already;—from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smock-frock, and his hat on one side, who strutted along, ogling the lass in the pink ribbons, to the “grave and reverend signor,” the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair, and his well preserved wedding suit, who hobbled stoopingly along, charged with two great-grandchildren—a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpish boy of three dragging him back.

‘Children were there of all conditions, from “mamma’s darlings” in the coronet carriage—the little lords and ladies, to whom a Fair was, as yet, only a “name of power”—down to the brown gipsy urchins strapped on their mother’s back, to whom it was a familiar sight—no end to the children!—no end to the grown people!—no end to the vehicles! Carts crammed as full as they could be stowed; gigs with one, two, three, and four inside passengers; waggons laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs; flocks of sheep; herds of cattle; strings of horses; with their several drovers and drivers of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welch, and Scotch—all bound to the Fair. Here an Italian boy with his tray of images; there a Savoyard with her hurdy-gurdy; and lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant shewman, with his poor box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing, and toiling, and straining every nerve for fear of being too late. No end to the people!—no end to the din! The turnpikeman opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation. Never was known so full a May-Fair.

‘And amongst the thousands assembled in the market-place at B——, it would have been difficult to find a happier group than our young cousins. Tom, to be sure, had been conscious of a little neglect on the part of his companions. The lectures on ornithology, with which *chemin faisant* he had thought fit to favour Fanny (children do dearly love to teach grown people, and all country boys are learned in birds), had been rather thrown away on that fair damsel. William and she had walked arm-in-arm; and when he tried to join them on one side, he found himself cast off,—when on the other, let go. Poor Tom was, evidently, *de trop* in the party. However, he bore the affront like a philosopher, and soon forgot his grievances in the solid luxuries of tarts and gingerbread; in the pleasant business of purchasing and receiving petty presents; in the clatter, the bustle, and the merriment of the Fair. Amidst all his delight, however, he could not but feel a little curiosity, when William having lured him to a stall, and fixed him there in the interesting occupation of selecting a cricket ball, persuaded Fanny to go under his escort to make some private purchases at the neighbouring shops. Tom’s attention to his own important bargain was sadly distracted by watching his companions as they proceeded from the linen-draper’s to the jeweller’s, and from the jeweller’s to the pastry-cook’s; looking, the whilst, the one proud and happy, the other shy and ashamed. Tom could not tell what to make of it, and chose, in his perplexity, the very worst ball that was offered to him; but as he had seen their several parcels snugly deposited in the straw basket, he fancied that the secret lay there, and, on their rejoining him, having vainly offered to carry the basket, he summoned courage to ask, point blank, what it contained; at which question, Fanny blushed



and William laughed; and on a repetition of the inquiry, answered with an arch smile—"Fanny's fairings." Now as Fanny had before purchased toys, and cakes, and such like trifles for the whole family, this reply, and the air with which it was delivered, served rather to stimulate than to repress the vague suspicions that were floating in the boy's brain. A crowd, however, is no place for impertinent curiosity. Loneliness and ennui are necessary to the growth of that weed. If there had been a fair in Blue-Beard's castle, his wives would have kept their heads on their shoulders: the blue chamber and the diamond key would have tempted in vain. So Tom betook himself to the enjoyment of the scene before him, applying himself the more earnestly to the business of pleasure, as they were to return to Upton Lea at four o'clock.

Four o'clock arrived, and found our hero, Thomas Stokes, still untired of stuffing and staring. He had eaten more cakes, oranges, and ginger-bread, than the gentlest reader would deem credible; and he had seen well nigh all the sights of the fair;—the tall man and the short woman, and the calf with two heads; had attended the in-door horsemanship and the out-door play; the dancing dogs and two raree-shows; and lastly, had visited and admired the wonders of the menagerie, scraped acquaintance with a whole legion of parrots and monkeys, poked up a boa-constrictor, patted a lioness, and had the honour of presenting his blunderbuss to the elephant, although he was not much inclined to boast of that exploit, having been so frightened at his own temerity, as to run away out of the booth before the sagacious but deliberate quadruped had found time to fire.

'Not a whit tired was Tom. He could have wished the fair to last a week. Nevertheless, he obeyed his brother's summons; and the little party sate out on their return, the two elder ones again linked arm-in-arm, and apparently forgetting that the world contained any human being except their own two selves. Poor Tom trudged after, beginning to feel, in the absence of other excitement, a severe relapse of his undefined curiosity respecting Fanny's fairings. On tripped William and Fanny, and after trudged Tom, until a string of unruly horses passing rapidly by, threw the whole group into confusion. No one was hurt; but the pretty Londoner was so much alarmed as to afford her companion ample employment in placing her on a bank, soothing her fears, and railing at the misconduct of the horse-people. As the cavalcade disappeared, the fair damsel recovered her spirits, and began to inquire for her basket, which she had dropped in her terror, and for Tom, who was also missing. They were not far to seek. Perched in the opposite hedge sate master Tom, in the very act of satisfying his curiosity by examining her basket, smiling and ho!-ing with all his might. Parcel after parcel did he extract and unfold:—first a roll of white satin ribbon—"ho! ho!"—then a pair of white cambric gloves—"ho! ho!" again;—then a rich-looking, dark-coloured, small plum-cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—"ho! ho! Miss Fanny!"—last of all a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—"ho! ho!" once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own red finger, the fourth of the left hand—"so these are Fanny's fairings! Ho! ho!—ho! ho!"—pp. 246—252.

'The Hero of the Coliseum,' inappropriate as the title may be, is one of the best things which we have yet seen from the pen of

Miss Jewsbury. The story of the Martyr is well told, and though she does not appear to be sufficiently conversant with all the parts of her subject, yet she has treated it in a style equally creditable to her feelings and her taste.

Mrs. Hemans must next claim our attention. Who does not admire the classical purity of diction which always distinguishes her verse? For this quality alone it deserves to be read, though there are few, perhaps, who could long remember it. Her sentiments are as graceful as her phraseology; but they want that defined and energetic character, which is absolutely essential to the operation of distinct and permanent impressions. The lines, which we are about to quote, cannot be deemed otherwise than pretty; yet how easily do they float away from the memory! They are said to have been suggested by a dial formed of flowers, which, by opening and closing at regular intervals, marked the progress of time.

- ' 'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers  
That laugh to the summer's day.
- ' Thus had each moment its own rich hue  
And its graceful cup or bell,  
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.
- ' To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd  
In a golden current on,  
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,  
The glorious guests were gone.
- ' So might the days have been brightly told—  
'Those days of song and dreams—  
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,  
By the blue Arcadian streams.
- ' So in those isles of delight, that rest  
Far off in a breezeless main,  
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,  
Hath sought, but still in vain.
- ' Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth?
- ' Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.'—pp. 31, 32.

The editor apologises for deviating, in one instance, from the original plan of his work, by inserting a well known poem of

Mr. Campbell's, 'The Last Man,' with a view to illustrate the fine design suggested by it to G. Jones. The engraving is far from being a master-piece, and for this the apology was due, not for the poem, which cannot be read too often, or prized too highly.

From Mr. S. T. Coleridge, we have a specimen of what he calls 'Conversational Dialogues on Interests and Events of Common Life.' We approve much of the idea, as nothing can possibly be of greater practical utility, than the inculcation and embellishment of those plain every-day truths, on which the happiness of every class essentially depends, and which are, we fear, too generally neglected. But we would suggest to the distinguished author, the expediency of conveying his thoughts in a language that may be universally and easily understood. We shall select from his first dialogue, a passage or two, in which the most interesting topics are handled, but at the same time, involved in such a mass of words, and some of these the coinage of his own brain, that we doubt much if many of our fair readers can readily make out what he is at. Our author, under the character of an elderly friend advising two young ladies, thus proceeds:—

'*Friend.* Well, then, I was saying that love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well known ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is the love;—

'*Eliza.* There is something here (*pointing to her heart*) that seems to understand you, but wants the word that would make it understand itself.

'*Catherine.* I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

'*Friend.*—I mean that willing sense of the insufficiency of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own—that quiet perpetual seeking, which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and, finding, again seeks on—lastly, when "life's changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience: it supposes, I say, a heart-felt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their

own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousandfoldy endeared partner, we feel for aged VIRTUE the caressing fondness that belongs to the INNOCENCE of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies as had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

‘*Eliza*. What a soothing—what an elevating idea!

‘*Catherine*. If it be not only an *idea*.

‘*Friend*. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as husband and wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as a neighbour, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this? Pride, coldness or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper—one or the other—too often proves “the dead fly in the compost of spices,” and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, *ursine* vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on *negative* qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by *negatives*—that is, by *not* doing or saying any thing that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical,—or (to use their own phrase) by *never forgetting themselves*, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

‘*Eliza* (in answer to a whisper from *Catherine*). To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

‘*Friend*. True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the MISERY of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man’s life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The HAPPINESS of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful railery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.’—pp. 41—44.

Mr. Coleridge next brings *ex improviso* poetry to his aid, but with no better effect. If he continue these dialogues, as we hope he means to do, he must render them a little more accessible to people of common sense.

We must pass over Mrs. Opie’s contributions of verse and prose,

and also those of several other writers, who, though possessing some reputation, appear to have here made no exertion in order to sustain it. The Sonnets from the MS. of the late Mrs. Henry Tighe would perhaps never have seen the light, if her taste could have been consulted. Mr. Hood's Ode, in imitation of Horace's "*O rus, quando ego te aspiciam,*" is rather beneath the general standard of his excellence in this style of composition. The reader will perhaps be contented with an extract from it:

- ' Oh ! well may poets make a fuss  
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus !*"  
Of London pleasures sick :  
My heart is all at pant to rest  
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest  
This endless meal of brick !
- ' What joy have I in June's return ?  
My feet are parch'd—my eyeballs burn,  
I scent no flowery gust ;  
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,  
With dry Macadam on its wings,  
And turns me "*dust to dust.*"
- ' My sun his daily course renews  
Due east, but with no Eastern dew ;  
The path is dry and hot !  
His setting shews more tamely still,  
He sinks behind no purple hill,  
But down a chimney's pot !
- ' Oh ! but to hear the milk-maid blythe,  
Or early mower whet his scythe  
The dewy meads among !—  
My grass is of that sort—alas !  
That makes no hay,—call'd sparrow-grass  
By folks of vulgar tongue !
- ' Oh ! but to smell the woodbine sweet !  
I think of cowslip-cups—but meet  
With very vile rebuffs !  
For meadow buffs, I get a whiff  
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff  
The turtle made at Cuff's.
- ' How tenderly Rousseau review'd  
His periwinkles !—mine are stewed !  
My rose blooms on a gown !—  
I hunt in vain for eglantine,  
And find my blue-bell on the sign  
That marks the Bell-and-Crown !
- ' Where are ye, birds ! that blithely wing  
From tree to tree, and gaily sing

Or mourn in thickets deep ?  
 My cuckoo has some ware to sell,  
 The watchman is my Philomel,  
 My blackbird is a sweep !

‘ Where are ye, linnet ! lark ! and thrush ?  
 That perch on leafy boughs and bush,  
 And tune the various song ?  
 Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor  
 Street-Handel grinding at my door,  
 Are all my “tuneful throng.”

‘ Where are ye, early-purling streams,  
 Whose waves reflect the morning beams  
 And colours of the skies ?  
 My rills are only puddle-drains  
 From shambles—or reflect the stains  
 Of calimanco-dyes.

‘ Sweet are the little brooks that run  
 O’er pebbles glancing in the sun,  
 Singing in soothing tones :—  
 Not thus the city streamlets flow ;  
 They make no music as they go,  
 Tho’ never “ off the stones.”

‘ Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,  
 That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap  
 Beside your woolly dams ?  
 Alas ! instead of harmless crooks,  
 My Corydons use iron hooks,  
 And skin—not shear—the lambs.’—pp. 86—88.

The tale of ‘ the Gypsy Girl ’ reminded us of that famous Scotch woman’s tale, so admirably told by Matthews. It is a long, wandering, gossiping composition, all about—nothing. In Dr. Walsh’s ‘ Notice of some ancient Coins and Medals, as illustrating the progress of Christianity,’ we found a great deal of interesting matter compressed within a narrow compass, and clothed in a clear and masterly style. We recommend it to the reader’s attention. The best plate in the whole collection is that of the Earl of Strafford and his Secretary, engraved by Mr. Greatbach, from Vandyke’s admirable picture. The unfortunate statesman is represented as dictating his last commands, and the composure of his attitude and countenance, while performing that solemn office, exhibits a striking contrast to the penetrating and anxious look of his attendant. The engraver has faithfully preserved the character of the original, which, as every body knows, is in the possession of that munificent patron of the arts, the Earl Fitzwilliam. The biographical memoir, which follows the plate, has no particular merit which should claim our notice. The Lady of Ilkdale, painted by J. Jackson, and engraved by J. Thompson, forms an interesting

embellishment to the volume. We regret that we cannot say as much of the Rev. Thomas Greenwood's verses, which accompany it. The memory of the late lamented Mr. Canning is celebrated in some lines written by the Archdeacon Wrangham. They are tame for so inspiring a subject. We could wish that we had room for an extract or two from a little essay on 'Good-hearted People,' contributed by Mrs. Hoffland. It displays much knowledge of human nature, and, though composed in a satirical and almost irritated vein, yet it cannot be perused without profit. She exposes that most selfish and worthless tribe in their true colours. The following verses, entitled 'The quiet Mind,' from the humble pen of the Northamptonshire peasant, would not have been unworthy of Burns. They breathe his strong feeling of independence, and remind us of his rude and energetic diction.

- ' Though low my lot, my wish is won,  
My hopes are few and staid ;  
All I thought life would do, is done,  
The last request is made :  
If I have foes, no foes I fear ;  
To fate I live resigned :  
I have a friend I value here—  
And that's a quiet mind.
- ' I wish not it was mine to wear  
Flushed honour's sunny crown :  
I wish not I was fortune's heir ;  
She frowns, and let her frown :  
I have no taste for pomp and strife,  
Which others love to find :  
I only wish the bliss of life—  
A poor and quiet mind.
- ' The trumpet's taunt in battle-field,  
The great man's pedigree—  
What peace can all their honours yield,  
And what are they to me ?  
Tho' praise and pomp, to eke the strife,  
Rave like a mighty wind,  
What are they to the calm of life—  
A still and quiet mind ?
- ' I mourn not that my lot is low,  
I wish no higher state ;  
I sigh not that fate made me so,  
Nor tease her to be great :  
I am content, for well I see,  
What all at last shall find,  
That life's worst lot the best shall be—  
And that's a quiet mind.
- ' I see the great pass heedless by,  
And pride above me tower ;

It cost me not a single sigh  
 For either wealth or power;  
 They are but men, and I'm a man  
 Of quite as great a kind;  
 Proud, too, that life gives all she can—  
 A calm and quiet mind.

' I never mock'd at beauty's shrine,  
 To stain her lips with lies;  
 No knighthood's fame, or luck was mine,  
 To win love's richest prize:  
 And yet I found in russet weed,  
 What all will wish to find,  
 True love, and comfort's prize indeed—  
 A glad and quiet mind.

' And come what will of care or woe,  
 As some must come to all,  
 I'll wish not that they were not so,  
 Nor mourn that they befall:  
 If tears for sorrow start at will,  
 They're comforts in their kind,  
 And I am blest, if with me still  
 Remains a quiet mind.

' When friends depart, as part they must,  
 And love's true joys decay,  
 That leaves us like the summer's dust  
 The whirlwind puffs away;  
 While life's allotted time I brave,  
 Tho' left the last behind,  
 A prop and friend I still shall have,  
 If I've a quiet mind.'—pp. 301, 303.

We must here conclude our extracts from 'The Amulet.' Some of the plates we have chosen to pass over in silence, rather than criticise with severity productions which cannot, in every instance, be expected to rank in the first class of art. We can, however, safely recommend the work, as being in general very respectably executed. We perceive that it is bound in a neat watered silk, and contained in a handsome case; an improvement, which we cordially hope will fully answer the editor's expectations.

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ART. VII. *Esquisse Politique sur l'Action des Forces Sociales dans les différentes Espèces de Gouvernement.* 8vo. pp. 393. Bruxelles: Lacrosse. Londres: Rolandi. 1827.

THE study of general legislation has uniformly been the favourite pursuit of profound and vigorous understandings. In times comparatively modern, Bodin led the way in this career of speculation, and was succeeded by the renowned Grotius, Vico, Montesquieu,



Rousseau, and Filangieri; while in our own days, Jeremy Bentham, de Tracy, and other men of eminence have continued to pursue their labours in the same direction.

Locke's work on Civil Government was the first publication, that kindled the love of liberty in the breast of nations bent under the yoke of servitude; but this work, though deserving of admiration on its first appearance, considering the era in which he lived, furnishes, at the present period, only a few superannuated notions and imperfect ideas of true government. Grotius, who was a pensioner on the bounty of Louis XIV., wrote under the influence of despotism. But Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, is recognised as one of the master-pieces of the human mind, though, perhaps, if it were to be reduced to practice, it would not contain ten pages which we should be inclined to adopt. In opposition to Rousseau, who proclaimed democracy as the best form of government, Montesquieu was inclined to witness the prosperity and tranquillity of nations under the preponderating influence of aristocracy, and these two illustrious writers drew up Utopian schemes of their own. Montesquieu endeavoured to catch the spirit of constitutions; and Vico attempted to trace their laws, but could not ascertain them; he, therefore, could not exhibit any more than a system, built, indeed, upon bold and original combinations, and supported by some facts. But the theory is obscure and confused, and deviates from the ordinary routine of the human understanding. Filangieri follows the steps of Montesquieu, but has contributed no additional treasures to the general stock of human knowledge. De Tracy, however, carries into the labyrinth of Montesquieu, a ray of light that never fails: his distinction between special and national governments is correct and happy; but this profound publicist has established no new system. As for Bentham, he has devoted his attention in a more particular manner to the civil laws of nations, than to their political institutions; and the former, properly speaking, is only a secondary branch of what is termed *law*.

The word *law* has a great many acceptations; it signifies, either the *science of laws*, otherwise, rules for the moral actions of mankind, or the *collection of these rules*; or, in short, the attributes, or faculties which we derive from the law.

Under the two first meanings, law expresses the same ideas as the *jus* of the Romans; and under the third, it corresponds with the plural of the same word (*jura*, rights). In this latter sense, it is, that the author of the present work has discussed the subject. He examines the laws which establish reciprocal relations, between the members of society and the authorities of the government; and he enters into the merits of those forms of public polity, which seem best adapted to promote the happiness and tranquillity of states. This department forms, what is correctly termed, public law, which again branches out into *constitutional law*, or the sum

total of the fundamental laws which constitute the government, that is, the manner in which the sovereignty is exercised in any nation; or the laws which have for their immediate object, the general organization and administration of the body politic. It also diverges into *administrative law*, or laws, the execution of which is entrusted to different functionaries, or agents, distributed over various parts of the territory, whose object is the general or local administration of public affairs, under *all the details* which the whole system embraces. The last branch is, the *criminal law*, which aims at repressing, by means of penalties, the infractions of regulations adopted for the support of social order, and public tranquillity.

The author of the present work, having surveyed the general aspect of history, and contemplated the various convulsions which it records, endeavours to arrive at the secret causes which have produced those incessant, stubborn, and irreconcilable struggles that have uniformly taken place between civil society and the different species of government exercising authority over it. He traces the perpetual flux and reflux of popular commotions, and the tyrannical suppressions of tumult. The real causes of this reaction he discovers to arise from the opposition of interests in the contending parties; and, in order to point out the means of putting a period to these disgraceful contentions, he endeavours to derive from the essential characteristics of society and government, the original motives that lead to the frequent recurrence of discord and opposition.

According to his notions, civil society, considered under a political point of view, is divided into two grand materials of existence. The first is combined out of wealth and intelligence, and the second arises from the mass of ignorance and poverty.

After a rigid and impartial survey of these two classes, the author designates the one party under the title of *social forces*, and the other under the distinction of social weaknesses. By this classification he only means to intimate, that the former party constitutes the strength, and the latter the weakness of civil society. This distinctive character of both, resides essentially in each division; and this character is accurately traced by the unerring hand of nature herself. Weakness, for its support, must look up to force for the supply of the necessary means of existence. But force is self-dependent, because it communicates a share of its means to every thing inferior, while it has no superior to control or restrict it. Beyond it an absolute vacuum exists. It follows, therefore, that these two component elements of general society, so far from being contradictory and repugnant, rest in a state of perfect tranquillity and harmony. But a society of forces without weaknesses, or weaknesses without forces, is a mere chimera of the imagination, equally destitute of principle and object.

A system of government, whatever its external forms may be,

always includes a degree of power that watches over those interests which society expects from it, with the least share of trouble and restriction. If the government represent the mass of its social forces, it will be evident, from its very constitution, that the grounds of revolution are totally removed. On the contrary, if a government represent a power from *without*, or one that usurps authority over the social forces, and aims at the destruction of their independence, and the general repression of their improvement, it is evident that there is here a permanent source of revolutionary materials, because an opposition of interests must naturally grow out of such a state of things.

The author, having relinquished all the threadbare questions of legitimacy and illegitimacy, rights and duties, and justice and injustice, confines himself only to the task of proving that, of the two species of government which he has described, the one is true and the other false, because the one attains its object, and the other deviates from it; and he supports his arguments by examples, derived from the history of the generality of the governments which have prevailed among mankind.

He ranges the Oriental despotisms at the head of those systems, which place the real forces of society without, and act on the exclusive theory. He lays it down, as a fundamental principle, that no such government should be allowed to exist, as it proscribes intellect, and admits of no external means either of control or instruction. Codes of law, and a regular body of magistrates are useless in its eyes: its will is law, and the visirs are charged with its execution. When it wishes to get rid of them, it despatches the bow-string for that purpose. Its power displaying itself as a concatenation of weaknesses over a perfect equality of slavery, ignorance, and misery, effectual revolutions become impossible; for when weakness revolts, in a moment of despair, it never aims at a fundamental subversion of the system; the object is to change the men, and not the circumstances; not safety, but vengeance is kept in view. Some sultans are deposed, and some visirs are strangled, and then every thing relapses into the old state. But such a despotism is naturally vicious; because, however strong it may be against its own subjects, it is feeble with respect to its external enemies. It is a monster that sucks its own blood for its support, and that throws itself into one chasm to avoid another.

Absolute monarchy is, of course, also excluded by our author from his system of the real forces of society. While treating on this part of his subject, he combats with considerable force an assertion made by Fontenelle, in his life of the great Corneille, that princes and ministers had only to issue the word, and that poets and painters would come forth, and multiply under the rays of royal munificence. He shews that generally they are, in fact, talents of an inferior order, which crawl about courts, and prostitute themselves by the language of flattery and baseness.

'The highest order of genius, he observes, never appears there, or carries with it thither the noble disdain of a powerful and lofty mind. The world is not ignorant of the proud and unbending souls of Dante, Tasso, Milton, Andrea del Sarto, Benevento Cellini, and other shining characters, who have thrown a lustre over the human race. Virgil and Horace, indeed, though they appeared in the antechambers of the basest and most hypocritical of potentates, continually celebrate in their verses the charms of domestic life, and that rural retirement which embellishes the existence of a virtuous man, by removing him from the aspect of the degrading vices of his fellow-creatures—so that we may exclaim with Chenier:

"Qui sait aimer les champs ne peut rester esclave."

'Michael Angelo, who drew from a block of marble the sublime resemblance of the legislator of the Israelites, was not a man that was inclined to submit to the arrogant caprices of Julius II.; and this haughty pontiff was obliged to quit his see, to seek, at a distance, that wondrous artist, who elevated at Rome a new Olympus to the Divinity. It must be so: for while the sovereign elevates himself on a throne glittering with gold, that hides the debasement of the people, his head sinks, trembles, and prostrates itself before the light, or the colossal productions, of genius.'—pp. 201—204.

The author, pursuing his analysis of the different forms of government, presents us with an admirable sketch of the history of the Roman republic, and a frightful portrait of the sanguinary system of Venice. From these data, he delineates the mischievous nature of the aristocratic principle. He next proceeds to the democratic form of government; and shews that, where it is unqualified by the representative principle, it carries within itself the seeds of inevitable destruction.

From the whole of his reasoning, he concludes that the only governments which are true, steady, and unvariable, established in society, and for society, which facilitate its progress, and unfold its powers, by the independence of the understanding and the will, are the representative—monarchies, and republics. These combine the social powers of every description, and bestow on them the double, and supreme qualities of discussing the laws, and superintending their execution. They have a chief, who, under the title of king or president, and under permanent engagements, or such as are only temporary, watches over the active part of the administration of public affairs, and becomes responsible for his conduct, either in the person of his agents, if the circumstances of the state require that he should be declared inviolable, or in his own person, if the circumstances are such that the chief of the state might submit to a trial, without disturbing the public tranquillity. The free concurrence of the whole nation, in the choice of the forces that ought alternately to represent and rule it; the free discussion of the general interests, which can alone determine the boundaries of the rights and duties of every man; the guarantee of personal and individual liberty, which protects the weak against the powerful, and places all, indiscriminately, under the paramount

protection of the law ; the means afforded to the people, of knowing the real import of crimes, either public or private, and leaving only to the magistrates the care of inflicting the penalty ; in short, the respect felt for the general liberty of conscience, so as not to profane religion, by making it an instrument of persecution, disqualification, or revenge : Such are the fundamental conditions which repel troubles and commotions, and place this form of government on the basis of reason and justice, and the well understood interests of civil society. Such is the foundation on which the government of the United States rests ; and, within certain restrictions, such is the representative constitutional monarchy of England.

The second part of the work is devoted to the discussion of the elements of which such a monarchy is composed : the author discusses each topic in succession, and in a very profound and luminous manner, treats of the rights and duties of the crown and the administration—those of the electoral bodies, and the legislative power. He next handles the important subjects of the convocation and dissolution of both houses of Parliament ; and the no less important points, to whom should belong the right of proposing and of sanctioning the laws. He then engages in a discussion of the judicial power, and demonstrates the excellence of the institution of trial by jury. He closes the work with a chapter on the subject of religion, in which he recommends to nations, as well as to rulers, the principles of toleration and of perfect religious liberty.

This book is not only a good book, but a very useful one. The author has brought social science to the test of true principles, by divesting it of all the scholastic obscurities, and all the metaphysical inductions of the publicists of the last century. It is clear, elegant, easy, and perspicuous ; and we might quote, as proofs of the sincerity of our commendations, whole pages of eloquence on the subjects of ministers, courtiers, and police, and the legitimacy of sovereign dynasties.

ART. VIII. *Sketches of Hayti; from the Expulsion of the French, to the Death of Christophe.* By W. W. Harvey, of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 416. London : Seeley & Son. 1827.

MR. BRYAN EDWARDS, in his historical survey of St. Domingo, published in the year 1797, after stating that "the Charaibes of St. Vincent, and the Maroon negroes of Jamaica, were originally enslaved Africans," had the temerity to predict, that "what they now are, the freed negroes of St. Domingo will hereafter be ; savages in the midst of society—without peace, security, agriculture or property ; ignorant of the duties of life, and unacquainted with all the soft and endearing relations which render it desirable ; averse to labour, though frequently perishing of want ; suspicious

of each other, and towards the rest of mankind revengeful and faithless, remorseless and bloody-minded; pretending to be free, while groaning beneath the capricious despotism of their chiefs, and feeling all the miseries of servitude, without the benefit of subordination." Now here is a period very eloquently framed and pointedly turned, and we presume that, when it was first delivered to the world, it was received as the voice of an oracle, particularly by those who were interested in the continuation of our colonial slave system. Yet, strange to say, great as was the authority of Mr. Bryan Edwards, intimate as was his acquaintance with the condition of the West Indies; not only has not this bold prophecy been realised, but every word of it has been directly negated by the history and conduct of the Haytians, since the time when they may be said to have obtained their freedom.

Captain Rainsford, in his excellent, though, perhaps, too sanguine account of the sable empire, written, we believe, within ten years after that of Mr. Edwards, has proved by the indisputable evidence of facts, that the situation of no white community differed more widely from that of "the Charaibes of St. Vincent, and the Maroon negroes of Jamaica," than did in his time, the native population of Hayti. He speaks of the superior order as having even then actually obtained a sumptuousness of life, quite equal to that of Europeans: their taste, he describes, as chaste; their manners as refined, hospitable, gracious, "sensible and polite, often dignified and impressive." They were not, therefore, all "savages in the midst of society." Neither were they "without peace," for peace they have very uniformly enjoyed, since the cessation of the disputes between Petion and Christophe; nor have they been "without security, agriculture, or property," as it is notorious, that their security has been undisturbed, and that their agriculture and wealth have rapidly increased. Then says Mr. Edwards, they will be "ignorant of the duties of life, and unacquainted with all the soft and endearing relations which render it desirable." But as if to contradict this rash declaration point blank, Captain Rainsford not only gives his general testimony of the very reverse being the case, but even describes a cottage which he accidentally entered, and in which he found "the man an epitome of legislature, and his family, a well regulated kingdom in miniature." Are they really "averse to labour," as our prophet foretold they would be? Quite the contrary. During peace, they have shewn themselves as industrious as any people, in a climate so prolific, could, or need be. Are they "suspicious of each other?" Their conduct under their successive chiefs, even when the island was divided into two great parties, is a sufficient refutation of the charge. Have they treated the rest of mankind in a jealous and hostile manner? They have, indeed, evinced great caution, and, very naturally, great distrust, in their dealings with their ancient oppressors, the French. But the English and Americans have,

assuredly no reason to complain of their reception among the Haytians.

It may be conceded, that some passages in the history of their emancipation afford ground for the epithets "revengeful, faithless, remorseless, and bloody-minded;" but it would be the height of injustice to say, that such epithets exclusively belonged to them. We, the English, cannot boast of having been altogether free, during our many civil wars, from the dispositions here ascribed to the negroes; and we believe, that it will not be denied, that the French, during their revolution, were at least equally liable to similar charges. It may also be true, that the Haytians "groaned" for a season "beneath the capricious despotism" of a Dessalines, and, in the latter years of his reign, of a Christophe. But it is admitted on all hands, that under Petion, and latterly under Boyer, instead of the "miseries of servitude," with which our prophet menaced them, they have actually enjoyed the most perfect equality; and that further, as if to turn all his affirmatives into negatives, they have completely succeeded in attaining, under that very system of civil freedom, "all the benefits of subordination." Such, at least, appears to be the case, from the report of Captain Rainsford; a report fully confirmed by the testimony of the gentleman, whose 'Sketches' are now before us.

Why, it may be asked, have we laid so much stress on this puerile oracular declaration of Mr. Bryan Edwards? We have done so for two reasons. In the first place, we wished to caution our readers, against placing too much confidence in that kind of argument, which may be denominated the *a futuro*. There is no intellectual weapon more likely to produce an effect with timid minds, than that which attempts to trace out "what is to be." In the next place, we were aware, that few persons of his time were more competent to speak to the character of the negroes in the West Indies, than this same Mr. Bryan Edwards; we, therefore, deem it but right to shew, that, however adequate he was to the relation of their past history, he knew no more of their natural talents, or of the collective and individual efforts which, under favourable circumstances, they were capable of making, than the fish in the depth of the ocean, knows of the plumed creature that traverses the air.

The circumstances connected with the history of St. Domingo, from the period of its first revolt in 1791, down to the present period, are pregnant with lessons of the soundest philosophy; some of them, new to mankind, and, all of them, interesting and instructive. For example: who could have dreamt, at the breaking out of the French revolution in 1789, that it was destined, not only to convulse Europe, but to subvert all the prejudices which we had entertained concerning the Africans, whom we had been, and even yet are sometimes, taught to look upon as a race linking man with the brute creation? Who could have con-  
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tured, that the barbarous excesses, the unrestrained ferocity of the most civilised of nations, were to become directly instrumental, in raising the most lowly savages upon the face of the globe, to the dignity of social beings; and that the same principles which led to the execution of a Christian king upon an ignominious scaffold, were actually preparing to invest a negro with a sceptre, in one of the fairest islands of the Western world? A negro—be it remembered—who, with his tribe, had been often whipped to the course of daily labour, and condemned to crawl like a reptile upon the earth! Yet such was literally the fact; for it was the decree of the National Assembly, which declared (St. Domingo being at the time a colony of France), that “all men are born and continue free and equal as to their rights,” that first led to the revolt, and subsequently to the independence of the Haytian people.

But the portion of their history, in our apprehension, the most valuable, is that which exhibits them in the uninterrupted enjoyment of those liberties which they so dearly won. Several publications besides that of Captain Rainsford, have contributed to enlighten the public on this subject; particularly those of the Baron de Wimpffen, D. Soulastre, M. Guillermin, and the “History of the Island of St. Domingo, from its Discovery by Columbus, to the present period.” Mr. Harvey has avowedly taken a considerable part of his materials from the latter work; nor do we find that, although he resided at Cape François during the latter part of the reign of Christophe, he has added much new matter to the information contained in that volume. In another respect, we have been rather disappointed by these ‘Sketches.’ We expected to find in them, familiar pictures of all the inhabited parts of St. Domingo; of the manners and daily occupations of the people; their amusements, their morals, and, in short, of every thing that relates to their social and political existence. But in lieu of all this chit-chat, which would have been highly acceptable, we have a series of chapters, containing as many dissertations (somewhat ambitiously written), upon the struggle of the Haytians for their independence; upon the life, character, and reign of Dessalines and Christophe; the contests between the latter and Petion; the elevation of Christophe to the throne; the whole system of his civil and military administration; the establishment of Lancasterian schools; and other subjects connected with the statistics of the island, all of which topics had been already treated by former writers with sufficient accuracy and copiousness of detail. Yet is this publication by no means destitute of value, since it confirms, on many points, the evidence of those writers, and exhibits, partially at least, the interesting spectacle of a sable community, ‘gradually returning from scenes of confusion and bloodshed, to habits of industry, peace, and order; steadily aiming, amidst frequent reverses, to establish a



regular and independent government ; and under circumstances of difficulty, with confined resources, labouring to improve their agriculture, to repair an exhausted population, to form commercial connexions, and to introduce a knowledge of the arts and sciences ; thus laudably endeavouring to lay the foundation of an empire, which may, perhaps, be compared hereafter with the nations the most celebrated for their civilisation and refinement'—(Preface, pp. vii., viii.).

Mr. Harvey does not inform us in what capacity he went out from England to St. Domingo, and resided there for several years. We presume that he must have undertaken some duties connected with the academy, which was established under the royal protection, as he appears to have been thoroughly acquainted with the history of that institution, and with the state of the schools generally established at Cape François. It is, perhaps, sufficient for us to know, that he had access to all the principal sources of information, which the palace and the various departments of government supplied. It is to be regretted, that the state of his health, and, perhaps, the unsettled condition of the island, did not permit him to extend his personal acquaintance with it beyond Christophe's capital.

The history of the insurrection of St. Domingo against the rule of France, and of the various and ineffectual attempts made by that country under Napoleon, to regain possession of the colony, is so well known, that it would be superfluous to recapitulate it. In perusing it, however, we could not help remarking the manifest justice of Providence, in inflicting upon the French ruler a punishment, resembling in many points that to which by his orders, the amiable, the enlightened and unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture was condemned. The sable chieftain, after being deprived of his authority, was removed in a ship of war from his island to France, where he was confined in the damp and gloomy dungeons of Besançon, separated from the wife and the children whom he loved with the truest and tenderest feelings ; and there he expired, wasted away by the miseries to which he was subjected. Could Napoleon have foreseen, upon Toussaint's death, that he himself was destined to be transported as a prisoner from the shores of France to a remote island, torn from the consort and the child of his affections, whom he was never more to see, and to languish in a prison, which was a palace compared to the dungeons of Besançon, how he would have turned pale at his own despotism, and shrunk from the sword of justice, then suspended by a hair over his devoted head ! This, however, was not the only crime which Napoleon and his ministers had to answer for, in their attempt to recover St. Domingo. Nothing could exceed the cruelties perpetrated by Le Clerc, the general who commanded the expedition in 1802. By his orders, all the male negroes and

mulattoes,' says Mr. Harvey, 'that could be found, were murdered in the most shocking manner.' But this is not all :

' Five hundred of these unfortunate beings were at one time shot near Cape François ; and an equal number were, on another occasion, coolly massacred in view of the negro army. Thousands were carried on board the vessels in the harbour, and were either suffocated in the holds, or thrown overboard in chains and drowned. Even these methods failed to accomplish the horrid purposes of these blood-thirsty tyrants ; till at length they had recourse to the dreadful expedient, of hunting and destroying the unhappy victims of their rage by blood-hounds. These animals, pursuing the negroes to the parts of the mountains inaccessible to their no less bloody employers, easily gained their retreats, and devoured all who were so unfortunate as to be discovered. Such of the black prisoners as had evinced the greatest zeal and activity in defence of liberty, were selected from the rest ; and on Sundays were dragged to a spot chosen for the purpose, and, in sight of thousands of spectators, were thrown to these terrible animals, and torn to pieces.'—pp. 15, 16.

We shudder at the recital of such inhuman deeds, and would fain hope that it is in some degree exaggerated. But here again we observe the justice of a superior Being, tracking the steps of these monsters of cruelty. Most of them, with the infamous Le Clerc at their head, were carried off on the very stage of their iniquities, by a contagious disease, and the expedition terminated in the disgrace of France, and the triumph of the Haytians. These, however, had still much to suffer and to learn under Desalines\*, who may be said to have been their first generally acknowledged ruler ; and also under Christophe†, whose reign was a strange mixture of generous improvement and jealous despotism. His contests with Petion, for the supreme government of the whole island, necessarily contributed to retard the progress of the Haytians in the career of civilisation. It is remarkable, however, that though Petion, a mulatto, who had had the benefit of a French education, was greatly superior to Christophe in personal character and accomplishments, yet the southern portion of St. Domingo, which was republicanised under his authority, was inferior to the northern dominions of his rival in every respect—in civil and military organisation, in institutions for the education of the people, in agriculture and the arts, at the final close of the contest.

The public have not yet forgotten the irresistible air of caricature, which seemed naturally to accompany not only Christophe's elevation to the throne, but most of his subsequent proceedings, particularly his creation of a whole tribe of "Princes of the

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\* Crowned Emperor of Hayti, 8th October, 1804 ; died 17th October, 1806.

† Proclaimed President of Hayti, 17th February, 1807 ; crowned King of Hayti, 2nd June, 1811 ; died October, 1820.

Blood," of a regular royal household, and of a class of nobility, with their odd names of Count de la Tasse, Count de Limonade, Count—(we beg his pardon)—Duke de Marmalade, and Prince du Limbé! as duly set forth with great pomp in the Royal Haytian Almanack! Yet, ludicrous as all this sable vanity may have seemed, and still may appear, in our eyes, we cannot but consider it as intimately connected with the desire which Christophe not only uniformly manifested, but, as far as it was possible for him, reduced to practice, for the education and general improvement of his subjects. The splendour which he affected could not be maintained, without giving encouragement to the arts.

No sooner was he crowned king of Hayti, than he surrounded himself with all the appendages of royalty; and displayed, in the magnificence of his palaces, in the richness of his habiliments, and in his numerous and expensive retinue, all the pomp and splendour of a rich and powerful monarch. Vast sums of money were expended in support of an establishment, such as Hayti had, in no period of its history, ever exhibited. The rich and splendid garments in which the sable monarch occasionally appeared on levee-days, and always on great and important occasions, could hardly be surpassed by those of the most wealthy and powerful rulers of civilised states. His palaces were prepared for his reception with all possible magnificence; the floors of the apartments were made of highly polished mahogany, or of marble; the walls were adorned with the most valuable paintings that could be obtained; every article of furniture was of the most costly kind; and whatever the most unbounded passion for splendour could suggest, was procured, to decorate the habitations of—an uneducated negro.

One of the most remarkable of Christophe's palaces was built at a place about twelve miles from Cape François, called *Sans Souci*, so named, probably, from the manner in which it was defended by nature. This palace was planned and constructed under his immediate superintendence; and was designed for the purposes of occasional retirement from the cares of the government, of a watching-place, whence to observe whatever was going forward in the neighbourhood of the Cape, and of security in case of rebellion among his own subjects, or of invasion by France. It was situated on a lofty mountain, which commanded a view of the capital, and of the country around to the distance of several miles, and with its guard-houses, and other buildings, its gardens and promenades, it occupied the greater part of the summit. In its form it resembled a square, having its grand entrance on one of its sides, leading to a spacious court within, and thence, directly, or by flights of steps, to all its apartments. In the middle of the court stood a large and wide-spreading tree, under the shadow of which the officers frequently reclined during the more sultry parts of the day; and, in the morning and evening, often sat on benches around it, to enjoy the cooling breezes of those seasons. The palace consisted of two stories, having galleries along the first floor which looked, through glass casements, into the court below; and, besides the grand *salon*, the audience hall, the dining-room, and the library, it had numerous other apartments, occupied by different members of the royal family and household. All these rooms were spacious, lofty, and magnificently furnished:

their floors were made of mahogany, the produce of the island; and their splendid mirrors, superb paintings, and costly furniture, with the other ornaments with which they were decorated, gave to the whole an appearance altogether princely.'—pp. 127—134.

In this retreat Christophe spent several months of the year, sometimes amusing himself by examining, through a telescope, the different parts of his domains, and frequently solacing his hours with the music of martial airs, of which he was passionately fond. He did not omit, however, to establish courts of justice, with a regular bench of judges. Some of these, it must be admitted, were not distinguished for their learning, still less for their impartiality; but it is due to the sable King to add, that whenever a case of judicial malfeasance was laid before him, he redressed the injury, and punished the offender. Indeed, what could be expected from the tribunals, when even, in the capital, one of the judges had been elevated to the bench from the kitchen; and the civil officers generally exceeded even the nobility in their ignorance and pretensions?

'Whether engaged or not in their official duties, they never appeared in public without being habited in the dress peculiar to their order; or if they held a higher rank in the army, which was sometimes the case, arrayed in their more splendid military attire. They assumed an air of the utmost importance; and evinced, by their attitudes, their haughty mode of speaking, and the confident manner in which they settled disputes, the high notions they entertained of their abilities and office. Proud of their dignity, yet imperfectly instructed in the extent of their authority, they officiously interfered in matters in which they had no concern; or busied themselves in things too trivial to require their notice. They demanded the utmost respect to be paid to their opinions, even on subjects in no way connected with their office; and on those which fell within their province, they were too tenacious of their dignity to suffer a suggestion from another, which did not perfectly correspond with their own views. And if any were remiss in paying them all the deference they claimed,—and of this, men accustomed to regard them, in all respects, as their equals, might often be guilty,—they failed not to remind them of their neglect, in the most reprehensible terms.'—pp. 162, 163.

The same love of display which rendered Christophe ambitious of a crown, together with a determination to defend it, particularly from the menaces of the French, urged him to pay the closest attention to the organization and discipline of his army, which appears to have consisted of from fifteen to twenty thousand men, formed into the usual divisions of artillery, infantry, and cavalry. Mr. Harvey speaks in high terms of 'the superior state of their dress and their arms, their readiness and regularity in obeying the word of command, the facility with which they performed their various manœuvres,' and of their general spirit of subordination. Here again, indeed, the pervading alloy of caricature breaks out a little.

'All the officers, whatever their rank or character, were fond of dress to

an extravagant degree. They were required to possess good clothing, and were furnished with the means of procuring it: but in the expense of their garments, and the ornaments with which they were decorated, they far exceeded the desire of their sovereign, and often rendered their appearance ridiculous. Their coats were so bedecked with gold lace, that it was difficult to determine of what material they were made: their shoulders were burdened with epaulets of an enormous size; their caps were adorned, among other ornaments, with feathers nearly equalling their own height: and these articles, together with their beautiful white small-clothes and elegant silk hose, rendered their appearance supremely fantastical; nor was it possible for an European to behold a negro thus arrayed, without feeling amused to a degree which it would have been dangerous to manifest, yet difficult to conceal.—pp. 185, 186.

Yet were they all right good soldiers, as they proved on more than one occasion; and in attachment to the honour and independence of their country, they could not be exceeded by any troops in the more civilised world. But perhaps the most interesting, and the most useful labours to which the sable monarch devoted his time and influence, were those connected with the establishment of schools in Hayti, upon the Lancasterian system—a topic to which we have already adverted. These institutions are described by Mr. Harvey as numerous, and completely successful. We feel great satisfaction in transcribing his account of the school established at Cape François:

‘The place appropriated to this purpose was a large building, situated in a retired and elevated part of the town, and was as properly arranged, and as perfectly furnished with all the necessary apparatus, as the best schools conducted on this system are prepared in England. This school contained from one hundred and fifty to two hundred boys, from eight to sixteen years of age. When I entered the room, they were regularly divided into their classes, all busily engaged at their lessons; and their evident attention and application could not fail to strike a visitor. The sight of so many young negroes, employed in acquiring the rudiments of learning, would have been to any one, as interesting as it was novel; to those who feel a just concern in the welfare of the African race, it was peculiarly so; nor was it possible to witness it, without recollecting how different would have been their condition had they been enslaved, and rejoicing at the change which had led to such beneficial results.

‘The master of this school, who was an intelligent young man, had conducted it from its commencement: and his ability and attention appeared from the perfect order which prevailed throughout. My inquiries of him respecting those placed under his instruction, related to the following particulars: whether they displayed common aptness for learning;—whether they readily remembered what they acquired;—and whether they were capable of the application expected from boys in general of their age? To these questions he replied, that among so great a number as were committed to his care, there were, of course, several whose incapacity prevented them from making any great progress; but that the majority learnt without much difficulty, and many even with considerable facility: that with regard to their memory, their gradual advancement from one branch

to another, and their readiness in recollecting small pieces of poetry or prose, which they were occasionally required to learn, were satisfactory proofs of its being sufficiently retentive : and at the same time adding, that they required no more powerful stimulus to application and diligence, than is necessary for youth in general. In answer to a question respecting the general character of his pupils, he further stated, that they were far less obstinate and refractory than he had expected to find them. The facility, he said, with which they became familiarised to the mechanical part of the system, was surprising; the necessity of inflicting severe punishment, he stated, was not frequent; if a few were disobedient and inattentive, he observed, others were no less diligent and submissive; and, pointing to the state of the school at that moment, he hoped, he said, its order and regularity were indications of its flourishing condition, as well as of the docility and submission of the boys\*. He concluded his answers by assuring me that, on the whole, he found the young negroes and mulattoes as apt to learn, and as ready to remember, as he had found the youth of our own country.

‘ At this period, all the boys of the school could read and write; many of them were acquainted with the introductory rules of arithmetic; and some spoke the English language with considerable ease and propriety.’—pp. 202—205.

It was intended by Christophe, that the English should, in the course of time, be the prevailing language of his dominions, in order that they might lose every possible trace of their temporary connexion with France. It was therefore taught, not only in the school at Cape François, but also in those established at Gonaives, St. Marc’s, Fort Royal, and at other places. These latter institutions were not visited by Mr. Harvey; but we are pleased to learn from him, that ‘ the young negroes admitted into them were stated to have exhibited similar proofs of their possessing a ready apprehension, and a retentive memory; and while, by their progress, they afforded the utmost satisfaction to their teachers, their facility of acquirement rendered the labour of instruction far less difficult and tedious than had been anticipated.’—(p. 208).

Mr. Harvey’s account of the *Royal College*, or Academy, established by Christophe, at Cape François, is also highly gratifying to all those, who, like ourselves, reject the wretched doctrine, that the mind may be debased by the colour of the countenance. ‘ In this institution, the Haytian youth are instructed in Latin, English, and French composition, history, geography, and mathematics; and were assisted in these pursuits by (English) tutors, whose attainments fully qualified them to direct their studies.’ And it is satisfactory to add, that, ‘ under the tuition of these instructors,

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\* ‘ Since my return to England, I have visited the Central School of the British and Foreign School Society, in the Borough Road, London; and granting, as every one must, that it is conducted with admirable order, yet I confess I could not perceive its superiority, in point of general discipline, to that consisting of the Haytian youth at Cape François.’

the students made considerable advances in those branches of learning to which their attention was directed.'

Christophe, though the extreme of his accomplishments did not go beyond the writing of his own name, was remarkably solicitous for the education of his children. He had only one son, who profited little of the pains that were bestowed upon his improvement. He was shot soon after his father's death, in order to prevent him from aspiring to royalty. Had he been simply deported, the object would have been equally attained, without the guilt which his blood has left upon the hands of his executioners. The daughters, we believe, are still living.

The history of the island, since the death of Christophe, is well known. Petion died in 1818, and was succeeded by Boyer, who now governs the whole country, as president of the republic. We were much disappointed in not finding any observations of consequence, towards the close of Mr. Harvey's volume, on the treaty recently entered into between the King of France and Boyer. We had also expected some remarks on the "Rural Code," promulgated not long since at Hayti. These subjects well deserved a chapter, at least, from our author; but he has dismissed them in a sentence or two, with a general opinion in favour of both these important measures.

ART. IX. *La Guzla; ou Choix de Poesies Illyriques, Recueillies Dans La Dalmatie, la Bosnie, la Croatie et l'Herzegovine.* 12mo. pp. 257. Paris: F. G. Leverault. 1827.

A PRETTY little volume under the above title has just made its appearance in Paris, purporting to be literal translations in the French, of some popular ballads from the Illyrian language, such as they are chaunted at this day by wandering minstrels, amidst the mountains south of the Danube, to the sounds of the gusle or guzla. This is the instrument of which Mr. Bowring makes mention, in the introduction to his interesting *Specimens of Servian Popular Poetry*, as being employed by the bards of Servia, to accompany their songs.

The provinces of Illyria are, in fact, comprehended under the name of Servia; and the inhabitants generally are, from various causes, so much assimilated to each other in manners and language, that we should have expected a greater degree of affinity than happens to exist, between the popular poetry here collected, and that which Mr. Bowring has published. We do not hesitate to give a decided preference to the volume now before us, although it is brought into the comparison under numerous disadvantages. It must, however, be remembered, that Mr. Bowring is indebted for his *Specimens* altogether to the industry of a celebrated Servian, Vuk, who published his volumes in a country where the jealousy, too often the caprice, and absurd fears (fears which a

vulgar ballad is not too insignificant to excite), of political authority must be consulted. It may likewise happen, that a Servian himself may not be the best judge of those particular emanations of his country's poetical genius, which will most obtain the admiration of foreigners. But the little volume which we are about to notice, is the work of an industrious and persevering stranger, who saw the minstrel, and listened to his strains; and who was guided in his selection of the traditionary songs of Illyria, by the impressions which they immediately left upon his own heart and imagination.

The fitness of this translator (of whose name we are ignorant), will be best appreciated, when we state that he is an Italian by birth, but that his mother being a Morlachian\* of Spalatro, her language was as familiar to him as his vernacular tongue. He visited frequently, as he informs us, every part of the Illyrian provinces, and made himself acquainted with every mountain and valley, from Trieste to Ragusa. He likewise made frequent excursions into Bosnia and Herzegovina, where the Illyrian dialect is spoken in all its purity. During those expeditions of curiosity, he saw numbers of the native minstrels, the players on the guzla; and he seems to have acquired sufficient personal knowledge of the wandering bards, to enable him to characterise them as a body, with fidelity.

'They are, for the most part,' he says, 'very poor old men, some of them in rags, who wander about through towns and villages, singing ballads to the accompaniment of a sort of guitar, called the guzla, which has only one string made of horse-hair\*. They are always surrounded by a number of idle persons, from whose generosity they expect some little reward when the song is over. Sometimes they cunningly stop short at a most interesting passage, and go round for contributions; and at other times, they will even go so far as to fix the sum for which they will conclude the ballad. These are not the only persons who sing ballads. Almost all the Morlacs, young and old, have a hand in them; and some few are capable of composing impromptus. Their manner of singing is quite nasal—and the airs are too monotonous. The notes of the guzla assist them but very little; and nothing but long custom could possibly reconcile the ear to such music. At the close of each verse, the singer utters a loud cry, or rather a howl, resembling that of a wolf when in pain. This noise can be heard at an immense distance in the mountains, and a stranger would hardly suppose it possible that it could proceed from the human organ.'—Preface, p. x.

Quite an exception to the general order of the class thus described, is Hyacinth Maglanovich—not only living, we trust, at this moment, but, according to his custom, enjoying existence—in

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\* The Morlachians, or Morlacs, are the inhabitants of Dalmatia, who speak the Illyrian or Slavonian language.

† Mr. Bowring, in the Introduction already alluded to (p. lx.), says, that it is a "three-stringed instrument,"



the singularity of his fortunes, in his personal character, but above all, in his distinguished genius. Hyacinth was the only member of the itinerant fraternity, who was known to our curious collector as *writing* the divine art of poetry with the current perfections of the Illyrian minstrel. He was a native of Zuoniegrad, of humble extraction, and at the age of eight years, was stolen from his parents by the gypsies, who carried him into Bosnia. From their hands he was soon reclaimed, and placed in the service of the mayor of Livno. Whilst he was in this employment, a Catholic missionary, at the imminent hazard of his own body, took care of Hyacinth's soul. He was converted to Christianity, took a speedy opportunity of eloping from his master, and of flying, in company with his spiritual adviser, to Scign, in Dalmatia; which, though only twelve leagues off, was under the jurisdiction of another sort of authority from that to which the abandoned mayor would appeal to for redress. Fitted by genius and temperament for the course of the minstrel life, Hyacinth assumed the guzla. Far and near did the fame of the musician spread itself amongst the wild mountains. At every festival of mirth—at every rustic congress of mourning, Hyacinth and his guzla were inevitably to be found. Possessing a very proper exterior—skilful in music, and ardent in poetry—above all, having a name that was repeated from mouth to mouth with the language of praise, it is no wonder that he was popular with the men, and beloved by the lasses of Illyria. At last, his heart acknowledged a pure flame for Maria, the daughter of a rich Morlac; and as, in the nature of things, he could not expect to obtain her by regular means, he resolved to carry her off, a process which is by no means unusual in Illyrian courtships. On the night fixed upon for the eventful abduction, Uglian, a rival more than wisely importunate in his partiality for Maria, suddenly appeared, with two attendants, to arrest the flight of the lovers. Hyacinth sabred him on the spot; and taking horse, with his beautiful bride, sought the mountains, where he joined a band of heyducks, or robbers. Some years afterwards, he returned to society with considerable funds, the origin whereof it is not for the good of his reputation to inquire about; and not far from the town of Smocovich, settled down as an industrious cattle-dealer. The author of the foregoing particulars, had the good fortune to be introduced to the minstrel, at Zara, in the year 1816, and the following is his description of their interview.

‘Hyacinth was then nearly sixty years of age, but he looked very young, and was very robust for that period of life. He was largely formed, his shoulders being very wide, and his neck unusually thick. His face was exceedingly tanned, and his eyes were very small. The long aquiline nose, abundantly reddened by the use of ardent liquors; the flowing white mustachios, and the heavy black eye-brows, altogether gave to his features a peculiar aspect, which it is impossible for those who have once seen it, ever to forget. There was, besides, a long seam from his eyebrow

along his cheek, left there by a dangerous wound, which, it is surprising, did not deprive him of his eye. His head, according to the general custom, was shaved, and he wore a black woollen cap. His clothes were a little the worse for wear, but they were tolerably decent.

‘When he came to my apartment, he handed me my friend’s letter of introduction, and sat down without ceremony. As soon as I had read it, he said to me with rather a contemptuous air—“you speak Illyrian, I understand.” I immediately replied to him in that language, that I was acquainted with it sufficiently to comprehend his songs, which had been very much praised up to me—“very good,” said he, “but I am both hungry and thirsty—when I have had refreshment I shall sing for you.” We dined together, and absolutely, from the greediness with which he ate, I should have supposed that he had been without food for four days at least. Taking the hint in my friend’s letter, I took care to ply him well with drink; and every moment, either I, or some of my acquaintance who came to see the minstrel, filled a fresh glass for him. We were quite certain, that as soon as this extraordinary hunger and thirst were appeased, our guest would be very happy to gratify us with a song. But how much were we disappointed, when, all of a sudden, he stood up from the table, and going over near the fire, lay down upon the carpet, where, in less than five minutes, he fell into a profound slumber. Upon another occasion, however, I was more successful with him. I took care to give him nothing but drink, and, without any difficulty, he sang several ballads, which will be found in this collection. His voice must have been formerly a very fine one: but when I heard him it was broken. When he sang to the guzla, his eyes became animated, and his countenance assumed an expression of savage beauty, such as a painter would delight to transfer to his canvas.

‘Hyacinth quitted me in rather an odd manner. He had stayed with me for five days, when he went out in the morning, leaving me in fruitless expectation of his return. I soon heard that he went home. I discovered also that a pair of English pistols were missing, which I knew were hanging in my apartment before his departure. In justice to him, I should add, that he might, with equal facility, have carried off my purse and a gold watch, which were ten times of more value than the pistols. In 1817, I spent two days in his house, where he welcomed me with every demonstration of the most lively joy. His wife, children, and grand-children clasped me about the neck, and, when I took leave of them, his eldest son acted as my guide for several days, amongst the mountains, for which service I found it impossible to make him take the least recompense.’—pp. 8—12.

Almost every single composition ascribed to Maglanovich in this volume, including even the extemporaneous effusions of his *mnæ*, is marked by peculiar excellence. Bred up amidst those scenes of nature, which are ever most congenial to the poetic temperament, it would not have been surprising that the Illyrian bard should yield his fancy to the innocent illusions of contemplation. But this master of the guzla seems to have been more practically disposed. His lyrics are calculated for immediate effect; boldness of thought and energy of diction are their characteristics: they irritate, but do not soothe; they express the exultation of tri-

unphant revenge, and the scorn of confident bravery. Sometimes, too, there intrudes a levity of expression, with which the strongest emotions of passion are by no means inconsistent. Perhaps the reader will find an illustration of these remarks in the following two songs: the first of which was extemporaneously composed by Maglanovich upon the burial of a relation, a brigand, who had been killed in an encounter with the police.

‘ DEATH SONG.

I.

‘ Farewell, farewell! Safe journey! The moon is full to-night, and the way is plain. Safe journey!

II.

‘ A bullet is as good as the ague: free thou hast lived—free thou hast died. Thy son John has avenged thee—he killed five of them.

III.

‘ How we have chased them from Tchaplissa to the plains: not one of them dared to turn and look at us.

IV.

‘ Farewell, farewell! Safe journey! The moon is full to-night, and the way is plain. Safe journey!

V.

‘ Tell my father that I am well\*—that I am no longer pained by my wound, and that my wife Helena has given birth to a boy.

VI.

‘ I have called him Wladin, after my father. When he grows I shall teach him to fire a gun, and act as a brave warrior ought.

VII.

‘ Chrusich has run away with my eldest daughter, and she is now near her confinement. May she also have a fine brave boy.

VIII.

‘ Twark has gone to sea: we have had no tidings of him: perhaps he is gone to the land whither thou art repairing.

IX.

‘ Thou hast a sabre, a pipe, and a box, with a cloak of goat’s wool†. These are surely enough for a long journey to that country, where there is neither cold nor hunger.

X.

‘ Farewell, farewell! Safe journey! The moon is full to-night, and the way is plain. Safe journey!’—pp. 49—51.

The next is of a more powerful character: it is thought to have been written by Maglanovich during the period of his association with the lawless heyducs or robbers:

‘ THE BRAVE HEYDUCS.

‘ Within a cavern stretched on the sharp-pointed flints, is the brave

\* ‘ The friends and relations of the deceased never fail to give him commissions to fulfil in the next world.’

† ‘ The Heyducs are always interred with their arms, their pipe, and garments, just as they wore them when living.’

heyduc, Christich Mladin. His wife, the fair Catherine, is by his side, and his two brave boys at his feet. They have dwelt in this cavern for three days without food—for the foe guards the passes of the mountain: if they but raise their heads, a hundred guns are fired upon them. Their tongues are black and swollen with thirst—for they had no water but what they found in the crevices of the rock. Yet no one utters a complaint—lest they should give Christich Mladin the least displeasure. When the third day had passed, Catherine exclaimed, “May the Holy Virgin have pity on you—may she give you revenge of your enemies,” and with a loud sigh, she expired. Christich Mladin beheld the corpse, but his eyes were dry: his two sons began to weep, because their father heeded them not. The fourth day is come, and now the sun has dried up the water in the crevices of the rock. Then Christich Mladin’s eldest son grew mad: he drew forth his sword, and gazed on the body of the dead as a wolf upon a lamb: and Alexander his younger brother was filled with horror of him. He drew his sword and pierced his arm—“Drink my blood, Christich, and do not commit this crime: after we have died, we shall come to drain the blood of our foes.” Now Mladin rose up—“Follow, my boys, one brave bullet is better than the agony of hunger.” As so many wolves enraged, they rushed down the rock: each killed his ten men: each received ten bullets in his breast: and our cowardly foes have cut off their heads, and as they bore them in triumph along, they dared not so much as to look upon the faces, so greatly did they dread Christich Mladin and his sons.’—pp. 67—69.

The effects of such effusions as these over the wild multitudes to whom they were addressed, particularly when assisted by the captivating powers of the minstrel, it is scarcely possible to over-rate. Having, by these examples, enabled the reader to appreciate the genius of Maglanovich, we shall extract from the other parts of the volume one or two compositions, which, though differing in character from those we have already quoted, are yet, from their excellence, worthy of a place beside the best productions of the Illyrian bard. The following ballad was obtained from a guzla-player at Narenta, and it is said to be very popular in Montenegro.

‘HARDAGNY.

I.

‘Serral is at war with Ostrowicz: the swords are unsheathed. Six times the earth hath drunk the blood of the brave. The tears of many a widow are long dried up: more than one mother is still weeping.

II.

‘Over mountain, and along the plain, Serral and Ostrowicz have struggled like two stags. The two tribes have shed their heart’s blood; still their hatred is not appeased.

III.

‘One of Serral’s renowned old chiefs calls his daughter—“Helen, go up towards Ostrowicz, enter the village, and see what our foes are doing: I want to terminate this war which has now lasted six moons.”’

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\* ‘In Montenegro, it is very common to make use of females as spies.’

IV.

'Helen put on her cap with silver tresses, her crimson embroidered cloak, and her strong buff-leather shoes, and set out for the mountain just at the setting of the sun.

V.

'The beys of Ostrowicz are seated round a fire. Some are brightening their arms—some are getting ready the charges. Beside them, on a straw seat, is a guzla-player, charming away the hours of the watch.

VI.

'Hardagny, the youngest of them all, turns his eyes towards the plain—some one, he sees, is approaching to observe the camp. Suddenly he rises, and takes up his silver-mounted gun.

VII.

'“Comrades, do you not see a foe moving in the shade? If the light of this fire does not glance from his cap, I am mistaken. But if my gun does not miss, he dies.”

VIII.

'With that he levelled his gun, and pulled the trigger—the echoes repeated the noise of the shot. And then a gentle cry was heard—“Ha!” exclaimed Bietko, his father, “it is a woman's voice.”

IX.

'“Oh, woe, woe—shame to our tribe! 'Tis a woman he has killed, instead of a man armed with a gun and ataghan.”—Then they took lighted torches to see who it was.

X.

'They saw it was the body of the fair Helen; and shame now reddened their cheeks. “Shame upon me,” cried Hardagny, “I have killed a woman—Woe is me, I have slain her whom I loved.”

XI.

'Bietko threw a severe glance upon him.—“Fly this country, Hardagny, thou hast brought dishonour on our tribe. What shall Serral say, when they learn that we slay women like Heyduc robbers?”

XII.

'Hardagny groaned heavily; he cast a farewell look on the house of his father, placed his long gun on his shoulder, and went down the mountains, to betake him to the distant land of the stranger.

XIII.

'This song was made by John Wieski, the best of all the guzla-players. All ye that wish to know what further befel to Hardagny, will please to give something to the guzla-player for his great trouble.'—pp. 233—237.

The second part of this beautiful ballad completes the history of Hardagny, by describing his return to his native place, after many years, and shewing how, when he heard that, in consequence of the stain which he had inflicted on his tribe, they and their name were now almost extinct, he, in a paroxysm of grief, leaped headlong over the precipice where his father's body had been formerly

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They are, however, always treated by those who know them with the greatest respect, and to offer them the least insult would bring eternal disgrace on the tribe of him who committed it.'

flung by the triumphant enemy. We shall add but one specimen more, which is one of the pleasant Barcaroles of the fishermen, who are constantly plying the oar from islet to islet, near the Dalmatian coast. In this case the words almost flow of themselves into verse :

## I.

‘ Pisombo\*, Pisombo ! the waters, to-night,  
So tranquilly sleep in the moon’s soft light !  
Pisombo, Pisombo ! no longer the gale  
Comes rudely to swell out our flapping sail.

## II.

‘ Pisombo, Pisombo ! from each manly oar  
Now dash the white foam, that Ragusa’s shore  
Pisombo, Pisombo ! ere the night be past,  
In safety may welcome our lonely mast.

## III.

‘ Pisombo, Pisombo ! now over the deep,  
A vigilant watch through the night we’ll keep ;  
Pisombo, Pisombo ! for on the still sea,  
With sabres and guns roves the pirate free.

## IV.

‘ Pisombo, Pisombo ! a chapel is near,  
’Tis holy St. Stephen’s.—Now, good Saint, hear !  
Pisombo, Pisombo ! as wearied we pray,  
For favouring breezes to speed our way.

## V.

‘ Pisombo, Pisombo ! how trimly we glide !  
—If the rich Carrack, that creeps o’er the tide,  
Pisombo, Pisombo ! were offered to me—  
My own loved bark, would I take her for thee ?”—p. 125.

These specimens, to which, we should say in justice, no greater share of poetic merit belongs, than is attributable to every one almost of the other compositions in the volume, will perhaps satisfy the reader, that in boldness of thought, in vigour of expression, and in the simplicity that always characterises the genuine popular ballad, the Illyrian songs claim a decided superiority over the productions of the other Servian bards. As has before been observed, there appears to be a marked distinction between the characters of the two classes of lyrics. Moreover, we do not perceive in Mr. Bowring’s *Specimens of Servian Poetry*, any allusion to the subjects of two singular superstitions, which extend their terrific influence from the Adriatic, to the Black Sea, and which form the groundwork of many mournful strains in the Illyrian tongue.

The first of these superstitions is called the “ Evil Eye :” and it is worthy of attention, that the description of this supposed power of fascination, as it is devoutly held throughout the

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\* ‘ This is one of those unmeaning words which are in use amongst almost all boatmen.’

Levant, and especially in Dalmatia, applies exactly, without the necessity of exchanging a phrase, to a similar instance of popular credulity in Ireland. The opinion in both cases is, that certain persons possess the faculty of governing the destiny of others, by merely looking upon them.

‘I have seen,’ says the writer to-whom we are indebted for the interesting volume before us, ‘two victims to the almost fatal influence of the Evil Eye. In the valley of Knin, a young woman was met by a countryman, who asked her the way. She stopped for a moment, looked at him, and uttering a loud cry, fell on the ground in a stupor. The stranger ran off. I was at some distance from them; and thinking that the girl was assassinated, I and my guide ran to her assistance. The poor girl, on recovering, told us that the person who accosted her had the evil eye, and that she was fascinated. She was taken to a priest, who gave her a relic to kiss, and hung a little amulet from her neck. In two days afterwards she was perfectly well. Upon another occasion, passing through a village on the Trebignizza, I was struck with a very fine child that was playing on the grass before a house. I went up and began to caress it. The mother was by, and seemed any thing but flattered by the compliment. She at last entreated that I would spit upon the child’s forehead\*. Ignorant of the reason why I should be called on to do so, I at first obstinately refused to comply. The husband was called to force me, if necessary, by putting a pistol to my throat, when my guide, who was a young heyduc, interposed. “Sir, you have been always good and kind since I knew you, and what is the reason that you now refuse to undo the charm which you have, I am sure, unintentionally worked?” I now comprehended the motive, and instantly complied with the mother’s desire. It seems, that certain persons, according to the popular opinion, have the power of fascinating by the looks, whilst others can do it only by their words. These faculties, it is supposed, are transmitted from father to son; and when exercised without any impediment to their full effect being interposed, the victim is soon dried up, and dies.’—pp. 91—95.

The other superstition to which we have adverted, is still more extensively received than that just described. It is called *Vampirism*, and prevails very much amongst the common people in Poland, Hungary, and Turkey; but is happily unknown to the British islands. A vampire, is one who has died, but leaves his grave occasionally, to torment, and sometimes to seek the blood of the living. An instance of the most lamentable nature indeed, of the effects of this horrible delusion, was witnessed in Illyria by the collector of these ballads. He was staying at the house of a rich Morlac, and one night he was merrily conversing with his host, when their attention was attracted by a dismal cry, which issued from an adjoining chamber, where the wife and daughter had been together in bed. The former exclaimed, “A vampire, a vampire—my poor girl is dead.” The young woman had already fainted in

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\* In Ireland, it is precisely the same process that is supposed to break the spell of the “Evil Eye,” or “overlooking.”

her mother's arms. As soon as she was somewhat recovered, she declared that she saw the window open, and a ghastly figure, in a winding-sheet come in; that he threw himself upon her, and bit her neck. By the description of the person, it was concluded that the vampire was a man named Wiecznany, who had been buried fifteen days before. Consternation filled all hearts, and a resolution was entered into, to disinter the body of the vampire, and burn it.

'At the break of day,' continues the writer, 'the whole village was in motion: the men were armed with guns and short swords: the women carried red irons, and the children were loaded with sticks and stones. In this manner they proceeded to the church-yard, amidst the most tumultuous cries and execrations on the vampire. As every body wished to have a hand in the affair, the exhumation went on but very slowly, and numerous accidents, no doubt, would have taken place, were it not for some old men, who had influence enough to contrive that the work should be left to two men only. As soon as the winding-sheet which enclosed the body was lifted up, a horribly piercing cry arose, which made my hair stand an end. It proceeded from a woman who stood near me—"He is a vampire—the worms have not touched him;"—and the exclamation was re-echoed by a hundred voices. The head of the dead man was now broken into fragments; the father and relations of the poor patient being amongst the foremost to strike, whilst some of the women received on their handkerchief some of the red-liquor that oozed from the body, and which was to be rubbed to the girl's neck.'—pp. 148—150.

The body was afterwards burned before the door of the Morlacs, where the unhappy girl lay pining away. Such is the omnipotence of the imagination—she daily grew worse—she resisted every description of influence which was applied to her body or mind; and on the eleventh day after the supposed visitation, she breathed her last.

We have only to add, that this little work is presented to the public in the most unpretending manner. Even the name of the possessor of so much industry, information, and taste, as this volume indicates, is suppressed, and with it, no doubt, a number of personal anecdotes, which would have thrown light on the poetical text. If, as we trust he will be encouraged to do, the collector will continue the publication of *Illyrian Ballads*, it is desirable that his illustrations should be given on a more extended and elaborate scale, than that on which they are furnished in the pages before us.

ART. X. *Rambling Notes and Reflections, suggested during a Visit to Paris in the Winter of 1826, 1827.* By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner. 8vo. pp. 348. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

WE hope that Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner will not think, that we wish to make him an impolite return for his attention in trans-



mitting to us his volume, if we take the liberty to say, that it deceived us most egregiously. The title, we grant, held out no very flattering promises of any thing, either novel or entertaining. There is scarcely a square foot of ground in Paris, which has not been trodden to dust, as it were, by our innumerable tourists. Still, when an ingenious man, as Sir Arthur is well known to be, takes it into his head to write 'rambling notes and reflections' during a visit to a gay capital, we thought, or fancied, that he must have discovered something to talk about which had escaped former authors; that his intercourse in society might have furnished him with anecdotes, which he was at liberty to convey to the world; or, that some change had taken place in the manners of the Parisians, or of their English visitors, which he deemed it expedient to make the subject of pleasant ridicule, or keen-edged censure. It never for a moment occurred to us as possible, that a gentleman of a sedate and learned profession, could have deliberately meditated the crime (for it is nothing short of such a grave offence), of filling at this day, a great portion of an octavo volume with extracts from the Paris Guides, interspersed here and there with an original note or two on the statues and paintings in the Louvre, and on the appearance of the Chamber of Deputies. We could not have believed, that any man in his senses, would have had the courage even to make the attempt; and had we not seen this goodly volume, we should still have remained obstinate in our incredulity. But, marvellous though it may be, we must yield to the evidence furnished by the work before us, and admit, however reluctantly, that the glory of shining in print, offers temptations which the wisest of men cannot always overcome. Even when a theme is utterly worn to rags, after being turned inside-out, and upside-down, and darned, and patched, and dyed, a thousand times over, there still are, it appears, individuals, and those too not striplings in years, who hope that they can, by some peculiar arts, impart to it a fresh gloss, and shape it into a new fashion, which may for awhile re-animate its pristine splendour.

Such, at least, we conceived to be the visionary expectation which led our author to treat of the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Jesuits, the Jardin des Plantes, the Bibliotheque du Roi, and the numberless other unknown "lions" of Paris, until we arrived a little beyond the middle of the volume, when we found out that we had been all along under a complete mistake. We received some hints in the early chapters of the work, that Sir Arthur entertained a few original notions, concerning the practice of clergymen, lawyers, and physicians, in England. But we little thought, until we reached the eighth chapter, that the state of religion, law, and medicine, in England, was to furnish the main topics of his publication; and that his description of his visit to Paris, was intended merely to act as a decoy bird, for the purpose of enticing a greater number of

general readers, than he could otherwise have reckoned upon, within the precincts of his toils.

Our author, "we guess," some years ago, turned his attention to the manner, in which the three professions were conducted in this country, and having satisfied himself that they stood in need of a thorough reformation, he prepared the materials for a luminous and lengthened pamphlet on the subject. But having either suspected, or having heard from some good-natured friend, that a pamphlet against the church would not sell, and that an attack upon the lawyers and the physicians, would have little chance of being read, he artfully determined to visit Paris, in order that, under the pretence of describing his tour, he might obtain a flashy and unsuspected title for his graver lucubrations.

Looking more minutely into that title, we observe, that it was framed with a considerable degree of care and ingenuity. We do not read "Rambling Notes, &c., on Paris, during a Visit to that Capital," but 'Rambling Notes, &c., suggested *during a visit to Paris.*' It is clear, that there is no topic under the sun, or even above it, or within it, which Sir Arthur might not have consistently treated, under the shield of a title so comprehensive. During a visit to Paris, though of no more than five or six weeks, notes and reflections might be suggested to an active mind concerning the Red Sea, the course of the Niger, the war in Persia, the ruins of Babylon, the last bull of the Pope, the Thames tunnel, or any other subject whatever, that the imagination can picture. We cannot, therefore, too highly applaud the dexterity displayed by our author in announcing his wares; though we are compelled to avow, that when we come to examine them, they appear to be neither of the quality nor the kind which, in our simplicity, we expected to meet.

Yet Sir Arthur has the goodness to give his reader, in the very first sentence, a fair warning. 'I shall beg,' he says, 'to land my reader in Paris at once; we shall be tired enough before all is over.' We hope that an author so candid will not be disoblged if we acknowledge, that a prophecy more apposite than this, it has not been recently our fortune to encounter. If we might be allowed to suggest an improvement, we should read for 'before all,' "before *half*" 'is over,' as we happen to know that this would be a still nearer approximation to the fact.

It may, perhaps, be gratifying to some young readers of modern travels to learn, that Sir Arthur and his party, 'at five minutes before eight o'clock on the evening of the 8th of February, 1827, entered the barrier of St. Denis by moonlight, and in a few minutes were safely lodged at Meurice's, a capital hotel in every respect.' He may, indeed, be a little puzzled in making out the meaning of the remainder of the sentence—'a capital hotel in every respect, where I can conscientiously recommend my best friend to establish himself in such a season as this, who sets any high value on civility

and good cheer, there being the happiest union of English comforts and French good living, that any traveller, half starved to death, could derive; and this has been one of the most inclement felt here for many years,' (pp. 17, 18). From all which it appears that it is the season *who* sets a high value on good cheer—that it is in the said good cheer the happiest union of English comforts and French good living is found—and that the most inclement traveller, or the most inclement death, we are in doubt which, that had been felt in Paris for many years, afflicted that capital upon Sir Arthur's arrival within the gate of Meurice's hotel.

'This,' exclaims our author, 'is my first visit to France; and in spite of the surly season, my impressions are far from unpleasant.' He appears delighted with every thing, and every body. Galig-nani's, he considers 'a paradise,' and greatly surprised is he, on discovering that 'the French have no articulate sound exactly corresponding to the word comfortable.' But he is involved in a still greater puzzle, by conjecturing 'how they come to have such a word as *ennui*,' and that too 'of their own special coinage.' Never was a man more happy than Sir Arthur, on his first visit to Paris!

The objects of inquiry to which our ardent tourist appears to have devoted his earliest attention, were the public institutions of France! 'Have just had,' he observes in the true style of a diary, 'an interesting conversation with an intelligent French gentleman, on different matters connected with the popular establishments of this country,' a subject, he adds, 'which I hope to enlarge upon at some length.' But not a word is to be borrowed from any author, dead or alive. 'It will cost some fagging, as I mean to take as little on trust as I can help!' A most resolute undertaking, and at the same time a most generous one, as we are not aware, that it was at all necessary for him to give himself the least trouble on the subject. So far, at least, as his readers were to be concerned, his 'fagging' might have been altogether spared.

We are desired to believe that the following is 'no travelling story, but a literal fact.'

'I have already had salutary caution, how necessary it is to be on one's guard, speaking a foreign language among natives. An English lady, this morning, in my hearing, utterly confounded a French gentleman by remarking, that a friend of her's going to St. Cloud, had preferred travelling in a *chaise percée* (read *coupée*) to his own carriage. The Frenchman, too well bred to take advantage of the mistake, merely said, "Mais, madame, c'étoit une préférence bien drôle." —pp. 24, 25.

It will be agreeable to some of our musical readers, to hear that two of their oldest favourites, whom, perhaps, they believed to have been long since removed from our earth, are still in the enjoyment of existence—Pleyel and Grassini. We shall give Sir Arthur's account of his interview with the former, of whom he speaks with all the enthusiasm of a musical amateur:

‘ Just returned from a long and interesting conversation with the celebrated Ignace Pleyel, a venerable old man of about 74, very animated, of middle size and thin, with a head of hair as white as snow, and dark, intelligent, penetrating eyes. He received me in his own apartment with great kindness. I told him my motive for taking the liberty of calling, was the pure satisfaction of seeing a composer to whom I had been indebted for a very large share of the enjoyment of my early life. The passport was admitted without a moment’s hesitation, and he became all at once as affable as if we had been old acquaintances. When I complimented his compositions, he answered, with a shrug of modest self-approbation, “ Mais, monsieur, ma musique est ancienne à present.” At the mention of Haydn, his eyes sparkled, and he spoke of him with enthusiasm. Haydn, said he, was the father of us all, (*notre papa*): he and Mozart monopolised all the genius of their age, and were among the last great masters who felt, and made others feel, that the end of music is to touch the heart. Beethoven he allowed to be a man of first-rate talent, but on many occasions deficient in originality; copying both his great predecessors, but especially plundering Mozart. He was quite of my opinion, that Beethoven has been the cause of generating the present vicious school of music-run-mad, by begetting a mania for imitating his abstruse and complicated harmonies, to the utter extinction of every thing like sentiment or air. At present, said he, “ il n’y a point de phrase.” In place of this, the composer thinks he has “ attained all, when he has exhausted his invention in producing every practicable combination of notes, and every imaginable transition from one key to another. Music,” he continued, “ like other things, is subject to its revolutions; and though her good genius droops for the present, the time must arrive, and that perhaps not far distant, when the phoenix will revive, and the world once more acknowledge the authority of the former school, as it deserves.” Handel he spoke of with the veneration due to his apotheosis. “ That wonderful man,” said he, “ anticipated every thing that is to be known in the art, and must be for ever new.”

‘ He dwelt much on the modesty of Haydn, one of whose peculiarities was, that he never could be brought to form the most distant idea of his own merits; and this, he assured me, was not affectation, but pure unsophisticated unconsciousness of having any thing to be proud of.

‘ As a further evidence of the decadence of public taste in regard to music, he told me that there has not for years been known such a thing as a quartetto in a private house from one end of Paris to the other. The prevailing rage for the last twenty years has been for singing with piano-forte or harp accompaniment; one of the consequences of which is, that the first-rate professional violinists have deserted the fine school of Viotti, for airs with variations, tortured to worse than death, to the agonies of dying, to suit the vitiated palate of the public, to whom difficulty and excellence have long been synonymous. Viotti he considered not only as the greatest of all performers on the violin, but also the choicest of all composers for that instrument.

‘ While I was making some observations on the last *morceau* Haydn ever wrote, to which the words “ je suis faible et vieux” were adapted by himself, he interrupted me by observing, that he was present at the time he wrote it; and that attempting to compose a quick movement as a finale,

after a long essay to propitiate the muse at the pianoforte, he at last owned he was unable to find one idea, ("il ne pouvoit rien trouver"). Times are altered, said the good old Haydn: when I was young, the ideas would come unsought; now I am obliged to seek for them, and, worse still, to seek for them in vain.'—pp. 28—32.

Grassini, we learn from our author, entertains a notion of once more appearing on the English stage. We hope that she will be better advised; for, of all human exhibitions, that of a voice, formerly admired, reduced by years to feebleness and ruin, is the most pitiable.

One other of our author's rambling notes, we feel great pleasure in extracting, as it affords, in our opinion, a very just estimate of the general morality of the French people at the present day. He gives it in the words of a French gentleman, to whom he was indebted for much useful information:

"'Never was there,' says Mons. Marie, 'a higher respect paid to moral conduct in this country than at the present moment: all the relations of life are respectably filled. *Mauvais ménage* in any class is rarely heard of, in comparison of its frequency before the revolution; so completely in error are those who represent the education of our lower orders as productive of vice and insubordination. Young persons now, instead of idling, as in former days, or turning to vicious courses, are occupied, as soon as they leave school, in contriving plans for their future maintenance. They eagerly look for some employment in which their education may be turned to account, and to relieve their parents of the burden of their support,—the wealthy for situations under government; while those in needy circumstances, place their hopes in trade. But whether they succeed in these speculations or not, all continue to pursue knowledge with eagerness. Intrigues of gallantry, which used to be so common, are comparatively rare; neither sex having the same inclination nor temptations to it as formerly, while without any rational pursuit to divert the mischief of idleness. The women are far better educated; and reading has much weaned them from frivolous amusements.'"—pp. 54, 55.

To this we shall only add Sir Arthur's notice of the *sœurs de la charité*—a religious institution, which confers the greatest honour upon France:

'No praise can sufficiently do justice to the disinterested humanity of these excellent women, who are truly among the brightest ornaments of our kind: and such is the respect with which they are regarded, even by the mob, that I am assured their presence, like what we read of the Vestal virgins, will at once put an end to the most tumultuous affray. According to a statistical report lately published by government, the number of sick assisted by the *sœurs de charité*, throughout France, in 1816, was 52,000; and in 1824, 145,000. The number of poor children gratuitously instructed by them in the former year was 56,365; and in the latter, 120,000. There are in all, 2,800 establishments of these sisters, being at the rate of one establishment for 135,000 inhabitants. Out of the whole number of these communities, only twenty devote themselves to a contem-

plative life. The remainder are actively occupied in incessant deeds of charity, and philanthropy, and the business of education.'—pp. 157, 158.

We have no desire to enter into Sir Arthur's complaint against the Duke d'Angouleme. It appears that some twenty years ago, the Duke, when at Edinburgh, made a promise, of which, in Paris, some months ago, he did not choose to be reminded. There is nothing at all unusual in this. It is a matter of such every-day occurrence, that it is only when a Prince keeps a promise that men stare with wonder. We must also be excused from following Sir Arthur in the second and principal division of his work, which relates to the conduct of the Protestant clergy, of the lawyers and the physicians in England. Much of his zeal upon the former subject, appears to us to have arisen rather from private and personal causes, than from any peculiar desire to promote the progress of religion. Of the profession of the law, at least of those members of it who follow its higher paths, he speaks with but a very imperfect degree of information. And as to the medical order, to which he himself belongs, we should be willing to hope that, if it stand in need of a reformer, it will have the good fortune to meet with one more competent to the task, than Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner.

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ART. XI. *Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Turkey; also, on the Coast of the Sea of Azof, and of the Black Sea: with a Review of the Trade in those Seas, and of the Systems adopted to man the Fleets of the different Powers of Europe, compared with that of England.* By George Matthew Jones, Captain R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1827.

It will at once be collected, simply from the enumeration of this lengthy title page, that Captain Jones, in his route through a great part of Europe, has done little more than follow in the track of the late Dr. Clarke. It may, therefore, be supposed that there is little novelty to be gathered from the mere itinerary of scenes, with all of which the public have already been familiarised, in the delightful pages of that accomplished traveller. Captain Jones, indeed, is careful to remind us in his preface, with some exaggeration of thought, 'how greatly the features of a country, and the character of a people may alter, in the course of a quarter of a century.' But, even since the publication of Clarke's volumes, a host of writers have already trodden in his footsteps; and our knowledge of the north and east of Europe has been frequently, and far more recently, refreshed by the works of Mr. W. Rae Wilson, Mr. Brooke, Dr. Henderson, Mr. James, Dr. Lyall, &c.; most of which have, at one time or other, been noticed in our pages.

As if Sweden, Russia, and Turkey, however, had not been visited for full 'a quarter of a century;' it has here seemed needful to Captain Jones to describe them anew: to make known the progress of alterations, and 'to supply the ordinary omissions' of his

learned precursors are, he candidly avows, 'his reasons for venturing before the public in a character so foreign to his profession.' The exact degree in which the gallant author has thus kindly proposed to increase our knowledge, it is not quite easy to determine: but we opine, that it is scarcely to be measured by the imposing bulk of his two very thick volumes. For, if all that relates only to the important details and accidents of his route—how he fared and how he slept; what he obtained for dinner, and where he found a bed—his frequent perils from dogs, which he seems to hold in greater abhorrence than good Dr. Kitchener himself—his still more frequent feuds with his refractory servant François—if all this deeply interesting matter were to be abstracted from Captain Jones's journal, and a great deal more in the shape of long quotations from Clarke, and other equally scarce authorities, we fear the huge size of his work would be woefully diminished. And if, after this salutary compression, there should also be deducted all his repetitions regarding every public building and sight in every city, which a thousand tourists have seen and described before him, the residue of the novel, and the real information which he is prepared to afford would, with no great difficulty, be embraced in a single octavo of the most meagre and unostentatious dimensions.

The rarity and value of the intelligence, with which Captain Jones has enlightened his readers, is particularly observable in the first part of his work, detailing his progress through the unknown and unfrequented region of Europe, the kingdom of Belgium. Here he is pleased to acquaint us, that 'the lower class of females are generally very ugly (the 'most ordinary' he has met with), and wear wooden shoes'—that 'diaper was first manufactured at Ypres'—that 'the carpets known under the name of Brussels, are made at Tournay'—that two great battles have been fought at Fontenoy—that Gand is the French name for Ghent, a very large place; and that, in allusion thereto, Charles V. used to say, that he could put Paris into his glove; an excellent and very little known bon-mot—that the same Charles resigned his throne at Brussels—that the Belgians are strict Roman Catholics, and that he is therefore very much of a *skeptic* (sic) on the subject of their liberality and toleration.

Notwithstanding, however, some egotism and trifling, a great variety of frivolous detail, and a very useless display of very common-place historical reading and geographical knowledge, these volumes will not be without their amusement, for those who love to skim through a narrative in which there is little that requires to be remembered, and nothing that need tax or fatigue the attention. Passing from Hamburg to Altona, Captain Jones traversed continental Denmark, crossed over its islands, visiting Copenhagen of course on his way, and landed at Helingsburg. The wild and grand scenery of Sweden and Norway, their mines and forests

their interesting peasantry, and the state of manners and society in their capitals; all these geographical and national peculiarities, have been too often described to receive any new illustration from the pen of our traveller. But he has furnished a few interesting notices, relative to the present political and statistical condition of the two kingdoms. He seems to have examined with particular care, the progress of the great canal which is destined to connect the North and Baltic seas, across the whole breadth of Sweden, from the vicinity of Gotheburg, through the lakes Wenern and Wetteren, to a point on the eastern coast, some distance south of Stockholm. The completion of this magnificent work, which is destined to afford a secure channel for the Swedish commerce, by obviating the necessity of its being directed through the Sound, appears to be a favourite object with the present king. In connection with it, a strong fortress is under construction at Wanas, on a peninsular running into lake Wetteren.

‘It is said, that Bernadotte has bestowed all his military skill upon the plan, and has employed the best officers, both Swedish and Norwegian, in the execution, so that it is expected to be a *chef-d’œuvre*. It will be capable of containing a garrison of seven thousand soldiers, and of protecting an encampment under its walls of fifty thousand troops of all arms; its front runs quite across the isthmus: the lake is fifteen miles wide. There are various causes assigned for its erection; but the ostensible one is, that it is required as a point *d’appui* for the canal; or in case of the Russians invading the kingdom from Finland, though there are persons who do not scruple to say, it is built, that in case the present dynasty should be disturbed, there might be a place of refuge and resistance for the reigning prince. With such strong and numerous instances of the restless disposition of the Swedish nobles under any family, I do not think the latter reason improbable or imprudent. The canal and fortress are a source of some difference between the king and the houses of assembly: the latter considering the expense far beyond the utility; while his majesty considers the expected benefit to be derived from them to commerce, and security, far beyond the cost, which is annually five hundred and sixty thousand rix dollars. Since the commencement, five millions five hundred thousand rix dollars have been expended: certainly an immense sum for so poor a country. In consequence of this heavy expenditure, every seductive art is had recourse to, in order to induce the houses of assembly to vote the necessary sums to carry on these national works.’—vol. i., pp. 126, 127.

The continuance of Bernadotte upon the Swedish throne, has become a curious anomaly in the condition of Europe, as the sole vestige that has been permitted to survive of those ephemeral dynasties, which sprang from the revolutionary successes of the French, and were extinguished by the triumph of legitimacy. The strange elevation of the republican general, and the consummate ability with which he has preserved his power, have rendered him one of the most extraordinary personages of our eventful times; and it is still, perhaps, a doubtful problem, whether he will



be permanently suffered to retain his crown, still more to transmit it to his posterity, as the founder of a royal line. That his origin can have made him no favourite with the other crowned heads of Europe, and that they must regard the continued spectacle of his royal fortunes with aversion, as a blot in the restoration of the ancient system, it requires but little political sagacity to imagine. Nothing probably has kept Bernadotte upon his throne, but the belief which prevails, not only in Sweden, but at all the continental courts, that the birth of the ex-king was spurious. Among the Swedes themselves, there is certainly, however, well founded or not, an universal conviction, that it was physically impossible that their deposed monarch could be the son of Gustavus III.; and while this prevalent national opinion has always prevented the re-action of any popular feeling in his favour, the sovereigns of Europe have hence wanted the pretext, perhaps, the desire, to promote his restoration. Captain Jones believes that Bernadotte possesses the hearts of his subjects, 'so much so, that as long as he lives, there is not the slightest chance of his throne being attacked.' But our author adds, that he is not so confident that Bernadotte's son will quietly succeed him; and that 'a strong prepossession in favour of the son of the ex-king, renders him a formidable rival.' We confess, that we cannot understand this. We know that it has been prophesied before, that an effort will one day be made to place the son of the deposed monarch on the throne; but we cannot comprehend upon what principle. He certainly appeared, as we recollect him in his visit to this country a few years ago, a very fine youth; and Captain Jones found, that when a comparison was drawn in Sweden between him and prince Oscar Bernadotte, 'the decision was generally in favour of the former, and that the preference was expressed, not without hints of his being supported by Russia.' But the persuasion of his father's adulterous descent, seems entirely to cut off all hereditary pretension; and the son of the pretender, whose birth is believed to have been spurious, must, equally with the pretender himself, fail to excite that national sympathy and affection, which might have been warmly awakened towards exiled descendants of the undoubted line of Vasa.

Captain Jones's report agrees with that of all former travellers, on the cautious policy, the equitable mildness, and the general wisdom of Bernadotte's government. The liberties of a people thrive best under the administration of a dynasty, which vaunts no prescriptive claim of hereditary right, and which must be contented to reign by no other than that best title, of the original choice and the enduring love of the nation. If the Swedes are wise, they will take care that their civil dissensions furnish the autocrat of the north, with no plea to disturb the happiness of the present settlement: they will prefer to maintain their free elective compact with the house of Bernadotte, rather than hazard the

dangers of a disputed succession, which may remain to be decided at the point of the Russian bayonet. The regard of Bernadotte for public opinion, and his anxiety to impress even a private English traveller with a favourable idea of the state of Sweden, under his administration, were characteristically shewn in an interview with which he honoured our author :

‘ We arrived at the palace at the appointed time, by what is called the prince’s side, and ascended the stairs without meeting any body ; but at length perceived a servant dressed in blue and silver, with the king’s cipher, who desired us to enter a room, in which we found some officers, who shewed us into the council chamber, where all the great officers of state were assembled, and, amongst others, Admiral Stienbrock, highly decorated. They conversed with us, till a chamberlain came and conducted us into the presence-chamber, a long gallery, ornamented with paintings and sculpture, in which he left us. Three gentlemen in plain clothes were at the upper end. His Majesty shortly appeared, and conversed with them for five minutes, when they retired, and he came up to us, no other person being present, and addressed the following questions to me :—My name, profession ; if I had served in the West Indies, Mediterranean, and Baltic ? He then turned to my brother, and upon finding he belonged to the engineers, expressed surprise at his uniform being red, as all other nations wore blue, but said it was rich and handsome. When informed that ours had been altered during the Peninsular war, he said, “ perhaps the alteration was wise, as blue made them conspicuous, and their duties often led them to be exposed when reconnoitring, and when attached to the general’s staff.” His Majesty then observed, that he had just received *la nouvelle facheuse*, of the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, and indulged in a long panegyric upon his character, particularly his calmness in debate, and greatness of mind, in having carried England to an unprecedented pitch of glory and power, but of which, perhaps, he had not, at the final arrangement of Europe, taken sufficient advantage. He said he did not mean to compare him to Pitt, but still he was a very great man, and he believed, must be respected and regretted by all parties : as to himself, he felt particularly for his death, having had much cause to respect him. He also added, that he was happy to inform us, that our sovereign was in excellent health and spirits when he embarked for Scotland. He then asked how long we had been in Sweden, and when informed, said, we must have had an opportunity of observing the happy state of the country ; that the road proved it, for we had not seen a *gendarme* during our progress ; “ no,” said he, “ there are none, except an officer here and there, merely as a rallying point, in case of any private quarrel ; if there was a fight, this officer would go and call upon some of the people in the crowd by name, or by pointing at them, and they would assist him with good will. These officers are like your constables with staves, but perhaps not so well paid.” He then continued :—

“ The conscription is called out in the same quiet way, being merely summoned in the churches. There are no tax-gatherers ; the time for payment of a tax is notified, and the taxes are brought in, which saves a great deal in collecting. But in Sweden, they are less taxed than any where else ; it is a poor, but contented country. In Holland, they pay eighteen parts of one hundred ; in Prussia, thirteen ; in Denmark, twelve.

I have calculated the contributions, and find that here they pay only five; perhaps, of all countries, England pays the most; but there are your excise and customs, which I confess I do not understand; but yours is a rich country. We are poor, having only wood and iron, and very little silver; the veins in Norway are nearly exhausted, as rich ones, though, according to a report made to me, they will go on for five centuries, which is for ever for a nation. In iron we are abundant; there is one very rich mine, which is a mass of iron; there is no occasion to subcavate, they can work from the exterior: this will last fifteen centuries, which is for ever. But silver is scarce, the government will not work the mines, and individuals are not rich enough. It is in England that genius soars in mechanism and enterprise.

“ You have observed liberty and contentment as you came along; the people's morals are good, they are naturally good, which is every thing, and coercion is not necessary. I feel happy to be called to reign over so moral a people.

“ I am sorry I am going out of town to-day, as I should have been happy to have seen more of you. I shall be back on Monday, when I hope to see you at a small place, near Stockholm, where I cultivate flowers; I am fond of it, it is merely a cabin, it amuses those who are fond of flowers, and affords a pleasant odour to those who are not fond of cultivating them.

“ Eh bien, messieurs, adieu! I shall see you at dinner, when I come back about Monday.’

‘ He then retired. The whole was delivered in a very animated manner, and he listened with attention to our observations. His Majesty is about five-feet ten, of a dark complexion, with an aquiline nose, and extremely sharp piercing eyes, his whole countenance bespeaking great penetration: although upwards of sixty years of age, his hair is abundant, and jet black. He was dressed in a blue uniform, with his epaulettes and several orders, with a red cross in common cloth: all the great officers of state had also the latter decoration, besides their stars.’—pp. 148—151.

From Stockholm, our traveller, crossing the Baltic, took the usual route through Finland to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of passing the winter in Russia. In his desire to obtain a personal experience of the severity of the season in that country, he was sufficiently gratified; and his passage from St. Petersburg to Moscow, during the intensity of the cold, enabled him to appreciate the delights of sledge-travelling.

From Moscow he proceeded through Tula to the banks of the Don, and traversed the Cossack provinces to Taganrog on the sea of Azof. Skirting the eastern shores of that sea, he went round to the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and crossed into the Crimea, from whence he continued his route to Cherson and Odessa. Having thus visited all the naval stations of the Russians on the Euxine, he embarked at Odessa for Constantinople, where he remained some time; and again taking ship for Ancona, he finally returned home, through Italy and France.

Having so unceremoniously dismissed the elaborate and useless contents of Captain Jones's itinerary, it is only just to point to

those portions of his work, which possess more novelty and worth. The acquisition of professional knowledge, seems to have been the chief and praiseworthy object of his travels; and he has certainly collected in these volumes a great deal of very interesting and, apparently, accurate information, on the amount and condition of the naval force of most of the European powers. He informs us, that before the commencement of the travels which occupy these volumes, he had already inspected all the naval arsenals and ports of France and Holland; and he here relates the result of his examination of those of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. He has carefully ascertained the number of vessels of war possessed by all these nations, as well as the resources and efficiency of their marine establishments, both in the *personnel* and *matériel* of warfare. The details which are scattered through his narrative, are too long and too various for our notice: but the conclusion to be deduced from this report of a professional eye-witness of intelligence, will be gathered with satisfaction and pride, as demonstrating how little this country would have to dread, against the united naval array of all Europe. Even in numerical strength, our navy is *more than equal to the aggregate of all the others*.

Captain Jones is enabled to give us 'a correct statement of the whole naval force of Europe, as counted by himself;' and he is sure that his list is exact to a ship, with the exception of France, which may have a few more, because the northern ports, and those in the Mediterranean, were visited at different periods; but he does not think the inaccuracy can extend to more than two or three line-of-battle ships, and half-a-dozen frigates and sloops. According to his statement, the French have fifty-two sail of the line, thirty-two frigates, and as many more corvettes and brigs. Russia, whose navy is next in numbers, has, between the Baltic and the Black Seas, forty-two sail of the line, eighteen frigates, and a score of smaller vessels. Of the other northern powers, Sweden has only twelve sail of the line, six frigates, and ten corvettes and brigs. The once powerful navy of Denmark, first broken by Nelson's victory, and afterwards annihilated by our seizure of her fleet in 1807, has dwindled to four line-of-battle ships, six frigates, and a few sloops. Holland has no greater force, having, almost to a ship, the same number as Denmark; and Austria has only ten sail of all rates. The naval force of Spain and Portugal is so completely a nullity, that it has found no place in Captain Jones's calculations. The summary is, that the whole marine of continental Europe is composed of one hundred and sixteen sail of the line, seventy-four frigates, and ninety-two corvettes and brigs: while that of Great Britain alone amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight sail of the line, one hundred and forty-six frigates, and two hundred and fourteen corvettes and brigs!

If we proceed to compare the resources of the continental and British arsenals, and, still more, the quality and number of the

seamen which are to be found for each fleet, the gigantic superiority of this country appears still greater. France, it is well known, has, ever since the restoration of the Bourbons, spared no effort to augment the force and improve the quality of her marine, and she will doubtless still increase her exertions: but the French navy, which is infinitely the most formidable of the continental fleets, and would, perhaps, be in itself a match for all the rest, is, in Captain Jones's opinion, capable of being but very inefficiently manned:—

‘ In France every seaman is enrolled, and under the control of the minister of marine, through his intendants at the king's ports. The requisite number of men are drawn, and ordered to march to a given rendezvous, which they do, knapsack at back, with more order and regularity than land-conscripts, as their chance of escape is not so great; for, at no port could they find employment, without producing proof that they had been permitted to quit the original, or last place of register.

‘ These restrictions upon the free will of French seamen, are found to have the most injurious effects when they are contrasted with English seamen, who are, of all the sons of freedom, the most free, except in one instance, to which I shall hereafter allude.

‘ Another bad effect of the conscription is, that in order to render it less odious, certain exemptions are allowed, viz., age, supporting parents, a specified number of children, &c. All these were disregarded by Buonaparte, but are now kept inviolate. It results, that when a certain number are required for service, more regard will be paid to selecting young and unincumbered, than mature, thorough-bred seamen, who are rarely found without children. But these are absolutely necessary to train the young men, who always compose part of a crew, even in our own service, and who ultimately become themselves hardy and able.

‘ The greater part of the levy are frequently fishermen or coasters, who know nothing of square-rigged vessels, or of being out of sight of land, or, perhaps, of passing a night at sea in winter; so different are the coasters of France from those of England. Consequently, when a French ship is completely manned, to any other person than the commanding officer, she will present, in appearance, as fine a crew as it is possible to conceive— young, healthy, and active; perhaps they may perform all harbour service, from the rigging and sails, to the guns, as well as an English crew, because it is all A, B, C work, and may be taught *à la Lancaster*. But let them be suddenly caught in a gale of wind, perhaps in the night, on a lee-shore, and what a figure they will cut: no confidence, because no one has experience; no sea legs, because in harbour the ship was always steady, and, in their coasters and fishing-boats, they never had occasion to move without having something to hold by, or to go aloft, the chief part being rigged, so that the yards lower down on deck.

‘ It must be acknowledged, that there is the utmost difference to a seaman between reefing a topsail in a gale at sea, and in harbour. With respect to fighting a gun on board of ship, in a heavy swell, and in port, the difference is still more striking. A deficiency, then, must end in defeat; whereas, although the topsail may not be properly reefed, the ship may not be driven on shore, nor the masts carried away.

'The artillery of the marine is trained expressly for directing the guns on board of all French men-of-war, and, perhaps, no men are more expert at hitting a mark when all is steady, and degrees and distances are accurately ascertained; but, in a sea-fight, every one of these varies between the discharge and reloading of a gun, so that what on shore gives the greatest confidence, becomes the source of difficulty and irresolution. The very principle upon which they are exercised, is fatal to their ever becoming good directors, or captains of guns in a sea-fight. I allude to that uprightness, that immobility, except for the precise duty which each is to perform, which renders their land practice so steady, accurate, and beautiful. Their guns are worked with the precision and regularity of mechanism. But a ship being constantly in motion, renders the moment of discharge, as well as the recoil of the gun, extremely uncertain, so that every man, particularly the captain of the gun, must be constantly on the alert, to take advantage of, or to counteract the movement of the ship. Seamen, always maintaining an equilibrium and counterpoise, are firm, though they appear, like swinging tables in a gale, to be always in motion.

'In the course of some experience, I have invariably found the best seamen to make the best captains of guns, and one able seaman to be worth two ordinary seamen, or three landsmen, at working a gun in action in any swell. Nothing but sea practice can make a good sea-gunner. The able seaman knows himself very superior to the artilleryman in all points connected with the ship, he therefore feels humbled in obeying the orders of one, who, in the management of the gun, he thinks is acting the part of only a land-lubber.

'A French ship, for these reasons, can never compete with an English vessel; and I must again allude to the fatal restraint on the active spirits of French seamen, in being obliged to obtain permission for every voyage, and, when near their time of conscription, not being allowed at all to embark in a foreign one.'—vol. ii., pp. 569—572.

The marine of Denmark, Holland, and Austria, is at present too insignificant to merit much notice; but that of Sweden has, at least, the elements of respectable strength. Though most of her line-of-battle ships are said to be in bad condition, the economical prudence and vigour of her government may afford her the means of a considerable repair and increase to her navy: her supply of sailors is large and excellent; and the junction of Norway has given her an accession of at least five thousand good sailors. The trade of both kingdoms, indeed, will always ensure to the Swedish navy a superiority, ship for ship, in practical seamanship, over that of Russia, which has been hitherto the unnatural creation of a power without any maritime commerce. Of the *personel* of the Russian navy, Captain Jones seems to have formed rather a contemptible opinion. That power having no nursery for seamen in merchant vessels, is obliged to draw her sailors from the interior, like soldiers. They have even been of late years enrolled in battalions, in the same manner as land forces; and this singular organization it was, which proved so incomprehensible to the good people of Portsmouth, on the late visit of the Russian squadron, as

to have led to the report, that the ships were full of troops for some sinister purpose. A few short summer cruizes in the Baltic, can never give skill and experience to a marine thus constituted; and it appears that, from timidity and over caution in naval exercises, the Russian sailors are not permitted to reap more advantage from their superior position in the Black Sea. Here, too, there is no practice but fair-weather cruising; and Captain Jones says, that the captain of a Russian man-of-war, who should there 'keep the sea after the autumnal equinox, and lose his ship, would be degraded, let the cause be what it might; there being a positive order for them all to be in port before that period, and no discretion is allowed to be exercised by the officer.'

But our author admits that, with all their disadvantages, 'as much is made by Russia of her sailors as possible, that Russians are clever imitators, and that they become what it is possible for men to become under such a system.' We may add, that it is not the most sagacious policy in this country, to throw opportunities of naval improvement into the way of Russia. The reason why, on the occasion of the late Mediterranean armament, the Russian government thought fit to dispatch twice as large a contingent to Portsmouth as our cabinet would suffer to proceed to its destination, has not been satisfactorily explained; but the fact sufficiently proves an officious anxiety in the court of St. Petersburg, to give occupation and exercise to as large a national squadron as possible. As long as the frost shuts up her Baltic ports half the year, and the Turks, by their possession of Constantinople, deny egress to her fleets from the confined circuit of the Black Sea, Russia can never become a great maritime state; but the moment, perhaps not so distant as we may too confidently imagine, which shall plant the Russian eagle on the towers of the Seraglio, will introduce a new, and, for us, a menacing epoch in her naval history. With Constantinople for the outlet, and the Black Sea for the great reservoir of her commerce, Russia will not long want a national mercantile marine—the certain preparation of naval power.

A generous commiseration for suffering humanity, has naturally and justly prompted our recent interference in behalf of a people, who are at least the victims of cruel despotism, struggling for that freedom which is the natural birthright of mankind. But it is certain, that in espousing the cause of the Greeks, we are also advancing the selfish designs of Russia; and true policy should teach us to look with a jealous eye upon every proceeding which, indirectly as it may be, has a tendency to promote the influence and aggrandizement of that power in eastern Europe. It is our fair and obvious interest, rather to arrest than to precipitate the ruin of the crumbling empire of the Ottomans, which forms the only barrier against the extension of the Russian territories, from the coasts to the gates of the Black Sea. Upon this topic, Captain Jones has not treated; but his second volume has,

in connection with the subject, some very sensible and valuable remarks upon the trade of the Buxine, which, regretting that we cannot find room to analyse, we can only recommend as well worthy of attention.

ART. XII. *Forget-me-not: a Christmas and New Year's Present for* 1828. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. 12mo. London: Ackermann.

ANOTHER of those beautiful publications, now regularly expected at this season of the year, has been just placed in our hands; and we deem it but justice to the proprietor, to give it as early and as extensive a notice as our limits will permit. To Mr. Ackermann, indeed, the British public are principally indebted for the annual contributions to their amusement, which, at present, follow each other with such rapidity, puzzling reviewers as well as purchasers, how to form any preference amidst such a crowd of gay competitors. To his original spirit of enterprise do we owe the emulation that now exists amongst them, urging them to put forth all their strength, in order to deserve as well as to win success. If, in some instances, their exertions should not produce the desired effect, they are still entitled to our encouragement and applause. The gladiator, who falls before the sword of his adversary, may have been as skilful and as brave as the victor, although the fortune of the combat may have decided against him.

In point of embellishment, we think that the volume now before us is eminently creditable to the publisher. In this respect it exceeds all his former efforts, although, in its literature, it is perhaps not equal to the '*Forget-me-not*,' of the last year. It has thirteen plates, one of which, '*The Seventh Plague of Egypt*,' designed by J. Martin, and admirably engraved by H. Le Keux, must be admitted on all hands to be of a very superior description. The Israelite looks, indeed, like a minister of Heaven, rolling back the deluge and the tempest, which threatened the magnificent city before him with destruction, had not the obstinate king released the tribes from their bondage. The sun-light breaking through the overwhelming clouds, and flashing on the turbid waters; the pyramid in the distance dimly catching the return of the day; the mountains, and the more elevated buildings near them, already rejoicing in its gladness, and the crowds of human beings pouring forth the voice of gratitude for their unexpected deliverance, combine to fill up every part of this noble design with topics of the highest interest, and to impress it with a character of sublimity. We know not who is the author of the lines by which this plate is accompanied, but they are not unworthy of it.

'TWAS morn—the rising splendour roll'd  
On marble towers and roofs of gold;  
Hall, court, and gallery below,  
Were crowded with a living flow;



Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,  
The bearers of the bow and spear;  
The hoary priest, the Chaldean sage,  
The slave, the gemm'd and glittering page—  
Helm, turban, and tiara, shone  
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide  
Shrank backward from his stately stride;  
His cheek with storm and time was tan'd;  
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;  
A shudder of instinctive fear  
Told the dark king what step was near.  
On through the host the stranger came,  
It parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,  
He clasp'd not sandal, kiss'd not throne;  
Ereft he stood amid the ring,  
His only words—"Be just, O king!"  
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,  
A fire was in his sullen eye;  
Yet on the Chief of Israel  
No arrow of his thousands fell:  
All mute and moveless as the grave  
Stood chill'd the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;  
Haughty and high the words outbroke:  
"Is Israel weary of its lair,  
The forehead peel'd, the shoulder bare?  
Take back the answer to your band;  
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;  
Go, vilest of the living vile,  
To build the never-ending pile,  
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,  
The vulture on their flesh is fed.  
What better asks the howling slave  
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers,  
Upelash'd to heaven the golden spears.  
"King! thou and thine are doom'd!—Behold!"  
The prophet spoke.—The thunder roll'd;  
Along the pathway of the sun  
Sail'd vapoury mountains, wild and dun.  
"Yet there is time," the prophet said—  
He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd.  
"King! be the word of freedom given;  
What art thou, man, to war with heaven?"

There came no word.—The thunder broke!  
Like a huge city's final smoke,

Thick, lurid, stifling, mix'd with flame,  
 Through court and hall the vapours came.  
 Loose as the stubble in the field,  
 Wide flew the men of spear and shield;  
 Scatter'd like foam along the wave,  
 Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave:  
 Or, in the chains of terror bound,  
 Lay corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.  
 "Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun—  
 Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"

• Echoed from earth a hollow roar,  
 Like Ocean on the midnight shore;  
 A sheet of lightning o'er them wheel'd,  
 The solid ground beneath them reel'd;  
 In dust sank roof and battlement;  
 Like webs the giant walls were rent;  
 Red, broad, before his startled gaze,  
 The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.  
 Still swell'd the plague—the flame grew pale;  
 Burst from the cloud the charge of hail;  
 With arrowy keenness, iron weight,  
 Down pour'd the ministers of fate;  
 Till man and cattle, crush'd, congeal'd,  
 Cover'd with death the boundless field.

• Still swell'd the plague—uprose the blast,  
 The avenger, fit to be the last;  
 On ocean, river, forest, vale,  
 Thunder'd at once the mighty gale.  
 Before the whirlwind flew the tree,  
 Beneath the whirlwind roar'd the sea;  
 A thousand ships were on the wave—  
 Where are they?—ask that foaming grave!  
 Down go the hope, the pride of years,  
 Down go the myriad mariners;  
 The riches of Earth's richest zone,  
 Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

• And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,  
 Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;  
 Still onward, onward, dark and wide,  
 Engulfs the land the furious tide.  
 Then bow'd thy spirit, stubborn king,  
 Thou serpent, rest of fang and sting;  
 Humbled, before the prophet's knee,  
 He groan'd, "Be injured Israel free."

• To heaven the sage uprais'd the wand;  
 Back roll'd the deluge from the land;  
 Back to its cavern sank the gale;  
 Fled from the noon the vapours pale;  
 Broad burn'd again the joyous sun:  
 The hour of wrath and death was done.—pp. 203—206.

'The Bridal Morning,' by E. Finden, from a design by Stephanoff, is an instance of a good idea nearly spoiled in the detail. The features of the bride and of her attendants are so ridiculously acidulated, that they all seem rather preparing for a determined scolding match, than for a joyful ceremony. The engraver has, however, in some degree, redeemed his reputation in 'The Booroom Slave,' which, besides being a good characteristic portrait of a negro, exhibits a singularly fine effect of light on the drapery. We were disappointed in the tale which Mrs. Bowdich has appended to it. The incidents may have been, for aught we know, founded in fact; but they possess no striking interest, and are multiplied beyond all due bounds. The 'Rialto' at Venice, 'Mah's Cross,' and the 'Hop Girl,' are of that description of embellishment, which it may seem, perhaps, to some persons, allowable to introduce by way of make-weights, or of foils to set off the superiority of the others. Had we had a voice on the matter, we should have altogether omitted these three plates, as they are, in truth, very paltry specimens of art. Of the 'Sketch,' by E. Finden, from a drawing by H. Howard, the 'Wedding Ring,' and the engraving of the Kent Indiaman, we are disposed to speak in more indulgent terms, though, we must add, that the first of these three can boast of no extraordinary merit in the design. It has, however, furnished to Mrs. Hoffman an opportunity of framing a light, interesting little tale; and as we owe that lady a mark of our attention, for the frequency with which she has administered to our instruction as well as our amusement, we shall extract the whole of this fragment:

'In the warm autumn of 1818, two military men, of different ages, but highly intelligent countenances and graceful manners, were crossing the country from Brighton to Windsor, and from time to time gazing on its more attractive scenery with that affectionate recognition, natural to those who have been long absent from necessity, or that nicety of observation which arises from the power of comparison with various countries and distant objects. The younger was in mourning, and his countenance, though eminently handsome, was fraught with anxiety, and somewhat of regret, as if he had adverted with pain to the scenes from which he was separated; but the features of the elder (a noble-looking veteran) were full of unmixed delight. His eye revelled in the luxuriance and beauty of all around; and "This is my own, my native land," was the burden of every pleasant remark and endeared recollection of mansion, village, or cottage, as they passed along.

'On reaching the top of that hill in Sussex, which is crowned by the church and village of Rudgwick, the panting horses stopped to take a short rest and a mouthful of water, and General Stamford, standing up in the barouche, was so struck with the extraordinary beauty of the valley to their right, and which had hitherto been hidden from them by trees and a high hedge-row, that he entreated his companion to leave the carriage a moment, and step a few yards nearer to that charming opening which had struck him so forcibly.

"The deep narrow valley below them shewed only one single, white-washed, casemented house, which, nestled in a surrounding garden, seemed the abode of humble plenty, and not inelegant content. Before it rose a beautiful wood, with such abruptness, that tree above tree, each shewed its own peculiar foliage and variety, while the opposite was covered with waving corn, now undulating in the evening breeze. A gurgling stream, crossed by a rustic bridge, passed through the valley; and the remote high lands described so bold an outline as to communicate the idea of distant mountains, that was at this moment aided by the effect of the descending sun, which, throwing partial gleams of brilliant light and large masses of shadow, added the character of grandeur to that of beauty.

"Now this I call perfectly English scenery, and I prefer it a thousand times to any thing we have seen to-day," said the elder gentleman. "That wood is really magnificent; and this cluster of cottages, with their jutting gable ends, rose-covered porches, rustic trellises mantled with vines, are beautiful! Nothing in your darling Italy can be finer."

"It is very beautiful. I am really obliged to you for inducing me to alight; for it is, in fact, so like a scene near Como, as, with a little addition from the imagination, to be really fascinating."

"Como! nonsense! it has its own beauty, its own character, as every one. Look at that honest fellow in the round frock just below us; he never heard of Como, yet he is spell-bound by the charm of the landscape before him; he feels, as Akenside says,

"The power of beauty smiling at his heart;  
How lovely! how commanding!"

"But such men never read Akenside, I believe. Nevertheless, General, I have no doubt this rustic could express in his rude unpolished language 'what he feels.' We will ask him:—You seem much struck with this pretty prospect, my good fellow?"

"Why, yees, sir; I can't say but I do like it, though I have seen it scores o' times: but I was n't just looking at it for that reason at this time."

"I suppose you are thinking of the corn?"

"Noa, sir, though that's what I should be thinking on: but the truth wer, I was thinking how like it be, all on that zigzag line next the sky, and the wood too, and the parsonage, to a kind of a sort of a picture as I see'd last night."

"A picture!" exclaimed Captain De Vernai, with an animation of eye and gesture which he had not yet displayed. "Where did you see the picture?"

"Why, sir, not exactly a picture, as one may say, because it was all made out on a sheet o' paper; and my sister, who shewed it to me, called it a—a—"

"A sketch, perhaps?"

"That wer the very word, for sure, sir. She said it wer made in forrin parts (for Amy have travelled a nation deal), and that her lady would not take a power o' money for it. For that matter, she showed me a curious little book that my lady herself did with her own hands, all made out of that one thing, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Oh! yees, sir, quite sure; though, for earth's, my lady's own pictures were worth a hundred o' his'n as did the big sketch. On one leaf there was the house, all plain like, and showing a deal more genteel than our parsonage. On another leaf there was a wood, and a great hill behind it: and on another there was a brook, and a ——"

"Come, my dear De Vernai, we cannot stay all night here; you see the sun is setting."

"One word more;—where does the lady live?"

"Oh, sir! it's a good thirty miles from here, as my old mare knows to her sorrow."

"But where does lady Louisa live?—Is she still unmarried?—still——"

"She is my lady Louisa Templeton that I mean, sir; and she lives with her aunt, Mrs. Brereton, just for the present at Old Windsor, because madam's seat in the north is too cold for her."

"Another impatient exclamation from General Stamford compelled De Vernai to hasten away, but not till he had told the countryman that he remembered his sister Amy, and presented him with a sovereign for her sake. He then sprang towards the barouche with a rapid bound, as one that trod on air, and his countenance beamed with a kind of ecstasy."

"In the name of woman's curiosity! (which I take to be ten times as intense and acute as that of man), pray do tell me how this clod-hopper's round-about story could take the spell so suddenly from your mind, and so quicken your movements. I must confess that you have been past my comprehension ever since we set out; for never did I see good fortune so ill bestowed on a man in his twenty-third year before: but your present pleasure is not less surprising than your despondence has been."

"This poor fellow has communicated, in his simple narrative, *hope*, my dear General, that best and sweetest of all Heaven's gifts to man; and this hope creates impatience. I would give the world that I could fly to Windsor!"

"But since you know it is impossible to procure better wings than sixteen good legs offer you, and the road is now excellent, be a little more explicit, I beseech you."

"You may, perhaps, recollect my obtaining leave, about three years since, to visit Italy?"

"I do; you renewed that journey this spring, and, as I take it, lost your heart, or some little matter of that kind?"

"No, General, it was during my *first* journey, when I accompanied Colonel Maxwell. He introduced me to Mrs. Brereton, then residing in Italy for the benefit of her health, and accompanied by her niece, the orphan daughter of Lord Hardcastle, who was left wholly dependent upon her. They resided at a distance from Como, and studiously out of the usual beat of travellers; but the Colonel was an old friend, and as such was received without ceremony."

"Aha! I understand it now. Whilst he talked over old times, or played chess with the invalid, you rambled about, explored the views, and rowed on the lake with the niece; you accompanied her harp with your flute: you sang together, danced together, and ——"

"And *sketched* together, for she had a strong predilection for drawing, and Mrs. Brereton was extremely desirous that she should improve herself in that charming art, which affords delight even in solitude."

"Very true; it is particularly calculated for plain girls; they can pursue it without interruption. It suits crooked girls, too, because it will not spoil their shapes."

"But lady Louisa is positively beautiful, and her form was at that time as near perfection as possible in one so young. Never have I seen any thing so graceful as her motions when she bounded through the valley, so enchanting as the glance of her eye, the bloom on her cheek: but her touching sensibility, her peculiar situation, as high-born and portionless, her tender assiduity towards her aunt, the virtues of her heart, and the elegance of her manners, gave her an interest beyond her beauty."

"You fell desperately in love with her, of course, and had abundant opportunity for confessing your flame?"

"I had time and place; fortune forbade all other power. What could a subaltern, with no other possession than a Waterloo medal and an old, but almost forgotten name, offer to merit, rank, and beauty?"

"That which sixteen is very apt to accept—the heart of a brave soldier. But you did not kneel to her in the groves, then, and sue her to risk all for love?"

"Indeed I did not. I tore myself from her, even at the moment when I thought, when I believed, that the feelings which absorbed my own bosom were in a slight degree experienced by her. I have no desire to recall the horrors of that moment, nor the long suffering which followed; but surely, General, since she has treasured my sketch so long, since she has copied it so frequently, I may venture to hope I was not deceived?"

"I dare say you may; but go on with your story."

"I have no story to tell. I struggled as well as I was able, and ventured, at the end of more than two years, to believe I could revisit the scenes where I had enjoyed so much happiness and endured so much sorrow, unmoved, and therefore set out this spring to retrace my steps. The ladies were, as I expected, gone, and I could learn no tidings of them. On my return to France I found myself become the heir to a noble fortune, left me unexpectedly by a very distant relation; and you will readily believe that, coming so soon after my recent journey (which had indeed renewed the flame of love), I became anxious to very misery on the subject of Louisa's present situation. This must account for my *absence*, my *dejection*."

"Say nothing about it; you have acted nobly and wisely, my young friend—very differently from your reprover under similar circumstances, some five and thirty years ago. *N'importe!* he does not repent when he thinks on the beloved wife who has struggled through the evils of life so bravely."

"The General was suddenly silent; for his eyes were full as well as his heart, and a thousand tender recollections rose to his memory. His young companion also was too much agitated for conversation, and each heart became occupied with its own thoughts and feelings, hopes, fears, and reflections."

"The following morning saw De Vernai hasten, with eager steps and palpitating bosom, to that "pleasant home," where his heart's idol, in the zenith of her attractions, and surrounded by many who did homage to her virtues and charms, still "rocked the cradle of declining age." He found her seated in an open window, earnestly engaged on a drawing from nature; and it will be readily conceived that her surprise and her employ-

ment facilitated that soft confession so long and so honourably delayed. The results were most happy; for there was no cause for delaying the union of those so well calculated to ensure each other's felicity: and often do they gratefully advert to that treasured boon of love, the interesting sketch.—pp. 225—232.

Stothard's 'Death in the Kitchen,' Smirke's 'Triumph of Poetry,' and Richter's 'Logicians,' which are all well engraved, display some laughable traits of humour; and though they approach the borders of caricature, yet we think they do not transgress the just limits of comedy. The 'Sister's Dream' is an unmeaning design. The story, if it have any, is feebly told, both in the plate and the poetry.

Indeed, we must add, however painful the observation may be to the Conways, the Seymours, the Balfours, and a whole host of minor male and female disciples of Parnassus, that the greater number of the verses in the volume before us are of a very mediocre description. In addition to the poem already quoted, we can only present the reader with two or three other specimens, which we select from the mass, after a careful consideration of their merits. The first is a song, entitled 'Mary Dhu,' written to the movement of an old Gaelic air, by that vigorous and graceful versifier, who is perhaps best known by his signature of Delta.

'SWEET, sweet is the rose-bud

Bathed in dew;

But sweeter art thou,

My Mary dhu.

Oh! the skies of night,

With their eyes of light,

Are not so bright

As my Mary dhu.

Whenever thy radiant face I see,

The clouds of sorrow depart from me;

As the shadows fly

From day's bright eye,

Thou lightest life's sky,

My Mary dhu!

'Sad, sad is my heart

When I sigh, Adieu!

Or gaze on thy parting,

My Mary dhu:

Then for thee I mourn,

Till thy steps' return

Bids my bosom burn—

My Mary dhu.

I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills;

I muse but on thee by the moorland rills:

In the morning light,

In the moonshine bright,

Thou art still in my sight,

My Mary dhu.

- ' The heart which has so lately been from thy caresses torn  
May have to bear as many wounds as thou know'st it has borne;  
And Fortune, if she has not done her worst, that worst may do,  
And still with her relentless shafts my future path pursue..
- ' But while *thou* art upon the earth, though sever'd we may be,  
Thou'lt be the blissful star of hope, my dearest, still to me;  
And one sweet thought shall bear me up, and lighten every pain,  
It is—to clasp thee, and be clasp'd to thy fond breast again.
- ' I go, regardless of what fate may be in store for me;  
I have a soul for any ill that will not fall on thee:  
I wander almost reckless forth, whatever may betide,  
The world before me where to choose, and Providence my guide.
- ' But still my heart will rest with thee, where'er my steps may rove;  
Tho' other beauties I may find, I'll know no other love.  
Bright eyes on me alike may fond or angry glances throw,  
And breasts with love, or hate, or rage, alike unheeded glow.
- ' There *may* be cheeks as fair as thine, and smiles as lovely too;  
And eyes there *may* be clear and soft as thy dear orbs of blue;  
And tones like thine *may* greet me from some other dulcet voice;  
But while my heart with life may beat, 'twill know no second choice.
- ' For 'tis not in the eye or cheek, though thine so beauteous be,  
Nor in the form of fairy mould, were none may rival thee,  
That I can find that link of strength which ne'er will rend apart;—  
No, no! that link which nought can break is in thy tender heart.
- ' 'Tis *there* that sweetness dwells which gives to all thy charms a grace,  
And sheds the beauties of the soul all o'er thy matchless face;  
*Thence* come those looks of dearest love which sparkle in thine eyes,  
And thy fond vows of lasting faith that purest source supplies. .
- ' To me what were the richest lip that ever blandly smil'd,  
The softest voice, the warmest glance, that ever man-beguil'd,  
Unless each smile, and tone and look, young Love himself should bring,  
Like thine, still from the heart's store fresh, as water from the spring?
- ' May Heaven my best of all beloved, my beautiful, restore  
To these fond arms—to feel the pangs that parting gives no more!  
And may its angels every ill from thee, my sweet, repel,  
And guard thee in thy loneliness!—My precious girl, Farewell! '—  
pp. 379—382.

Most of the prose pieces are too long; and several of them, particularly towards the end of the volume, terminate so tragically, that they seem as if they were intended for no other purpose than that of bringing once more into fashion that antiquated plague, variously cycled the spleen, the vapours, or the blue devils. Murder—the mutual murder of two brothers!—death by drowning, by suicide, by exposure to the cold—in short, all the dismal catastrophes to which misfortune, or atrocity, can give birth, here



peruse each other like so many Furies. Nay, as if these calamities were not of themselves sufficient to appease the editor's appetite for woe, he calls in old magic and exploded astrology to his assistance, and absolutely revels in the "lap of horror." We advise the reader who wishes to own a free and merry mind, to avoid these visions of the Germanic brain; or, at least, before he approaches them, we commend him to Miss Mitford's 'Country Apothecary.' Never has even her own matchless pen furnished forth a more exquisitely finished sketch than this. It breathes of life, and is all over impregnated with the genuine spirit of drollery.

## NOTICES.

ART. XIII. *The Mammy! a Tale of the Twenty-second Century.* 3 vols. small 8vo. London: Colburn. 1827.

THE title of this work led us to expect rather an unusual degree of mystery and ingenuity, but the only mystery which we could not unriddle, was that it should ever have found a publisher; and all the ingenuity consists in the author's having compiled three volumes, without allowing a grain of sense to form part of the composition. The most probable supposition we can hit upon to account for their production, is, that the journeyman book-maker employed, having a title page given him to work to, swept together the cast-off passages that remained of the last novel-season, and eking them out with rejected magazine contributions, pasted them together and adapted them to the different names selected for his performance. Indeed, we fancied that we could perceive the different *graffs* upon the stock of a cut-down novel, with refuse paragraphs and faded common-places stuck up and down, like dried rose leaves, to make up a shew. The intention of the compiler was to portray the changes that are to take place in the twenty-second century, and thus to shew the effects of the progress of science and the "march of intellect," in the lapse of three hundred years. To accomplish this, we are treated with a practical development of stale newspaper jokes, levelled at the delusive schemes of the past year, and with the supposed realization of magazine speculations on the powers of steam, and the application of machinery to the ordinary business of life. Thus we are to suppose, that the lower orders express themselves in the phraseology of philosophic pedants, while the higher classes adopt the plainest, nay, even vulgar language, as a distinguishing mark of their good breeding—that balloons are the common conveyances—that dandies lounge in the air upon wings, or exhibit upon buoyant air-horses, and are attended by steam engines that perform the parts not only of valets, but of surgeons—that corn and grass are mowed by steam, having been first grown by means of electrical machines which draw down rain from the clouds *ad libitum*, and ripened by lenses that attract the heat—that the metropolis extends, by means of a street five miles long, to Blackheath-square, which is of proportionable dimensions—that Somerset-house is the royal palace, and the Strand the most fashionable street, consisting of splendid mansions belonging to the nobility, with gardens sloping down to the Thames—that coal and wood fires are superseded by hot air, which is

likewise employed to warm the streets—that houses are moved too and fro upon rail roads—that letters are shot from place to place in cannon balls, and goods and passengers propelled across rivers on sliding bridges—that soldiers wear flexible steel-plate armour, and carry malleable glass canteens—that a complete philosophical apparatus is enclosed in a walking stick—that cows are milked by steam, and beds filled with air instead of feathers—that wines and made dishes are supplanted by ale and plain joints—that England is governed by an absolute queen, and, consequently, that the ladies wear trowsers—that Catholicism is the religion of the country—that there are still Lord Doodles and Noodles at court, and Lathbridges in the House of Commons, and a great deal of absurdity besides, such as that ladies wear gas flame on their heads by way of ornament; with a profusion of ridiculous puerilities, equally intolerable.

After this farrago of nonsense, the Mummy appears on the scene, having been resuscitated by galvanism, strongly aided, however, by the volition of the book-maker. The mummy of Cheops accordingly frightens everybody, meddles in everybody's affairs, makes everybody understand Egyptian, and, in short, performs the part of a parody of Zamiel in Freischütz until the end of the third volume, when, not being wanted any longer (the requisite number of sheets having been filled), he is made to return to his tomb in the great pyramid, with just as good reason, and under as probable circumstances, as he was brought out of it.

The motto of this precious performance is the only sensible part of it—"Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" And certainly the question is unanswerable. It only remains for us to assure our readers, that we really have made our way through the rubbish of which these three volumes consist, for which exertion we claim their sympathy and thanks; and, to use the language of preface writers, "if we shall have been the means of preventing one individual from spending twenty-seven shillings on the purchase, or three hours upon the perusal of the 'Mummy,' we shall not consider our labour thrown away."

ART. XIV. *The History of the Battle of Agincourt; and of the Expedition of Henry the Fifth into France. To which is added, The Roll of the Men at Arms in the English Army.* By Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esq. Barrister at Law, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. 1 vol. 8vo. (Letter-press edition). pp. 541. 1*l.* 1*s.* London: Johnson. 1827.

THERE is in the annals of almost every nation a number of episodes, which, however attractive they may be, and worthy of being pursued through their details, can yet receive from the general historian a very disproportioned share of his attention. It is from this unavoidable cause that the victory of Agincourt, the most brilliant achievement of British valour on record, is not familiar to the English themselves even, in all that minuteness with which its circumstances deserve to be known. The event was one which associated itself so intimately with the just pride and the glory of the country, that we are only surprised how the task of duly illustrating its history, should have remained to this day to have been performed. However, that task has been satisfactorily accomplished, by the laborious and skilful researches of Mr. Nicholas. He has first referred to

all the accessible writings of persons who lived at the time of the victory, and from them he has extracted every passage that has an interesting relation to the event. The most novel, we may add important authority to which he has had recourse, is an anonymous historian, who appears to have been one of the military chaplains under Henry the Fifth, and whose unprinted literary labours now slumber almost unknown in the recesses of the Cotton library. From this, and other cotemporary authors who happen to be very numerous, Mr. Nicholas has produced a mass of testimony, which, whether we regard the leading event connected with it, or the multitude of curious details, historical and antiquarian, which it embraces, forms one of the most valuable documents that has issued from the press for many years. A very singular merit of Mr. Nicholas's plan is, that instead of merely referring to a writer, he extracts the particular passage itself. All his quotations from the foreign authorities, and from those of England who have employed a strange tongue, are given in English; and too much praise cannot be bestowed on the manner, in which the impediments to a successful version in all cases have been surmounted. By occasionally taking up the narrative in his own person, and sometimes allowing it to be carried on by the witnesses themselves, Mr. Nicholas has completed a most interesting circumstantial history of the Battle of Agincourt; the preparations which were made by the British for the struggle; and the facts which were in immediate succession to, and bore upon it. The authentic roll of the men at arms, who were present at the battle; is given; and, by the help of notes and illustrations, every thing deserving of being known with reference to that memorable action, is here presented to the public; in a volume of singularly elegant typography. Prefixed to it is a finely engraved head of Henry V., decorated with royal and military embellishments.

ART. XV. *A Sketch of the Life of Linnaeus. In a Series of Letters, designed for Young Persons.* 1 vol. 12mo. 2s. pp. 139. London: Harvey & Darton. 1827.

As calculated to impress upon the young mind the vast efficacy of persevering, regulated industry, the biography of Linnaeus forms one of the most instructive lessons which can be placed in the hands of children. This little work, containing a summary of the principal events of the great Botanist's life, is almost the only volume on the subject, which could be conveniently resorted to by the English youth—the other biographers of Linnaeus, in our language, being, by reason of their expensive size, altogether inaccessible to such readers. The narrative is conducted in a simple and interesting manner, well calculated to win the attention, even of more mature minds than those to which it is principally addressed.

ART. XVI. *The Wanderer of Scandinavia; or, Sweden Delivered. In Five Cantos. And other Poems.* By Sibella Elizabeth Hatfield. 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. London: Longman. Truro: Carthen. 1827.

A POEM, filling nearly two octavo volumes, and tending most suspiciously to the dimensions of an epic, is more than could be expected from the

most ambitious of spinsters. Miss Hatfield, however, throughout this prodigious effort of industry and talent, has shewn that she possesses considerable powers of fancy, and a happy facility at harmonious versification. The life of Gustavas Vasa, the hero of the poem, abounds with incident, but nothing short of supreme powers could sustain the interest of his fortunes through five long cantos. If Miss Hatfield never rises to the true dignity of heroic song, she never sinks into the tameness that would disgrace it: and though poetical energy may not be the characteristic of her strains, still they are remarkable for grace and propriety of diction. Whilst we regret that this lady did not select a theme more adapted to the powers of her yet untried muse, we have no hesitation in saying, that she has manifested abilities and acquirements in this poem, which, if prudently directed, will secure to her no small share of literary distinction.

ART. XVII. *Fitful Fancies*. By William Kennedy. 8vo. pp. 191. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: G. B. Whittaker. 1827.

MOST gladly would we persuade ourselves that the author of these 'Fitful Fancies' may not be amongst those anpited individuals, who are wilfully courting the state of martyrdom. But there are indications about his book—there is an obstinate adherence in his meditations to church-yard themes, and a seeming determination about him to die in his youth—which fill us with serious apprehensions for the happiness of his future life. Were he, indeed, a man of fine genius—were there a passage, a line, or even an expression from his hand, which bore the stamp of the 'mens divinior,' we then might pass by the excess of his melancholy humour, as one of his nature's immedicable plagues. But, in sober truth, he is perfectly innocent of any such precious possessions: every single verse of his 'Fitful Fancies,' if deprived of its metrical regularity, would pass before all the world for the most gentle of placid prose. This appears to us to be a test, although simple and mechanical, that with unerring certainty will detect the true from the fictitious poet. We present the reader with a specimen of Mr. Kennedy's powers:

'FAMILY LIKENESS.

'Were I but qualified for shining,  
In golden hues, before her eyes,  
And every thing besides combining  
To make me that brutes might despise;  
Yes—were I the terrestrial brother,  
To some foul shape loathed even in hell;  
I do believe, sweet Nymph! thy mother  
Would, for my grace, commend me well.

'And were I moulded in all beauty  
Ascribed to man's last earthly form:  
A soul true to each point of duty,  
Head, cool and clear, heart, pure and warm.  
But yet found wanting in the treasure,  
Thy parents' household deity,  
I feel words could not mark the measure  
Of thy deep-seated scorn for me:

Now which to woo —thee or thy mother—  
I know not, you're so like each other.'—p. 64.

Now over every syllable of this 'Fitful Fancy' have we pored again and again—and, with all humility, we acknowledge, that the meaning of the bard in particular places, or his drift in general, or whether he proposes to compliment mother or sister, or both—or to be indignant with them, or to smite them with the keen edge of sarcasm, we are not in a condition to form the remotest guess. To say nothing of the flat, inanimate style of this composition, it wants even the common merit of good syntax. But it may be said, we have chosen an unfavourable specimen. Let our poet then have a second trial. If he had a spark of genius, surely the memory of Byron ought to have been a theme to call for its display. Let us hear how he has treated it.

'BYRON.

'The cry of grief hath died away  
Which rose upon thy fall,  
And high and low have said their say  
Above the poet's pall.  
If I the latest mourner prove,  
'Tis not that least though last in love  
I come behind them all,  
But that my spirit's gift should be,  
The purer and the worthier thee.'

What a vivid description have we here of the national sorrow which attended the obsequies of Lord Byron!

'And high and low *have said their say*  
Above the poet's pall!'

Next we should like to know how Mr. Kennedy makes out that, because he comes last with his 'spirit gift,' or the 'gift of his spirit,' it is the purer and the worthier of him to whom it is tendered? We select another stanza—it immediately succeeds that in which the cause of the poet's death is alluded to:

'I know, 'twas on the Grecian coast—  
What business hadst thou there?  
If *hog or dog* were uppermost,  
'Twas *not thy place* to care.  
There was no lack of knaves, or fools,  
To practise slaughter's hellish rules,  
*For either of the pair:*  
Heaven, in its mercy, closed thy life,  
Degraded in a savage strife.'—p. 85.

But the vanity which shines out in the concluding part of this address to Byron, is not to be paralleled in the annals of self-delusion:

'And in that latest, loneliest hour,  
When human aid is vain,  
There lives for me a thought, with power,  
To soothe the sense of pain—

The consciousness that I shall be  
 In realms of immortality;  
 Permitted to obtain  
 A place in thy community,  
*With those who most resemble thee.'*

That is to say, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Kennedy, and so forth. It is in truth, the presumption which gives birth to such notices as these, that raises criticism up in arms, and provokes censure in those, who would be otherwise disposed to observe an indulgent silence towards dullness and mediocrity.

ART. XVIII. *Popular Political Economy. Four Lectures Delivered at the London Mechanics' Institution.* By Thomas Hodgskin, Formerly Honorary Secretary to the Institution. 8vo. 6s. London: Charles Tait. 1827.

THERE is, in this little work, a degree of attraction, of which few readers imagine that political economy is susceptible, and which arises not less from the engaging manner of the writer, than from the nature of the principles forming the ground work of his doctrine. Mr. Hodgskin seeks in effect to modify a system of political economy, which shall be reconcileable with the apparent order of Providence, and which shall shew, that if there be misery and destitution amongst civilised communities, it is from man alone that their calamities proceed.

Labour, Mr. Hodgskin states, to be the origin of all wealth. In man's labour, mental and mechanical, there is, and ever will be, an ample source for his easy subsistence. But why, if this principle be correct, has not every individual a quantity of wealth reverting to him in proportion to his labour? why are so many laborious people in the world the victims of want and misery? Mr. Hodgskin argues that, if the natural laws were left to act freely, by which the productive power of labour, in the first place, and the distribution of its fruits afterwards, are regulated, wants would be punctually supplied, and comforts distributed over every part of the social community. He shews that it is idle to give to any government, or to any legislative influence whatever, the credit of having stimulated the productive power of labour to its present advanced state. That improvement is, he contends, the necessary effect of man's own impulses—the result to which, his instinct, his passions, and interests, unerringly conducted him. The motive and the capacity to increase the productive power of labour, therefore, belong to man himself, and need no encouragement from law-givers.

It is plain, that the motive to labour in man, must be a desire to supply certain wants; and in that labour, he would ever have the amplest provision for those wants—if the provision were left to him. Had natural laws been allowed to operate freely, the distribution of wealth would be commensurate with the exercise of labour; and it is only because those laws are frustrated, and in effect superseded by social regulations, which favour one part of the community at the expense of the other, that so many instances of individual misery exist, and that nations finally lapse into decay.

Starting from this principle, Mr. Hodgskin devotes the greater part of his book to the explanation of those natural circumstances which influence the productive power of labour, as contradistinguished from those regulations instituted by society, which are too often at variance with natural principles. This part of the inquiry is highly curious and important; but we fear, that as to the number of questions involved in it, it will long be a merely speculative one. However, Mr. Hodgskin has contributed to the illustration of the subject, a great deal of valuable information, and a good many sound arguments.

ART. XIX. *A Treatise on those Diseases which are either directly or indirectly connected with Indigestion: comprising a Commentary on the Principal Ailments of Children.* By David Uwins, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 274. London: T. & G. Underwood. 1827.

WE are not presumptuous enough to attempt a critical examination of a work so purely professional as that of Dr. Uwins': the only purpose by which we lay-readers can be actuated, in having recourse to medical productions at any time, is to extract, if possible, some intelligible information from them, that may benefit ourselves and the public. But we are not ignorant that digestion has been the theme of learned and most useful discussion, amongst some of the most eminent living members of the faculty. We know that Abernethy, Paris, Philip and Johnson, have illustrated the subject with the aid of profound science and ample experience. We are likewise aware that, as to all important and practical purposes, these authors appear to be very nearly unanimous. For what object then it is that we have superadded to this fund of learned admonition a treatise by Dr. Uwins, in which he recognises the same principles, and in which very little is to be found in the shape of argument or fact, to render them more transparent, we are at a loss to determine. If any singular discovery had been accomplished by the doctor—if some beloved hypothesis had been monopolizing his devotions, and publicity was absolutely necessary to his existence—if something beyond the conjectural advantages of foxglove in the case of children, testified even as it is by the experience of a learned apothecary in Newcastle-street, had been agitating his mind, we should have endeavoured to signalise the event of his reappearance in print, with the solemnity due to the occasion. But we resign the ungracious task of investigating the merits of our author—for much more useful will it be to listen to what is instructive in his pages.

Few persons have attained a mature age, at least few of those on whom the labours of sedentary employment have been entailed, without experiencing the inconveniences of dyspepsia or indigestion. Men of literary habits, for whom we entertain a natural sympathy, are particularly subject to the visitations of that malady. We shall, therefore, throw together some of the more prominent and practical conclusions, not merely of Dr. Uwins, but of those authors to whom we have already alluded, on the subject of indigestion, and the mode of curing it; simply giving to them at the same time, the arrangement of precepts; the advice which they contain is directly addressed to the dyspeptic patient: but their utility will be found to extend much farther.

First of all, you must avoid putting too much food into the stomach :

the great origin of indigestion is over feeding. The best way to know when you have ate enough, is to attend to your own feelings of satiety. There is a moment when the relish, given by the appetite, ceases, and a single mouthful beyond that, oppresses a weak stomach. But in order to make the right use of this test, you must *eat slowly*, for the desire of eating, in the case of a fast eater, remains long after the stomach has received as much as it can conveniently and safely digest.

If you are at all in doubt as to the quantity of food which you should eat, remember that it is far better to eat too little than to eat too much.

As to what you shall eat, consider that you are by nature an omnivorous animal, that is to say, destined to feed on a mixed diet of vegetables and animal food. But as to the proportions of each, or to the quantity of either, you must be guided by your own sensations. If in twelve hours after your meal no uneasy feeling in body or mind comes on you, your meal has been a wholesome one, and you should continue to use the same food as much as possible. But if you perceive any distension of the stomach—any unpleasantness about the regions of it—or if your head aches, or your spirits get low, you have eaten too much, or you have used food that ought to be changed. First, reduce your aliment in quality—if the sensations still follow, change it. If necessary, you should live on farinaceous food until your stomach is brought to bear animal diet. Fish is a most objectionable aliment in your case—but fish, with the sauces usually served with it, is direct poison. Abjure cheese, pickles, nuts, and the like.

You may drink at your meals, but not in any quantity. Liquids will prevent the gastric juice from acting with its proper effect on the aliment. Malt liquor, ardent spirits and wine, are poison to you, except a very small quantity of wine or brandy, mixed in four times its quantity of pure water, which itself is the best of all liquids for you. Tea is bad, it stimulates without nourishing.

Exercise is indispensable—that on foot, if it can be borne, is best. Before you go out, eat your breakfast—it is the safest plan. Avoid fatigue.

Good air is another element necessary to the re-establishment of your health—and not only must it be good—but you must change it often.

Every morning of your life take as much of a very cold bath on your back as a good sized sponge, well saturated, will give you—then get yourself well rubbed, and keep warm clothing on for the day afterwards. There are erroneous opinions about heat and cold, which you should get rid of, if you have acquired them. Before you go into the cold, fill your body with heat, only do not get yourself into a perspiration. The hotter you are up to this point, the better prepared will you be to encounter the cold with impunity. It is a curious fact, that those Englishmen who have sojourned in India for any length of time, are, after they return home, so comparatively insensible to the climate, that in general they never put on great coats during the winter.

Avoid study—but above all avoid indulging in depression of spirits, and, indeed, you should shun every topic calculated to bring gloomy ideas into your mind.

Upon what easy terms, after all, is nature reconciled with the prodigal sensualist!



**ART. XX.** *An Essay on the Art of Boring the Earth, in order to reach the spontaneous Current of Water; with Researches as to a new Theory of the Distribution of the Waters in the Interior of the Globe.* 8vo. pp. 48. New Brunswick: Terhun & Leston. 1826.

PASSING through one of the streets of London some weeks ago, our attention was attracted to a printed placard, which was exposed in a shop window, setting forth the vast advantages that might be enjoyed by the proprietors of landed estates, if they would permit the author of the said prospectus to bore wells for them, at a very moderate expense, which should reach the ever-flowing stream of pure water, that is to be found uniformly at a certain distance from the surface of the earth. We do not recollect the name of the engineer, but he had the courage to claim for himself all the merit of the discovery, that such a stream does actually exist, and, moreover, if he were to be believed, the inference was not to be denied that he alone possessed the mysterious knowledge requisite for ascertaining the points where the bores would be most successful. Unluckily for his claims, the whole subject had been already long since discussed in France, by M. Garnier, and here we find an essay on the same curious theme, published in America, the author of which was evidently ignorant, not only of the French work, but also of the flaming pretensions set forth by our own countryman. M. Garnier has fully and ably treated the question of the "Artesian Wells," as they are called, and has given the most precise indications as to the spots where they may be formed, with the greatest probability of meeting with a favourable issue. It would seem that the results which he has so copiously explained, have been acquired in America by mere accident. The water thus obtained is said to be of the most excellent description. As to our author's theory of the distribution of waters in the interior of the globe, it cannot possibly be otherwise than merely conjectural.

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**ART. XXI.** *Von der Uebervölkerung in Mitteleuropa.*

*On the excessive Population of Central Europe.* By Weinhold, Councillor of Government. Halle. 1827.

HERE is a German philosopher, nay, a councillor of government, absolutely frightened to death by the sage theories of Mr. Malthus. Having convinced himself, by the assistance of that luminary of the human race, that population increases in a geometrical ratio, while the means of subsistence are only augmented in arithmetical proportion; and that consequently, if population be permitted to go on, it will soon devour every blade of grass upon the face of the earth, Mr. Weinhold gravely proposes, that the governments, particularly of central Europe, where men are becoming most inconveniently numerous, should take serious and effective measures for putting a stop to this enormous evil. He gives it as his opinion, that all persons should be prohibited from procreating children, who have not means of supporting them: he lays his interdict, in the first place, on all paupers; and, a fortiori, on all paupers afflicted with bodily diseases. In the next place, he condemns to sterility all domestic servants, labourers, and apprentices, at least, until they are in a

condition to maintain a family; and, finally, those engaged in the military service, and all young persons in general.

But granting that his system is one that ought to be adopted (a concession which our readers will scarcely suppose, we are inclined to make), how is it to be carried into effect? How are the prohibitions of the legislative authority on such a subject, to be reduced to practice? Are all the men and women labouring under the interdict to be sent to prison, or to be cut off in the moment of adolescence? No such thing. The author gravely details a most laughable scheme, whereby he conceives that his object may be attained. He actually proposes, that his compulsory celibates should be chained in a manner which we cannot of course explain, that the chains should be made at the expense of the state, and *sealed under its authority*!! An idea so absurd as this can hardly be listened to, without creating an imputation against the sanity of the projector. It is, however, the direct and inevitable consequence of the wild theories to which it belongs, and ought of itself to be sufficient for the refutation of doctrines so extravagant.

ART. XXII. *Geschichte des Osmanischen Reichs.*

*A History of the Ottoman Empire, derived from Manuscripts which for the greater part have not been hitherto consulted.* By M. de Hammer. 1 vol. 8vo. Pest. 1827.

M. DE HAMMER is well known as an eminent oriental scholar. He spent a considerable time at Constantinople, where he employed himself in Historical Researches, the results of which he intends to exhibit in the work of which the first volume has been recently published. It commences with the year 1300, and comes down to the final conquest of Constantinople in 1453. The text is accompanied by notes, referring to the authorities which the writer has followed. The first book treats of the origin and native country of the Turks, whose name the author traces to the Thogarma of the Scriptures, and the Targitais of the Greeks; the second is occupied with the reign of Osman, the first prince of the dynasty that bears his name. The historian then proceeds to the conquest of Nicée, and of Nicomedia, in 1328; to the organization of the Janissaries (so called from the words *Jeni Tscheri*, which signify a new troop); the reign of Amurath I., the capture of Adrianople, and the accession of Bajazet to the throne. The invasion and conquest of Greece by the Turks, in 1396, are next detailed, and are followed by the contests for the sovereignty, which were carried on between Bajazet and Tamerlane, and which ended in the captivity of the former. M. de Hammer refutes the assertion, that Bajazet was shut up by his conqueror in an iron cage, as some historians have represented. The work next discusses the reigns of Mahomet I., Amurath II., Manuel the Greek emperor, Mahomet II., and the final siege and capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453. Among the papers contained in the appendix, are a Chronological Table of the Wars between the Arabians and the Turks, derived from the authority of Hadschi Chalfah; an Explanation of the Monetary System of the Turks; a Dissertation on the Writings of Tamerlane; and a Narrative of the Nine-and-twenty Sieges sustained by Byzantium, from the year 477, A. C., down to the period last mentioned. The work is highly creditable to M. de Hammer's abilities and industry.

## LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Domestic and Foreign.*

THE whols of the Review department of the present number having been printed before the 'Chronicles of the Canongate' were published, we can only afford room in this place for an extract or two from the preface, highly interesting in a literary point of view, with which Sir Walter Scott introduces his new work to the attention of his readers. It contains a full and general confession of the imaginative operations in which he has been engaged for the last twelve or fifteen years.

'I now think it further necessary to say, that while I take on myself all the merits and demerits attending these compositions, I am bound to acknowledge, with gratitude, hints of subjects and legends which I have received from various quarters, and have occasionally used as a foundation of my fictitious compositions, or woven up with them in the shape of episodes. I am bound, in particular, to acknowledge the unremitting kindness of Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whose unwearied industry I have been indebted for many curious traditions and points of antiquarian interest. It was Mr. Train who recalled to my recollection the history of Old Mortality, although I myself had a personal interview with that celebrated wanderer, so far back as about 1792, when I found him on his usual task. He was then engaged in repairing the gravestones of the Covenanters who had died while imprisoned in the castle of Dumnottar, to which many of them were committed prisoners at the period of Argyle's rising: their place of confinement is still called the Whig's Vault. Another debt, which I pay most willingly, is that which I owe to an unknown correspondent (a lady), who favoured me with the history of the upright and high-principled female, whom, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, I have termed Jeannie Deans. The circumstance of her refusing to save her sister's life by an act of perjury, and undertaking a pilgrimage to London to obtain her pardon, are both represented as true by my fair and obliging correspondent; and they led me to consider the possibility of rendering a fictitious personage interesting, by mere dignity of mind and rectitude of principle, assisted by unpretending good sense and temper, without any of the beauty, grace, talent, accomplishment, and wit, to which a heroine of romance is supposed to have a prescriptive right. If the portrait was received with interest by the public, I am conscious how much it was owing to the truth and force of the original sketch, which I regret that I am unable to present to the public, as it was written with much feeling and spirit.—Old and odd books, and a considerable collection of family legends, formed another quarry, so ample, that it was much more likely that the strength of the labourer should be exhausted, than that materials should fail. I may mention, for example's sake, that the terrible catastrophe of the Bride of Lammermoor actually occurred in a Scottish family of rank. It may be proper to say, that the events are imitated; but I had neither the means nor the intention of copying the manners, or tracing the characters, of the persons concerned in the real story. Indeed,

I may here state generally, that although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen in such works as *Waverley*, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalise the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal feature inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus, the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, in the *Antiquary*, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakspeare, and other invaluable favours; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness, that it could not be recognised by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had endangered what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised, in the *Antiquary*, traces of the character of a very intimate friend of my father's family.—I may here also notice, that the sort of exchange of gallantry, which is represented as taking place betwixt the Baron of Bradwardine and Colonel Talbot, is a literal fact. I may also mention, that the tragic and savage circumstances which are represented as preceding the birth of Allan Mac Aulay, in the *Legend of Montrose*, really happened in the family of Stewart of Ardvoirloch. The wager about the candlesticks, whose place was supplied by Highland torch-bearers, was laid and won by one of the Mac Donalds of Keppoch. The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British poets to discover apposite mottoes, and in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the storm by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to.—And now the reader may expect me, while in the confessional, to explain the motives why I have so long persisted in disclaiming the works of which I am now writing. To this it would be difficult to give any other reply, save that of Corporal Nym—It was the humour or the caprice of the time. I hope it will not be construed into ingratitude to the public, to whose indulgence, I have owed much more than to any merit of my own, if I confess that I am, and have been, more indifferent to success, or to failure, as an author, than may be the case with others, who feel more strongly the passion for literary fame, probably because they are justly conscious of a better title to it. It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years, that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period.

men's hopes, desires, and wishes, have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel. When I made the discovery,—for to me it was one,—that by amusing myself with composition, which I felt a delightful occupation, I could also give pleasure to others, and became aware that literary pursuits were likely to engage in future a considerable portion of my time, I felt some alarm that I might acquire those habits of jealousy and fretfulness which have lessened, and even degraded, the character of the children of imagination, and rendered them, by petty squabbles and mutual irritability, the laughing-stock of the people of the world. I resolved, therefore, in this respect, to guard my breast (perhaps an unfriendly critic may add, my brow), with triple brass, and as much as possible to avoid resting my thoughts and wishes upon literary success, lest I should endanger my own peace of mind and tranquillity by literary failure. It would argue either stupid apathy or ridiculous affectation, to say that I have been insensible to the public applause, when I have been honoured with its testimonies; and still more highly do I prize the invaluable friendships which some temporary popularity has enabled me to form among those most distinguished by talents and genius, and which I venture to hope now rest upon a basis more firm than the circumstances which gave rise to them. Yet feeling all these advantages, as a man ought to do, and must do, I may say, with truth and confidence, that I have tasted of the intoxicating cup with moderation, and that I have never, either in conversation or correspondence, encouraged discussions respecting my own literary pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually found such topics, even when introduced from motives most flattering to myself, rather embarrassing and disagreeable. I have now frankly told my motives for concealment, so far as I am conscious of having any, and the public will forgive the egotism of the detail, as what is necessarily connected with it. The author, so long and loudly called for, has appeared on the stage, and made his obeisance to the audience. Thus far his conduct is a mark of respect. To linger in their presence would be intrusion. I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted author of all the Novels published as the composition of the 'Author of Waverley.' I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is any thing in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held, as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession.

'Hoping that the courteous reader will afford to a known and familiar acquaintance some portion of the favour which he extended to a disguised candidate for his applause, I beg leave to subscribe myself his obliged, humble servant,

'WALTER SCOTT.'

'*Abbotsford, October 1, 1827.*'

In the comparatively small town of Boulogne Sur Mer, there are no less than three weekly journals. Two of these are little more than vehicles for advertisements, and for port news. The other is of a higher order. Its principal character is that of a Review: but a very considerable quantity

of each number is devoted to short chit-chat paragraphs. The Theatre, when open, furnishes the editor with a fertile source of observation. Occasionally, a sad hiatus, the work of the censors, appear in his pages.

The subscriptions for a Monument to the memory of the late Mr. Canning, amounted at the end of last month to upwards of 4000*l*. In the list of subscribers we are happy to see the names of several distinguished persons, who had been opposed to some of the leading political principles advocated by the late right honourable gentleman. In this list there are comprised only a few of the names of those noblemen and gentlemen, under whose sanction the proposal for the erection of a monument has been promulgated, and who only postpone adding their subscriptions, from a desire of allowing public feeling to operate without the stimulus that would be given to it by their example.

The following is a comparative statement of the height of eleven of the most celebrated Cathedrals in Europe. The measurement is given in French metres, which the English reader can easily reduce into feet, by calculating each metre at the rate of 39,371 inches, or 3280 feet 11 inches.

[*Superficial height.*

1. The Dome of the Cathedral, Milan	-	-	11,696 metres.
2. St. Peter's, Rome	-	-	21,103
3. St. Paul's outside the walls, Rome	-	-	9,895
4. St. Sophia's Constantinople	-	-	9,591
5. St. Mary's of the Flowers, Florence	-	-	7,881
6. St. Paul's, London	-	-	7,809
7. Notre-Dame, Paris	-	-	6,258
8. The Pantheon, Rome	-	-	3,182
9. St. Joseph's, Palermo	-	-	2,420
10. St. Philip's, Naples	-	-	2,121
11. St. Sabine's, Rome	-	-	1,407

With a view to prevent, or at least discourage, the vile translations of French dramas, which inundate the Prussian theatres, a society of booksellers at Berlin have proposed three prizes for the composition of theatrical pieces; the first to consist of fifty gold Fredericks for the best German comedy, in two or three acts; the second, of twenty-six Fredericks for the best comedy, in one act; and the third, for the best Vaudeville.

According to the most accurate calculations, the population of Prussia, towards the latter end of the year 1826, amounted to 12,419,788 inhabitants.

In the department of the Upper Rhine, near the ancient Mons Bisiacus, several Roman antiquities, consisting of perfect vases, exquisitely modelled, medals, domestic utensils, styles (Roman pens), and other curiosities, have been discovered. The proprietors of the land on which these treasures have been found, are at present engaged in making further researches.

The public at Paris seem to be quite enchanted with the performances presented to them by the company of English actors and actresses. Miss Foote appears to be a prodigious favourite. We remark with great pleasure, that the principal stock-pieces of our stage have been selected by the manager for his theatre, and that they are made the subjects of elaborate and occasionally very eloquent and judicious critiques in the French jour-

nals. The English theatre in Paris, is, if we mistake not, destined to produce a powerful effect not only upon the principles of the French drama, but upon those of French literature in general.

The biography of Madame Guizot, who lately died in Paris, contains some curious, if not romantic, passages. She was, we believe, the wife of the gentleman who has recently published a valuable work on the revolution of England. She was born on the 2nd of November, 1773. Her maiden name was De Meulan. Her father held an official appointment in the financial department of government, which enabled him to live in good style, and to afford his daughter a very liberal education. In her early years she evinced much indifference as to the studies in which she was engaged, and her intellect may be said not to have been awakened until it was called forth by the reverses which happened in her family, in consequence of the revolution. Their fortunes were completely destroyed. M de Meulan died in 1790, and in about four years afterwards, in order to relieve her mother from some privations, she wrote a romance called "The Contradictions," which at the time was very successful. Her next work was a translation, or rather an improvement, of an English novel, called "The Chapel of Ayton," which is said to be in many respects a touching and pathetic composition. But the most remarkable part of her literary career, was that which she spent in writing for the Paris newspapers, to which (particularly to the *Publiciste*), she frequently contributed articles on the theatres, reviews of books, and sketches of society and manners. While she was thus engaged, family afflictions, and bad health, compelled her to renounce for awhile her literary labours, and of course to forego the comforts which they procured her. In this situation she received one morning an anonymous letter, in which the writer proposed to act as her substitute in the *Publiciste*, as long as she should find it convenient, she continuing to derive the same pecuniary benefits from the publication, which she had already enjoyed. Her delicacy at first refused this generous offer, but upon its being warmly pressed upon her, she could no longer resist it. The articles were regularly received by her, through a secret channel, sent to the newspaper in the usual way, and inserted. The author remained for sometime wholly unknown to her; she expressed her anxiety to know to whom she was so much indebted, and he appeared ultimately to her summons. It was Mr. Guizot, then only in his twentieth year, and preluding in those studies in which he has been since so successful. They were married in 1812, and for fifteen years they lived in the most perfect union. They assisted each other continually in their literary occupations, and published several joint works, which are popular in France. After a protracted indisposition, she died on the 30th of July last, while her husband was reading to her the sermon of Bossuet, on the immortality of the soul.

Dr. Bach, the German philologist, has recently published a little volume of such fragments of the poems of Mimnermus as are now extant. Mimnermus was a contemporary of Solon, and lived about the time of the 37th Olympiad. He is supposed to have been born at Colophon, a city of Ionia, though the greater part of his life was spent at Smyrna. Some commentators have ascribed to him the invention of the elegiac verse; it seems more certain that he was the first who employed it on amatory

themes. His elegies are among the most esteemed of antiquity. The fragments that remain are only sixteen in number. The favourite object of the poet's lays appears to have been a lady named Nanno, who is said to have played divinely on the flute.

M. Abel Remusat, the successful translator of the popular Chinese novel, *Iu-kiao-li*, has recently published three volumes of Chinese stories, rendered into the French language by different hands. Some of the tales are well executed, and all of them interesting, on account of the views which they exhibit of Chinese habits and manners.

The King of the Netherlands lately presented a gold medal to M. Adrien Balbi, author of the *Ethnographic Atlas*, containing the classification of all the people on the globe, according to their languages.

Mr. Champollion, jun. is at present employed in having the Roman obelisks accurately drawn and engraved on copper. In this, he is supported by the Papal government. The hieroglyphics he proposes to explain in the text of the work.

Professor Hansteen contemplates a tour through Siberia, for the purpose of making observations on the magnetism of the earth. From the great talents of this eminent observer, very important results may be expected to reward his labours: he proposes setting out early next spring.

*Bible Gems*, by the Rev. John Stewart, will very shortly be published.

There is a fine collection of Egyptian antiquities at Leghorn, sent hither by M. D'Anastasy, the Swedish and Norwegian consul at Alexandria. The manuscripts on papyrus are a hundred and twenty-six in number. One of them, in particular, is exceedingly interesting. It is in Greek, and is a treatise on metallic chemistry; containing nearly a hundred recipes for purifying or combining various metals. This collection also comprises about three hundred articles in gold and silver; comprehending necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, rings, small figures, amulets, and other ornaments. Among them are three large and beautiful bracelets; one of which, in perfect preservation, belonged to King Touthmosis the Third, the fifth sovereign of the eighteenth dynasty, called by the Greeks *Mœris*. Among the scarabæi, which are about a thousand in number, is one of a large size, rendered very remarkable by the inscription upon it, which refers to the marriage of Amenophis the Third, the eighth of the eighteenth dynasty, with Queen Taïa. There are also some bas-relievs in stone, admirably finished.

A curious little work, called the *Theory and Rules of the Game of Billiards*, by A. Teyssèdre, has lately been published at Paris. It is divided into two parts. In the first, the theory of the game is explained—the means of avoiding being cheated in the choice of maces and queues are pointed out—the laws of the collision of bodies are detailed—the strokes which result from those laws are described—and general principles are laid down with respect to the manner of playing and of conducting the game. The second part contains the rules of the various games of billiards. At the end of the work is a vocabulary of the terms used in the game.



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MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I. *Cours de la Litterature Grecque moderne donné a Genève.* Par Jacovaky Rizo, Neroulos. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 170. Geneva and Paris. 1827.

THE intimate connexion between ancient and modern Greek, a connexion much closer than that between the Italian and the Latin, tends to render the literature of the Hellenes an object of great interest. . If they be doomed to survive the present crisis, there is no doubt but their language will quickly assume the attitude to which it is entitled by birth-right in the republic of letters. The splendid models of antiquity must excite the emulation of the modern sons of Hellas, who will be able, at the same time, to avail themselves of the learning acquired by their more fortunate European brethren.

The author of the volume before us, is a Fanariote by birth, of an ancient family, allied to the Ypsilantys, and other distinguished names; at an early age he filled offices of high trust under the Hospodars of Valachia and Moldavia, and he availed himself of his influence to favour the diffusion of education in those fine, but neglected regions. The Lyceum of Bucharest, and the College of Jassy, were especially indebted to Mr. Rizo's fostering care and protection. He had engaged several learned men as professors, and had established schools of mutual instruction, when the insurrection of Ypsilanty, in February 1821, and its fatal consequences, put an end to all the labours of peace, and obliged our author to emigrate from Moldavia, in the train of his master, the Hospodar Soutzo. They went first to Odessa, but after some time, Rizo, anxious to give his two sons an enlightened education, repaired to Geneva; and it was there, among a society of Philhellenes, that he was invited to give a course of lectures on modern Greek. He began by sketching an introduction, in which he meant to expose briefly, the vicissitudes of his native language; but, led on by the interest of the subject, and encouraged by the approbation of his

hearers, he went further than he had at first intended, and the success of his patriotic effusions has led to the publication of this interesting volume. Mr. Rizo was the better calculated for this task, as he is himself one of the best writers in modern Greek; in which language he has published several tragedies, satires, and odes, besides a historical sketch of Ypsilanty's invasion, which was printed at Moscow, in 1822. He has been also for some time preparing, a regular history of the Greek revolution, a work which, when finished, will form a valuable addition to the annals of our eventful age.

In his introduction, Mr. Rizo begins by recapitulating the various periods of ancient Greek literature, commencing with its fabulous and traditional records, and proceeding through the age of Homer, the establishment of the Ionian confederacy, that of Athens, and its dialect, and the glorious era which preceded the war of the Peloponnesus. That war, began by ambition, and in contempt of right, led to fatal consequences, in more than one way. The Athenians, degraded by the example of injustice and avarice, easily applauded the sarcasms and personalities of Aristophanes, and the puerile sophistry of Gorgias, and other rhetoricians. The pure style of Plato, and of Xenophon, and the eloquence of the old orators, were never successfully imitated afterwards. The Greek language, spread by Alexander and his successors, over an immense extent of barbarous countries, and disfigured by the multitude of strangers who were obliged to adopt it, lost much of its original character. The Roman conquest came after, and the yoke it imposed on Greece, assisted the corruption of her magnificent tongue; and the descendants of Miltiades, and of Epaminondas, fallen prostrate before insolent proconsuls, and their more insolent freedmen, learned to speak as became their fallen state. The transfer of the imperial throne to Byzantium, a Greek colony of secondary rank, far from proving favourable, was still more fatal to Greece. All the titles and dignities of the new court, were called by Latin names; the terms of law were in Latin; the rulers, the government, the military, the upper classes, all affected to speak, in preference to their own, the language of the Cæsars. The number of strangers who resorted to Constantinople, and the mixture of barbarians who chiefly composed the imperial army, introduced a heterogeneous idiom into society. The church alone, the eastern church, always superior to political vicissitudes, preserved the original dialect of the Holy Gospels. But controversy soon found its way into the sanctuary. The multifarious heresies, or schisms, that broke out all over the East, gave rise to a mania for polemical discussions, which superseded the plain style of Christian instruction and morality. Justinian, the legislator, and at the same time, the infractor of all laws, a weak, cruel, and dissolute prince, despised by the Persians, and by the other barbarians, who were making continual inroads into his dominions,

thought of securing himself by raising numerous fortresses, to supply the expenses of which, he appropriated to himself the funds of all the public schools of the empire. This was a most fatal blow to education: ignorance then spread its dark veil over the land; the old parchment MSS. were either destroyed as profane and impious, or the writing effaced, in order to substitute in its place, monastic legends and mystic lore. Copies of the classics became extremely scarce, and extracts were resorted to, to supply the deficiency.

The conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders; the dismembering of Greece into small principalities; the acts of oppression committed by the Venetians and their allies; the burning of libraries, and the destruction or plunder of the monuments, filled up the measure of her degradation. The dialects of the West forced themselves into Greece; numbers of foreign words passed into current use; and the haughty contempt of the Latin chiefs for letters, prevented, or at least, discouraged, the cultivation of these among the conquered. Had there been an amalgamation between the two people at that epoch, the Greek language would probably have been lost: but religious feuds forbade this; the schism between the two churches, formed a wall of separation between the Greeks and their western conquerors, not unlike that which has since existed between the former and the Turks. Ignorance and debasement, and the immigration of strangers, caused erroneous expressions to be introduced into the vulgar or popular idiom, already inelegant and incorrect; and to this idiom the modern Greek or Romaic owed its origin. It was only towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the latter became a written language; the church still preserving the ancient, or as it is called, literal Greek.

Mr. Rizo divides the progress of modern Greek literature into three periods: the first from 1700 to 1750; the second from the latter period till about 1800; and the third, from that epoch to the present day.

The revival of Greek letters, dates from the beginning of the last century. The Turkish government of that time, bestowed important favours on the Greeks; it chose among them its interpreters, and the hospodars of the two principalities. Alexander Maurocordato, of Scio, was the principal promoter of education among his countrymen. Endowed with a strong mind, he had studied in Italy, and afterwards settled at Constantinople, where he taught philosophy and belles lettres. He wrote, in ancient Greek, several works on rhetoric, logic, and metaphysics, and a history of the Jewish nation, down to the seventeenth century, which was printed at Bucharest. Maurocordato became intimate with Panajotaky, who was the first Greek interpreter of the Porte; he succeeded him in his offices, and in this quality accompanied the Turkish plenipotentiaries to the conferences of Cartowitz, where he was appointed secretary-interpreter. Enjoying the favour of the

Ottoman ministers, he employed himself to protect his countrymen against the rapacity and oppressions of the local governors, and at the same time founded schools in various parts of the Turkish empire. Maurocordato's favourite object was the improvement of the Greeks, with the view of paving the road to their emancipation. His letters to his friends, which have been lately printed at Constantinople, breathe this ardent wish, which all the favours of the divan could not stifle in him. He died dragoman of the Porte. His son Nicholas, was the first Greek prince, or hospodar of Valachia; and from that time, the high situations of hospodar and interpreter, have been invariably filled by Greeks, who, on their side, protected their countrymen, and favoured their advancement. Schools had long been established in the Fanar, on Mount Athos, at Jannina, Smyrna, and Larissa. In these schools the ancient Greek was taught, as well as the elements of Euclid, the logic of Blemmides, and the theology of John of Damascus. Many learned men, patriarchs and bishops, and laics; among others, Notara, Philaretos, and Demetrius Cantemir, the historian of Turkey, came out of these seminaries. By degrees, the use of the modern Greek became now prevalent, especially towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Vatazzi of Constantinople, who accompanied, as interpreter, the famous conqueror Nadir Chah, in his expedition to Hindostan, wrote in the modern Greek, the history of that prince; but the original MS. has remained unpublished in the hands of Prince Ghika, hospodar of Moldavia. Athanasaky Ypsilanty, has also left a valuable manuscript history of Turkey (now in the hands of his family), from the taking of Constantinople, to the middle of the last century. The author, who was first physician to the Grand Vizier, Regib Pacha, had, through his influence, access to the archives of the empire, as well as to those of the patriarchal church of Constantinople.

The second period commences with Samuel, patriarch of that metropolis, who was one of the great promoters of Greek studies. This prelate, a staunch and intrepid defender of the rights of his see, with the Turkish sabre glaring before his eyes, shewed a degree of firmness worthy of that of his predecessors, under the tyrannic Byzantine emperors. He actually reconquered by force two diocesses in Macedonia, the incumbents of which had abstracted themselves from the obedience of the primate. The pachas of the provinces favoured their views; the flock, abandoned to itself, had partly apostatised, and the rest were ready to follow the example. Samuel made war on the pachas, and was supported by the influence of the Greek families at Constantinople; he succeeded in forcing his diocesses from the power of the Turkish governors; appointed new bishops and preachers; built schools, and thus strengthened anew the Christian church in the East. This patriarch was adverse to the ambulatory mendicant monks, who swarmed in Greece, as well



as in Italy. He evinced towards them on every occasion, the greatest contempt, and forbade them to beg in the cities under his episcopal jurisdiction. He encouraged translations from modern languages; and it was in his time, that the works of science and literature of western Europe, became familiar to the Greek students, numbers of whom, after having been educated at foreign universities, imported into their native land, the learning they had acquired.

Eugenius Bulgaris, of Corfu, was one of the most learned Greek philologists and writers of the last century. Having completed his education abroad, and visited Italy, France, and Germany, he returned home, where he was appointed professor of belles lettres and philosophy, in the school of Mount Athos. He wrote several works in modern Greek, among which, his funeral orations are celebrated for their style. Bulgaris died in Russia, where Catherine had named him bishop of Tauris and Kherson.

Theotoky, of Corfu, another man of letters, followed the example of Eugenius, and emigrated to Russia, where he was made archbishop of Astracan. He wrote several theological and mathematical works, which were printed at Moscow.

We come next to the famous Riga. This man, endowed with a susceptible imagination, a poet and a patriot, being excited by the astonishing successes of the French revolution, conceived, almost alone, the gigantic project of freeing Greece from the Turkish yoke. Riga was attached to the service of Soutzo, hospodar of Valachia, in 1796, when he left suddenly his post, and repaired to Vienna, where he associated with several Greek merchants, and men of letters, all devoted to the cause of their country; and thence the well known society, called Hetairia, had its beginning. It was both a religious and a political association, having for its scope the liberation of Greece. But one of the distinguishing features of the Hetairia, was its being purposely unconnected with any foreign society. The adepts, on being initiated, were obliged to swear, that they did not belong to, and held no communication with, any other fraternity. Yet, notwithstanding this wise precaution, the Hetairists seem to have incurred the suspicions of Austria, and other powers, and they have been even lately charged with being connected with the Carbonari and Comuneros of western Europe. 'The first attempt,' says our author, 'of the Hetairists was unsuccessful, the divan was warned in time of their projects, and the unfortunate Riga, and some of his adherents, were given up by the Austrian government, and beheaded at Belgrade. On his way to the scaffold, Riga broke his manacles, and killed two of the executioners. Several of the Greek residents at Vienna, struck with dismay at Riga's catastrophe, left that capital for Leipzick, which became then another rallying point for their young countrymen' (p. 43.)

Riga's songs, after the style of those of Tyrteus of old, are written

in modern Greek. They were secretly printed at Jassy, in 1814. The famous hymn, in imitation of the French Marseilloise, "Arise, children; children of famous men, arise, the day of glory has arrived;" was sung at one time all over Turkey. The Turks themselves, delighted by the liveliness of the tune, and too indolent to inquire into the meaning of the words, used to ask the Greek musicians for this favourite air, which made even the walls of the seraglio resound with its notes.

In the early period after the conquest, the Turks forbade the building of new churches, and the establishment of schools for the Christians; but their orders were evaded; and the old churches were repaired, the vestibules of which were turned into infant schools, where children were taught to read and write. With regard to higher schools, they were opened under the name of houses of correction; the dragomans, Panajotaky and Maurocordato, having obtained of the Sultan, leave to establish such houses in various parts of Europe and Asia. The monasteries of Mount Athos, and others, formed another substitute for colleges or seminaries.

'The Turks have a sort of veneration for priests, of whatever nation or sect they may be. They respect the monks, on account of their abnegation, of their devotion to celestial objects, and of their contemplative life. They therefore tolerated monasteries, granted them privileges, and even bestowed alms on them. Consequently, many convents were turned into schools, where students could safely apply to science and letters, as in an inviolable asylum.

'It was only under Sultan Selim III., that not only schools, but lyceums also, namely, those of Scio, Smyrna, Cydonia, and Couroutzetmé, were publicly authorised by the Turkish government. Selim, less, perhaps, through a spirit of tolerance, than through a weakness, or fear of Russia, shewed himself docile to the suggestions of Prince Demetrius Mouroury, whom he appointed by autograph order, inspector-general of the Greek schools and hospitals. Education, thus officially protected, made rapid progress.'—p. 48.

On the coast of Asia Minor, opposite the delightful island of Mitylene, stood, lately, the town of Cydonia, now a heap of ruins. Its inhabitants were entirely Greeks, who, under the temperate administration of Cara Osman Oglu, carried on a prosperous trade, of which the rich olive plantations of that district furnished the exports. The town was ruled by its own magistrates, called primates. They had at first a limited school, but as the population increased, and the want of instruction was felt, a clergyman of Mitylene, who had lately returned from Italy, proposed to establish a college on an extensive scale. The plan was approved of, and the college of Cydonia became the most frequented of the East. It continued to flourish until the last insurrection, when Cydonia and its population, were swept away by a catastrophe, similar to that which befel the neighbouring island of Scio.

The school of Constantinople being found insufficient for the wants of the Greek youths of that capital, Prince Mourouzy built, in 1799, a new lyceum, in the village of Couroutzesme, on the banks of the Bosphorus. Jannina, the residence of the dreaded Ali Pacha, had also its college, in which the learned Psalidas filled the chair of philosophy. Ali, who was an utter infidel, found it his interest to tolerate and protect even the Christians and their schools: he thought of strengthening himself thus in the interest of his Greek subjects, so as to become one day the sovereign of Greece. Psalidas flattered these views, and in exchange, obtained the Pacha's favour for his college, and for the other schools which were established in Ali's dominions. At the overthrow and death of Ali, Psalidas escaped to Corfu, where he still remains. Lambros, also a native of Jannina, was for a long time professor of literature in the lyceum of Bucharest, where he formed a number of disciples.

One of the most learned writers of modern Greece, is Daniel Philippides, who wrote, in vulgar Greek, a geography of his country, which he dedicated to the celebrated Potemkin. Besides numerous translations of scientific works, for the use of his countrymen, he has composed a history of Roumouny, or of the Valachian, Moldavian, and Bessarabian nations. This valuable work was published in 1816, and dedicated to the Emperor Alexander.

Our author closes his account of the second period, by a digression on the Fanariotes, or Greeks of the Fanar, a district of Constantinople. The principal families of this class, were the descendants of a few Greeks of distinction, who at the taking of Constantinople, by Mahomet II., remained under the protection of the Patriarch. To these were added some refugees from other parts of the eastern empire, and particularly from Trebizond, from whence the Ypsilantys and Mourouzys came. The early Turkish Sultans having granted for the use of the Patriarch, a church, situated near the old Fanar gate, the Christian families settled in that neighbourhood, and they constituted the court and council of the Patriarchs, known under the name of the *laical clergy*; an institution peculiar to the eastern churches. This knot of Christians remained for a long time in obscurity, until, as has been already observed, the offices of interpreter of the Porte, and of hospodars of the two principalities, became as it were an appanage of the Fanar, since which time the Fanariotes were looked upon as a superior caste, respected by the Mussulmans themselves, and initiated in the secrets of Ottoman diplomacy. 'Being almost entirely entrusted with the external affairs of the empire, of which the indolence and ignorance of the Turks left them the management, they were obliged to acquire extensive knowledge; they gave to their children a refined education, of which, the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and the three eastern languages, Turkish, Arabick and Persian, were indispensable preliminaries. The Fanariotes

seeing therefore the advantages of learning, encouraged men of letters, who went from every part of Greece to Constantinople to court their patronage. The Greek spoken in the Fanar, became consequently a refined idiom, superior to the vulgar; and several of the Fanariotes of both sexes have distinguished themselves as writers. They very naturally used their influence in favour of their countrymen, and especially of the clergy, whose privileges, granted to them by the first Sultans, they upheld to the last. The Patriarch and the Archbishops were chosen by the Synod, and by all the chiefs of the nation; the Pachas could not interfere in the ecclesiastical affairs of the Greeks, which, as well as civil suits among themselves, were exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Patriarch and the Synod; the latter constituting a kind of jury. The property of the clergy was excepted from the law, which appoints the Sultan universal heir of his subjects. The great officers, under the name of the Patriarchal Court, enjoyed certain revenues and exarchates, in the various provinces of Greece, and in the islands of the Archipelago; and the Patriarch had his official agent, through whom he presented his communications to the Porte. He had even the right of banishing those of his flock, who were guilty of misconduct. These were important privileges; but they had been granted by military despots, and had no guarantee against the caprice of their successors. Yet they were respected till the last revolt.'

Mr. Rizo acknowledges that the want of union among the Fanariotes, their jealousies, ambition, and private follies, prevented them from reaping the full advantage of their influence with the Porte. Yet, whilst quarrelling among themselves, they formed a safeguard for the rest of their countrymen, whom in several momentous epochs they saved from utter destruction. Thus, in the first war against Catharine II., when the Turks were apprised for the first time, that their enemies the Russians were of the same religion as their Greek Rajahs; when, at the same time, a revolt broke out in the Morea, and the irritation among the Mussulmans was at its height, and fearful cries of vengeance were heard in every town and village; and when plans, even of extermination, were debated in the divan, the Patriarch Samuel, and the principal Fanariotes, had the courage to address a memorial to the Sultan; they influenced the minds of the ministers, and averted the storm that threatened the very existence of the Greek people. In the war of Napoleon, against Prussia and Russia, when the French government, in order to forward its crooked policy, had the baseness to insinuate into the mind of Sultan Selim, charges against the Greeks, as being a people entirely devoted to Russia, and ready to revolt at the first opportunity; it was the Hospodar Caradza, and the interpreter Callimachi, who succeeded in appeasing Selim's wrath, by demonstrating to him the groundlessness, and hinting at the concealed purpose, of such *friendly* communica-

tions from his allies, the French. Again, when Napoleon invaded Russia, and the present Sultan Mahomed, thinking the latter power crushed for ever, and himself at liberty to satisfy his revenge, marched his armies into Servia, and ordered the Grand Vizier to destroy all the inhabitants fit to carry arms, and to degrade the women and children into slaves, it was also Hospodar Caradza, who adroitly suggested to the Sultan, that it was more prudent to wait for the issue of the great contest in Russia, and not to incur the resentment of Alexander, should he prove conqueror. Mahmoud caught the hint, his ferocious orders were countermanded, and the Servians were spared.

But it is in the last revolt especially, that the Fanariotes have shewn themselves superior to petty interests, when the great cause of their nation was at stake. They could not be ignorant of the existence of the Hetairia, or society for effecting a general insurrection; although they were not, Mr. Rizo assures us, a party to it, because the Hetairists mistrusted them.

'The hospodar of Moldavia, Michael Soutzo, knew that the first blows were to be struck by Ypsilanty, in his own principality, he could by a single word to the Divan, disconcert the whole project, and save himself from impending ruin; but he saw that the Greeks in a mass, were so far gone in the conspiracy, and so ripe for a general movement, that a disclosure on his part could but aggravate the approaching calamities, and he therefore remained silent. Full of modesty and patriotism, Soutzo looked upon the great impending trial, as a mystery above human wisdom, as a matter at issue, between Providence and Greece, and he resigned himself to the will above; he sacrificed his wealth, his office, his existence, and that of his family, for a distant prospect of ultimate public good, as to the attainment of which he was far from being confident. When the first rumour of the revolt reached Constantinople, the Patriarch Gregory (the same who was soon after hung by the Turks in his pontifical robes at the gate of his own palace), having assembled a secret council, at which several archbishops, Callimachy, hospodar of Valachia, Mourouzy the interpreter of the Porte, and the Patriarch's arch-chancellor Mavrojeny were present, he entreated the latter personages, as being fathers of families, to save themselves from the rage of the Turks by immediate flight: "As for me, said the noble martyr, I know my death-warrant is forthcoming, but my duty bids me remain at my post, lest my escape should furnish the Turks with a pretext for slaughtering all the Christians in the capital." At these words, that devoted council unanimously exclaimed: "the same motive which induces your holiness to remain, binds us also; we prefer death, and even torments, to ignominious flight." And yet these men had then the means of escaping, but they all remained, and death was their reward.'—p. 82.

Now the Fanariotes are no more: the sword, the sabre, and the bow-string have done fearful work amongst them; common burial has been refused to the dead, their properties have been confiscated, and a few survivors drag still in foreign lands a life embittered by unavailing regret. Their women and children, brought up in the lap of eastern luxury and opulence, are reduced to misery, and exposed to evils worse than death.

In treating of the third period of modern Greek literature, and civilisation, Mr. Rizo adverts to the causes which have singularly favoured their progress at the beginning of the present century.

‘The French revolution threatened then to overthrow the whole social edifice of Europe, the thrones were shaken to their very foundations; this new Hercules’ club was an object of universal dread. The Turkish government alone, seeing the Christians slaughter each other with unparalleled ferocity, cried out a miracle! and fancied that the prophet was at last fulfilling the wishes of the faithful, *by causing the dog to tear the boar to pieces, and the boar the dog*, according to the Arabian prediction. But its joy was of short duration. The invasion of Egypt by the Republicans, and their attempts to revolutionize Greece, threatened the very existence of the Ottoman empire. Russia and England then, to oppose the aggrandizement of France, joined the Porte, and obtained a promise from Selim at the same time, that he would spare, and even conciliate the Greeks in those difficult times.’—p. 89.

Similar circumstances, at that epoch, favoured the commerce of the Greeks. That commerce had been in a very depressed state ever since the Turkish conquest. The Turks, originally a nomade people, without ideas of industry or navigation, despised trade.

‘A people without commerce,’ observes our author, ‘is a people of hermits. The Turks, astonished at their being possessed of such beautiful and extensive lands, lived in the midst of the treasures of nature, like eunuchs watching female beauty, contemplating without enjoying. They preserve to this day, the taste and habits of nomade nations; they like better to spur their horses over the wild plains, than to cross on foot cultivated fields; they despise agriculture, and instead of ascending to the source of the wealth of all nations, they only seek for gold, which is the last link of that wealth. All the countries subjugated, without capitulation, by the Turkish arms, were given up to feudal possession; the two-thirds of the land were distributed between the military, the mosques, and the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; the rest, which was always the least fertile part, was subjected to the rapacity of the governors. The population of the provinces diminished rapidly. The island of Cyprus, which counted one million of inhabitants just before the conquest, reckoned only eighty thousand at the epoch of the last insurrection.’—p. 96, and note 22, Appendix.

The European merchants established in the Levant, concurred with the Turks in annihilating the Greek trade. Cyprus had not a single country ship; at Candia, there were only five or six Turkish vessels, and there were none in the Morea, Negropont, or Athens. The islands of the Archipelago alone, which were not inhabited by the Turks, had a few small vessels, and carried on a trifling trade. The Greek towns on the sea of Marmora, and on the Euxine, sent to Constantinople provisions and timber; but this trade was fettered by the arbitrary taxation of the police, and by the avidity of the janissaries. Every orta, or regiment of that militia, assumed the right of affixing its emblems or colours, on the head of some Greek vessel, and by this simple act became

partner for one-half of the profits of the voyage. Quarrels often arose between janissaries of different ortas, as to who was to share the spoils of the poor Greeks. They pulled down each other's ensigns, and then went to blows, at a place called Handak, a ditch outside of Galata. Inland trade was also very insignificant;—Macedonia produced excellent tobacco, but it was all carried to the custom-house of Constantinople, where it paid an enormous duty. The inhabitants of the province of Salonichi, were obliged to work their silver mines for the profit of the Sultan. The silk of Adrianople was monopolised by the Turks. The fertile provinces of Valachia and Moldavia, were called the Sultan's pantry; and their produce was seized by two speculators, who paid a low price for every article, under the obligation of supplying the seraglio and the capital. Nothing could be exported from the two principalities, either into Hungary or Russia, under the heaviest penalties. The Cassab Bachi, or head butcher of Constantinople, sent in every year to the government, a list of the number of sheep required from various provinces; and Valachia and Moldavia alone were to furnish three hundred thousand.

Still, however, there was room, it seems, for the Greeks to glean after their masters, for we read in note, p. 164, that 'the two principalities, being governed exclusively by Fanariotes, constituted a source of riches for the Greeks of all the provinces and islands, who came there in crowds, and rented as farmers, the rich lands of the native Boyards. Other Greeks, under the protection of the hospodars, carried on with Germany, and especially with the town of Leipsic, a lucrative commerce; for Mussulman indolence left generally an open field to their transactions.' There is, however, a third party, which seems completely lost sight of, in all these transactions of Turks and Greeks, and that is, the native population of the two provinces, Valachian and Moldavian peasantry, who, we fear, were oppressed by the rest, whether Turks, Greeks, or Boyards.

The victories of Catherine, over the Ottomans, and the peace of Kainardji, which she dictated, secured the greatest privileges and immunities to the Russian agents, and to the Russian flag, in all the Ottoman dominions. Meantime, the port of Odessa became a sort of Greek colony. The Greeks of the islands began then to trade with the Black sea, and the Russian consuls granted them Russian patents, and the use of the Russian colours. In the first years of the French revolution, when France, at war with all Europe, and lacerated by factions, suffered under a great scarcity of provisions, the Greeks of the Archipelago went to load corn in the Black sea, repassed the Dardanelles under the Russian flag, which completely screened them from Turkish vexations, and then sailing into the Mediterranean, hoisted Ottoman colours as subjects of the Porte, then the only neutral power, and repaired to the harbours of France, where they sold their cargoes with great

profit. They followed the same course with Spain, at the time of the Peninsular war; and, indeed, during the whole of Napoleon's reign, the Greeks, enjoying the advantage of a double flag, carried on a most lucrative trade all over the Mediterranean sea. Then it was, that the rocks of Hydra, Spezia, and Psara, became covered with fine buildings, and the Greek navy grew numerous and respectable. The whole sketch Mr. Rizo gives of the Greek trade is extremely interesting—p. 88, 102.

Our author afterwards passes in review the different opinions held with regard to the progressive improvement of the modern Greek language, and agrees with his countryman, Coray, that without introducing antiquated forms into its construction, yet, whenever words are wanted, they should be sought in preference, in the stores of the old language, and exotic expressions and phrases avoided. As for restoring to common use the ancient Greek, Rizo thinks the attempt absurd. 'A dead language,' he observes, 'can never be restored to life. We must first go back to the condition, the habits, and the times of those who once spoke it, to make our knowledge retrograde; and all this, to become bad copies of inimitable originals.'—p. 168.

Mr. Rizo gives, at the end of his book, a short review of the different writers in modern Greek, several of whom have been already alluded to in this article. We will, in addition, mention the names of Meletius, the author of an ecclesiastical history; the physician Vlattos, a learned lexicographer; Christopula, who has written *Anacreontics*, published at Vienna, in 1811; the odes of Calbo, and the poems of Salomos of Zante; besides which, there are numerous translations. More than three thousand volumes in modern Greek, have been published since the beginning of the present century. Vienna, Paris, Leipzig, Moscow, and Venice, have Greek printing presses, and colleges, or schools. Greek colonies exist also at Odessa, Trieste, and Leghorn; and lastly, the Ionian islands, under the present administration, form an important nursery of Greek feelings, language, and letters. Mr. Rizo devotes some pages to a sketch of that interesting commonwealth, and of its rising university.

ART. II. *A Treatise on the Principles of Pleading in Civil Actions; comprising a Summary View of the whole Proceedings in a Suit at Law.* By Henry John Stephen, Serjeant at Law. The Second Edition, with Corrections and Improvements. 8vo. 8s. London: Joseph Butterworth & Son. 1827.

IN consequence of the changes continually made by new enactments of the legislature, and new decisions of the courts, a treatise on any branch of English jurisprudence soon proves out of date, its authority is gone, its repositories become erroneous or defective. A new work is advertised, professing to keep pace with the quick



march of legislation ; it becomes on its first appearance as much the rage, as the last novelty in female fashions ; and it not unfrequently continues the resemblance, by sinking as soon into neglect, to make way for some more attractive production. As long, however, as it continues to fret its hour upon the stage, it stands to the philosophical observer, a monument of the narrowness of mind sometimes produced by the study of the law. If, in order to avoid disappointment, we were to contract our expectations within the most moderate bounds, we might still hope, even in the most practical exposition, to find clearness of arrangement, perspicuity of style, and a tolerable attention to grammatical construction ; these, however, are points in which there is the most egregious deficiency, even in works of high repute, written by distinguished members of the learned profession, and many of which are supposed to be marvellous proper books to be studied as elementary treatises. What wonder is it then, that so many students should be disgusted with the profession at the first outset ? or that we should see so many, whose minds are lowered to a level with those whose footsteps they are forced to follow ? It is an astonishing relief to those, who travel over so dreary a road, to meet with a work like this of Mr. Serjeant Stephen ; which, as well from the philosophical manner in which the subject is treated, as from the singular clearness of the language, which invariably conveys with precision the idea of the writer, stands distinguished from the herd of mere law books, and claims a place of honour among the literary productions of the day.

After giving, in the first chapter, a rather detailed account of the proceedings in an action, the learned writer proceeds in the second, to consider the more immediate subject of his treatise, the science of pleading, or special pleading, as it is more commonly called ; ‘ to investigate its principal or fundamental rules, and to explain their scope and tendency as parts of an entire system.’

In this portion of his work, ‘ he had,’ as he observes in his preface (p. x.), ‘ not only to collect, but in some degree, to trace and explore, the principles of which he treats ;’ and very high praise does he deserve, for the manner in which he has executed the task. Having ascertained the objects contemplated by the system, he distributes its rules into classes, by arranging them with reference to the objects which they severally tend to attain : and has thus organised the once rude and chaotic mass which composed the law of pleading.

In the following extract, he points out the production of an issue as the first object aimed at :

‘ The pleadings (as observed in the preceding chapter), are so conducted, as always to resolve some question, either of fact or law, disputed between the parties, and mutually proposed and accepted by them, as the subject for decision ; and the question so produced, is called *the issue*.

‘ As the object of all pleading, or judicial allegation, is to ascertain the

subject for decision, so the main object of that system of pleading, established in the common law of England, is to ascertain it by the production of an *issue*. And this appears to be peculiar to that system. To the best of the author's information, at least, it is unknown in the present practice of any other plan of judicature. In all courts, indeed, the particular subject of decision, must, of course, be in some manner developed, before the decision can take place; but the methods generally adopted for this purpose, differ widely from that which belongs to the English law.

‘By the general course of all other judicatures, the parties are allowed to make their statements *at large* (as it may be called), and with no view to the extrication of the precise question in controversy; and it consequently becomes necessary, before the court can proceed to *decision*, to review, collate, and consider the opposed effect of, the different statements, when completed on either side; to distinguish and extract the points mutually admitted, and those which, though undisputed, are immaterial to the cause; and thus, by throwing off all unnecessary matter, to arrive at length, at the required selection of the point to be decided. This retrospective development is, by the practice of most courts, privately made by each of the parties for himself, as a necessary medium to the preparation and adjustment of his *proofs*; and it is also afterwards virtually effected by the judge, in the discharge of his general duty of *decision*: while, in some other styles of proceeding, the course is different; the point for decision being selected from the pleadings by an act of the court, or its officer, and judicially promulgated prior to the proof or trial. The common law of England differs (it will be observed) from both methods, by obliging the parties to come to issue; that is, so to plead as to develop some question (or issue), *by the effect of their own allegations*, and to *agree upon this question, as the point for decision* in the cause; thus rendering unnecessary any retrospective operation on the pleadings, for the purpose of ascertaining the matter in controversy.’—pp. 158, 159.

In the conclusion of the work, the attention of the reader is again drawn to this peculiarity of the English system, and to the advantages supposed to be derived from it.

• ‘The difficulty that must be always, in some measure, found under the method of pleading at large, in ascertaining the precise extent of the mutual admissions of fact or law, is attended with this obvious inconvenience,—that a party may be led to proceed to proof or trial upon matters not disputed, or not considered material to be disputed, on the other side—or, to omit the proof or trial of matters which are meant to be disputed, and which are in fact essential to the final determination of the cause. The judge may consequently find, upon examination of the whole process, and hearing the further allegations and arguments of the parties, that the investigation of fact has either been redundant, and, therefore, attended with useless expense and delay; or defective, so as not to present him with the materials on which he can properly adjudicate. On the other hand, these evils are unknown to the English system of judicature, except in a very partial degree; and to that degree they arise, as will be afterwards explained, in consequence of the latitude of some of the general issues; in other words, from a partial abandonment of its own peculiar principle.—p. 501.

In its peculiar method of developing the point in dispute, we agree with the learned Serjeant in thinking, that the English system is 'advantageously distinguished' from all others: we cannot, however, close our eyes to its imperfections; above all, to the 'useless expense and delay' with which it is attended. Some of its supporters have, indeed, made this a ground of praise; because, forsooth, it is a check upon litigation. This fallacy, however, is worn out; people begin to see, that an expensive and dilatory mode of proceeding, while it excludes the poor man from the redress to which he is entitled, serves also to arm the litigious with the most effectual engine of oppression. Others, again, acknowledge that this is an evil, but endeavour to justify its continuance, by urging the danger of innovation. But the writer of this treatise takes a higher ground: he openly challenges for the English system of judicature the praise of being, except in a very practical degree, free from these defects; and what little of them does exist in it, he attributes to 'a partial abandonment of its own peculiar principle.' The latitude given to some of the general issues, is, according to this doughty champion of special pleading, the root of all the evil. In one respect, we readily acknowledge the ill consequences of this deviation from the old practice; for as 'the general issue embraces almost every ground of defence to which the defendant at the trial may choose to resort' (as is observed, p. 508), it often happens, that cases are sent to a jury, where there is little or no dispute about the facts, and which, if a more *special* mode of pleading had been adopted, would have been brought before the court by a demurrer: a plan of proceedings, which, besides being cheaper and more expeditious, would have submitted the question, in the first instance, to the authority most competent to decide upon it, and saved both parties from the possibility of being harassed with a new trial. We do not, however, feel any desire for the revival of the old system, to which the learned Serjeant appears so enthusiastically attached: and we beg leave to remind him, that it was in consequence of "the science of special pleading being perverted to purposes of chicane and delay" (3 Bl. Com. 306), that the modern use of the general issue was originally introduced; and, although it has not been a very effectual remedy, it certainly is not itself the cause of the disease.

Among other points in which the merit of the system of pleading seems questionable, the learned Serjeant observes (p. 503), that 'there is something not satisfactory in its tendency to decide the cause upon points of mere form;' but he argues, that the weight of the objection is diminished by the liberality of the courts in allowing amendments, the only inconvenience of which is, the payment of costs. This liberality of the courts, by which they contrive to palliate what they cannot redress, is certainly, as far as individuals are concerned, a mitigation of the evil; but it is at the same time a tacit acknowledgement of the imperfection of the

principle. A system of legal proceedings, which the judicature, in order to further the ends of justice, is forced to discountenance and evade, calls for a reform: especially when, as in the present instance, its warmest supporters can shew no intrinsic good that it possesses; can urge nothing in its defence, but the advantage of evading it. Every amendment that is allowed, is a decision against the technicalities of our law, and proves, in the words of Bob Acres, "that there is no meaning in them, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable." Surely then, any punishment for neglecting them, is a wanton infliction of evil; and although the payment of costs may, in comparison with the loss of an action, be considered as a slight "inconvenience," it is, as far as it goes, purely an inconvenience, unattended with advantage, and productive of nothing but an increase of 'useless expense.'

The following sentence on the same subject, we extract for the amusement of our readers:

'The second case, indeed, viz. that in which an issue in fact is joined upon a plea in abatement, is such as would not allow of amendment, unless applied for before the cause had come on for trial. But even in this instance, it is not probable, that any hardship or injustice would arise by the final determination of the cause, upon the point of form,—for if the unsuccessful party had any substantial case upon the merits, he would presumably have applied to amend, without hazarding the trial.'—p. 505.

Now, when a party joins issue upon a technical point, one might, perhaps, be generally right in presuming that his case was weak; but we had rather that the justice of a decision rested upon something more substantial than a mere presumption, occasioned, it may be, by the carelessness, the ignorance, or the caprice of a bungling attorney. Besides, there is another thing to be taken into consideration: when the party in the wrong joins issue upon a point of form, if judgment is given against him, all well and good; but suppose the decision should chance to be in his favour, then are the ends of justice sacrificed to the technicalities of law.

The learned Serjeant is, however, not altogether blind to the faults which arise from the excessive 'subtlety and needless precision' which characterise some parts of the system of pleading. He acknowledges (p. 511), 'that they bring upon suitors the frequent necessity of expensive amendments,—and some times occasion an absolute failure of justice, upon points of mere form;' but he adds, that 'their inconvenience is less severely felt in practice, at the present day, than a mere theoretical acquaintance with the subject would lead the student to suppose.' What an apology for pleading!—that it does less mischief than might be expected! But this is not the only passage which leads us to lament that a work, bearing so strongly the stamp of a liberal and cultivated mind, should be debased by the alloy of professional prejudices.

We cannot help fancying, for instance, that we discover here

and there the traces of an over-affectionate regret for those defunct mysteries of pleading, which, by the improvements of modern practice, have been nearly consigned to oblivion. This may in part, perhaps, be attributed to a little spirit of antiquarianism, with which the learned Serjeant appears to be possessed, and which has enabled him to enrich his treatise with some very interesting disquisitions. It seems, however, to require something more than the partiality which an antiquary feels for the objects of his research, in order to justify the apparent satisfaction with which our author dwells on the 'subtle texture' of the special traverse (p. 205), and introduces *express colour*, as one of the most curious subtleties that belong to the science of pleading (p. 246); as if he found a kind of *curiosa felicitas* in these relics of barbarism.

One more observation, and we have done.

'On the whole, therefore, the author conceives the chief objects of pleading to be these:—*that the parties be brought to issue*, and that the issue so produced, be *material, single, and certain* in its quality. In addition to these, however, the system of pleading has always pursued those general objects also, which every enlightened plan of judicature professes to regard;—the avoidance of *obscurity and confusion*,—of *prolixity and delay*.'—p. 168.

Does the reader wish to be convinced of the absurdity of special pleading, and even of its extreme clumsiness in the attainment of its peculiar objects?—Let him cast his eye over the following specimen of the manner of pleading among the Lombards:—"Petre, te appellat Martinus, quod tu malo ordine (i. e. injuste) tenes terram in tali loco positam.—Illa terra mea propria est, per successionem patris mei.—Non debes ei succedere, quia habuit te ex ancillâ.—Verè; sed fecit eam Widerbora (i. e. liberam) sic ut est edictum, et tulit ad Uxorem.—Approbet ita, aut amittet."—Note 40.

Here is a form of pleading which completely attains those objects, which our 'enlightened judicature' professes to regard; it effectually avoids all 'obscurity' and 'confusion,'—all 'prolixity' and 'delay:' besides this, it brings the parties to issue; and the issue so produced by the simple operation of forty-eight words, is as 'material,' as 'single,' and as 'certain,' as if the pleading had filled as many folios, and been settled by the learned Serjeant himself. Is it not astonishing, that a writer, who has before his eyes such perfect examples of succinctness in pleading, and who quotes the praise bestowed on them by Denina, should within the space of a few pages assert of the English system, that 'in modern times, and under the influence of enlightened judges, the principle of avoiding unnecessary matter has been so rigorously applied, and the cases of unnecessary allegation so well defined and understood, as very considerably to remove its not less ancient and notorious reproach of amplification and prolixity.'—p. 503.

ART. III. *History of the War in the Peninsula, under Napoleon; to which is prefixed a View of the Political and Military State of the Four Belligerent Powers.* By General Foy. Published by the Countess Foy. Translated from the French. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1827.

IN the military circles both of England and France, the completion of General Foy's promised history of the Peninsular war, was for several years expected with considerable curiosity and interest. No connected and entire French account of that war had ever been rendered; and General Foy was known to be eminently qualified by his talents, his rank, and his personal experience, to become the historian of the seven memorable campaigns in which he had creditably served. In him, his countrymen and brethren in arms naturally hoped to find a worthy chronicler for their achievements—a zealous apologist for their reverses. Our own military, on the other hand, looked to acquire, from the report of so well informed and distinguished an eye-witness, a new insight into the French plans and motives of operation; as well as many important notices on the movements, the numerical force, and the losses of their armies. Much information on these subjects remained to be gained, through one of their own officers, from sources not otherwise accessible to our inquiries; and with whatever caution it might be necessary to receive the statements of a defeated and mortified enemy, it would be, on every account, desirable and advantageous to compare our own actual knowledge with his candid admissions or extorted testimony. Nor could we, in a less serious mood, be otherwise than inquisitive to discover in what manner and temper a French military writer of reputation and authority, would explain the circumstances of a contest, throughout which, the palm of victory was, on every encounter in the field, so triumphantly wrested from his countrymen by the superior prowess of the British arms.

The premature death of General Foy, before he had finished even a seventh part of his narrative, has in a great measure disappointed these expectations; and judging from the fragment of his intended work which is now before us, we are really disposed to regret, that he did not live to accomplish the whole undertaking.

Though the portion here published, and especially the introductory view of the state of the belligerent powers, breathes the most outrageous prejudice and rancorous hatred against this country, it is impossible to deny, that the work is full of acute observation and ability; and that the narrative part, so far as it goes, is marked in general by very commendable accuracy and clearness. Upon the 'fairness' of the author's relation we cannot, indeed, compliment his memory, as the translator has done: for he loses no occasion of invidiously detracting from the character of our go-

verment and our nation, our generals and our armies. The whole picture betrays the hand of an enemy: not of an opponent, whose generous hostility has expired with the national quarrel, but of the vindictive, implacable, personal, enemy of the English name. All this was, perhaps, to be expected; and General Foy has here shewn only the same virulence, by which the whole body of the French, who served under the standards of Napoleon, appear to be actuated against this country. Nor, considering the humiliating conclusion of their splendid career under that once mighty leader, is it surprising that they should be unable to forgive to England her principal share in quelling their pride, and overthrowing their fortunes: it is a sufficient explanation of their incurable animosity against her, that her arms have inflicted the most cruel and deadly wounds upon the vanity and love of martial glory, which are the universal characteristics of their nation. Hence, the unceasing endeavours of all their military writers since the fall of Napoleon, to calumniate this country,—to depreciate the triumphs, and undervalue the qualities, of her victorious armies.

In all this feeling of his ancient comrades, General Foy has too largely participated: but notwithstanding his obliquities of judgment, it is only due to him to declare, that on all naked points of fact, and in the statement of details gathered from positive documents and actual data, we really believe him, upon the evidence before us, to have been incapable of wilful falsehood; and therefore it is that we are convinced his perfected narrative of the Peninsular campaigns, would have embodied a great mass of authentic and valuable materials for the future historian. The loss of such a work is the more to be lamented, because it is now never likely to be supplied. The generation of the veterans of the French imperial army is rapidly passing away: the inferior actors on the theatre of the Peninsula, are not qualified for the task; of the leaders of equal talent and respectability with Foy, few yet survive; and of these, none will probably be inclined to prosecute his purpose. The subject, as his translator has justly observed, is one which, from the iniquitous origin of the war, the atrocities of its progress, and its retributive issue, French military writers may be supposed to approach with some reluctance and shame; and if it should be again undertaken, there will be little reason to hope, even for an equal degree of candour with that which is observable in the fragments before us.

The work in its present incomplete state, as left by Foy himself, and published by his widow, consists of two parts. In the first place, we have an introductory view, in successive books, of the political and military state of the four belligerent powers, at the opening of the Peninsular war:—viz. France, England, Portugal, and Spain. This preliminary matter which, in the French edition, fills two volumes, is compressed in the translation into a single one. The whole of the narrative part, which then follows, does

not carry us through much more than one half of the first of the seven campaigns, and closes with the convention of Cintra. It forms the second volume of the translated edition, and contains the sum of all the strictly historical matter which the author had found leisure to put together, when, so long ago as 1817, the bad state of his health compelled him to suspend his labours; which his political occupations in the French Chamber of Deputies, ever after prevented his resuming.

Both the original work, and the recent English version of it, being before us, we have preferred the convenience of referring to the latter. Of its execution we need only observe, that it is in general respectably translated; though the author's meaning has not in all cases been clearly rendered. Thus, to give an instance or two, a passage (vol. i., p. 137) is converted into absolute 'no-meaning,' from the inaccurate translation of a single word. 'If an *armed* champion were to descend into the arena, where gladiators unprovided with defensive arms were fighting, would it not be for the general interest of the combatants to suspend their quarrels, and unite in a body against him who dealt about his blows without receiving any? This armed champion, according to the ideas of Napoleon, was England, which remained invulnerable,' &c. It should be a champion *in armour*—un champion *cuirassé*, and not merely an armed champion. Thus, again, the translator (p. 72) makes Foy declare, that 'the habit of this sort of success led our generals to believe, that to overpower the enemy was to conquer him. This principle once admitted, it follows as a necessary consequence, that an army could never extend itself too much.' That 'to overpower an enemy is to conquer him,' would be only a truism sufficiently incontrovertible: but the expression in the original is, '*deborder l'ennemi*,'—to spread themselves over his country, or *inundate* the theatre of warfare, as it were, without any concentrated points of attack; a very different thing from overcoming him; and, as Foy justly denounces it, a very vicious system of operations. In another place in the translation (p. 66), we are told, that the reduction of the battalion from ten to six companies, 'diminished the real value of *the best soldiers*, by increasing their number!' Downright nonsense. The French phrase is, '*soldats d'élite*,' soldiers of the flank companies, grenadiers and light infantry, who, in the proportion of two to six, instead of two to ten, were too numerous. From these, and similar blunders in professional details, we are led to suspect that the translator is no soldier; and we opine, that his office of converting a work of the kind into English, would have been better confided to some military writer of ability, who, understanding how to render its technical expressions, might both have done more justice to the author's narrative of operations, and have advantageously illustrated and corrected the text by a marginal commentary, in places where Foy has misapprehended the peculiarities of our own military organization.



The contents of the first of the volumes before us, forming, in fact, only an introduction to the actual history of the Peninsular war, are of various and unequal interest. The two latter books, or chapters, which are occupied with general views of the political and military state of the two nations of the Peninsula, though well sketched, have no very particular worth. But the two first and principal divisions, which are devoted to the condition of France and England, and the composition and character of their armies, are full of originality and value. Both of the spirit of the revolution, and of the military despotism which Napoleon raised on its ruins, General Foy has given in a small compass, a lively and correct estimate. But it is his account of the formation, structure, and qualities of the French armies, which is principally deserving of attention; and this is beyond all question, the most eloquent and masterly picture, that has ever been attempted of that gigantic and tremendous establishment, which was for twenty years the terror and scourge of Europe. It is of course designed, with a partial feeling, to extol the heroism, and palliate the atrocities of his countrymen: but all its particulars of the moral and physical organisation of the French imperial hosts, abound in historical and professional information. The interest of these details must be of the most enduring kind; and the curiosity of future ages will find in General Foy's pages, an ample explanation of the military system which, animated by the genius of one extraordinary man, so long bound the European continent in an iron subjection, and held the liberties of the universe in hazard and abeyance.

The secret, indeed, of the early successes of the French arms in the revolutionary war, is of easy solution. The character of the struggle was quite sufficient to account for its results: the fiery and youthful energy of the revolution was opposed only by the apathy and coldness of antiquated principles. The French ranks were then thronged with the most intelligent of the national youth, burning with political fanaticism, and deluded with patriotic visions of glory; the German soldiery, their opponents, remained the mere brate machines of a phlegmatic and spiritless discipline. The contrasted ages of the rival commanders, represented the energy and feebleness of the two systems which were put to the trial—the French leaders, springing from the ranks, young, active, enterprising, ever on horseback: the Austrian and Prussian generals,—the superannuated veterans of the seven years' war,—languid and chilled by years and infirmities, obstinately bigotted to old prejudices, lifted into their saddles with difficulty, and crawling (as eye-witnesses have described some of them to us) to visit their outposts, protected by nightcaps and mufflers against the early morning air! We need take only Foy's animated description of the tactics and the men, to whom these old gentlemen were so unequally opposed.

'Ever since the year 1794, a period of the most unbounded aversion for

old traditions and methods, our youthful army, commanded by new men, who had quitted their studies and their counting-houses, was destroying the reputation of old armies and veteran generals. Attempts were then made to ascertain the causes of our triumphs. Foreigners ascribed the honour of it to the fire of our light troops, because the *tirailleurs*, who were rarely employed, and whose name was almost unknown in former wars, were now multiplied and prodigally used in these. The French, on the contrary, reading in the bulletins of the Convention, of nothing but battalions in mass, hollow lines, redoubts assaulted at the *pas de charge*, seriously believed that muskets and cannon had lost their virtue, and that every thing had been carried at the point of the bayonet.

‘ These two opinions, diametrically opposite in appearance, were neither of them destitute of foundation. Though the men trained to the use of fire-arms were more numerous in the first battalions of volunteers, than among the conscripts of Napoleon, neither of them were distinguished by accuracy of aim ; and they have been sometimes justly reproached with a useless expenditure of ammunition. But the sort of combat which favoured the greatest developement of the individual faculties, was eminently suited to the restless spirit, and the courage for attack, peculiar to our nation. We had almost always the offensive : this was the consequence of the movement of patriotic opinion, and of the severity of the Committee of Public Safety, which sent inactive, as well as defeated generals to the scaffold.

‘ The action was commenced with swarms of *tirailleurs* on foot and on horseback : propelled agreeably to a general idea, rather than directed in the details of movements, they harassed the enemy, escaped from his masses by their velocity, and from the effect of his cannon by their dispersion. They were relieved that the fire might not slacken : they were reinforced to render them more efficient.

‘ It is rarely the case that an army has its flanks supported in an impregnable manner : besides, all positions present, in themselves, or in the arrangement of the troops by which they are defended, some gaps that favour an assailant. The *tirailleurs* rushed into these by inspiration, and inspiration was never wanting at such a time, and with such soldiers. The defect of the defence being once discovered, all vied in their efforts against it. The flying artillery (such was the name given to pieces served by gunners on horseback), dashed up at a gallop, and discharged their pieces quite close. The main army moved in the direction pointed out to it : the infantry in columns, for it had not to fire ; the cavalry, interposed by regiments, or in squadrons, that it might be disposable every where, and for every purpose. When the shower of the enemy's balls began to thicken, an officer, a soldier, sometimes a representative of the people, struck up the hymn of victory. The general raised his hat, surmounted with a tricoloured plume, on the point of his sword, that it might be seen at a distance, and serve as a rallying-point to the brave. The soldiers quickened their pace to a run ; those in the first ranks crossed their bayonets ; the drums beat the charge ; the air was rent with shouts a thousand and a thousand times repeated, of ‘ On ! On !—the Republic for ever ! ’

‘ To withstand the sons of France, our enemies required to be actuated by similar passions. We had to do with German armies, cold, disinterested in the quarrel, commanded by sexagenarian generals. We soon

knew as well as the Russians and the Austrians, all that is to be learned; and they were completely ignorant of what is only to be divined. It was sufficient for the acquittal of their conscience, that the wings were turned or merely passed; their battalions drawn up so laboriously in right lines, immediately took to their heels.'—vol. i., pp. 68—71.

But this revolutionary enthusiasm was too fierce to burn for ever. It had already expended itself when Napoleon seized the supreme authority; and if it had not, it must have been extinguished in the same hour, in which his successful establishment of a despotism dispelled the vain illusion of a republic. The wondrous power of his genius was shewn in the skill with which he renovated the spirit of the French armies, by giving it a new direction, and by centering that direction in his own person. All this General Foy has well explained; and the history of the process reveals the true causes of Napoleon's subsequent conquests.

'Doubtless,' it is his conclusion, 'the brave men, who, in the first three years of the war of liberty, started from the earth to the number of eight hundred thousand, at the cry of the country in danger, were more virtuous; but the warriors of 1805 united more experience, with almost equal enthusiasm. All were new men, all children of their own works, all were the fortunate favourites of glory. The aristocratic spirit of the drawing-rooms had not infected any of them. Each, according to his rank, knew his duty better than in 1794. The imperial army was more scientifically regulated, more plentifully supplied with money, clothing, arms, and ammunition, than the armies of the Republic had ever been. The same eye overlooked, the same arm wielded, the same mind directed it;—and these were the eye, the arm, the mind of the great general and master.'

Our author dates this organisation of the spirit of the French troops from the memorable formation of the great camp at Boulogne, for the destined invasion of England. Portions of armies which had hitherto been distinct in feelings and composition, were there for the first time united under the eye of their great leader. 'The democratic zeal of the brave troops of the Sambre and Meuse, the liberal and enlightened spirit of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, the encroaching turbulence of the conquerors of Italy, were all blended into one general feeling of enthusiasm, which was ready to become fanaticism. Henceforward there was but one army and one general: the children of the country, separated from the citizens, were no longer the soldiers of the Republic, but of the man who had elevated himself into the sole representative of the national glory.' This community of relation to a single commander, made it easy to introduce an uniformity of instruction in the whole army, that had been previously unknown; and the camp of Boulogne became a general school of military organisation and manœuvres.

But, for the accomplishment of his vast schemes of universal dominion, Napoleon relied far less on any mere pedantry of tactical rules, than on an astonishing vigour of action. His new

system of operations was one, in which neither any compunctious regard to humanity, nor any value for the frightful waste of human life, was for an instant to enter into the account. 'The army, since the revolution, was no longer the scum of cities, which debauched recruiting officers had artfully enlisted, and poured into the regiments : it was the flower of the population—it was the purest blood in France.' The conscription was still to feed its devouring wants with the same materials ; the new institution of imperial military schools was to perpetuate the martial spirit through the rising generation, and to prostitute all national and patriotic feeling into personal devotion to the emperor. The subjugation of the world was Napoleon's object—incessant movement, with the rapidity of lightning, the grand secret of its attainment. For this, the ravage of countries, and the reckless consumption of men were equally inevitable. War was to support itself : neither magazines, nor camp equipage, nor hospitals, were to encumber the scathing track of conquest. It is General Foy's confession, that the innumerable French armies, by their mere passage, have sometimes in a few hours destroyed the whole resources of a country. Universal plunder and devastation were necessarily permitted ; for had the troops waited for regular issues, even of food, they might often have starved. Let our author himself tell the rest.

' This disorder being considered inevitable, it was not always possible to fix its limit and duration ; it attached itself to the war of invasion like a consuming sore. This scourge became still more terrible, when exasperated passions put arms into the hands of those who were not called by their condition in life to bear them. Woe, then, three-fold woe to the soil traversed by the car of victory ! The war between army and people partakes of civil war ; on which crimes are perpetrated on both sides, which excite neither disgust nor horror. Our soldiers, always generous in their relations with warriors, were inexorable to the patriot who had taken arms to defend the fruit of his garden, or the honour of his daughter ; the tool concealed beneath the garb of labour, seemed to them the poniard of the disguised assassin. The military reports now presented nothing but a bloody series of villages plundered, and towns taken by assault.'—p. 44.

The horrors of this barbarous warfare fell with a three-fold retribution upon the perpetrators themselves. The exasperated peasantry, as in the Peninsula especially, daily cut off the invaders in great numbers ; for want of tents, the young soldiery mouldered away in unhealthy and inclement bivouacs ; and where disease overtook them, they perished miserably on the spot, for sufficient medical attendance and regular hospitals were rarely at hand :

' The hospitals !—It is here that humanity in tears accuses ambition of its crimes. Generous hearts could no longer throb at the tale of victory ; our laurels were drowned in a sea of blood. The conscripts lived too fast to last long. Pectoral affections in the north, and diseases of the stomach in the south, swept them off by thousands. The constant movements of the armies, and the uncertainty of the lines of operation, did not always

admit of the establishment of regular hospitals, and incessantly compromised evacuations. The wounded were frequently left behind for want of the means of conveyance. Whether victors or vanquished, we lost four times as many men by disorders inseparable from our system of war, as by the fire, or the sword of the enemy.'—p. 100.

The wholesale fruits of this method of warfare may be read in a single fact. 'In one year,' says our author, 'the conscription required eleven hundred thousand men, from a population exhausted by three thousand battles and engagements!' Yet the army still adored its fortunate general. He encouraged the leaders in their extortions; he indulged the soldiers in their licence; he knew how to flatter their national passion for military glory; he showered honours and promotion indiscriminately wherever he found courage and intelligence. Their very losses made the fortune of the survivors: the consumption of officers was so enormous, that it was difficult to fill the vacancies; and the lowest soldier, who could read and write,—who had any influence upon the opinion of his comrades, and who did not flinch at the approach of danger, was sure of advancement, and might aspire, if death spared him long enough, to the highest ranks. The gradation from the musket of the sentinel, to the baton of the marshal, was open, in fancy at least, to every man's ambition.

Happily for the cause of humanity, this military system of Napoleon,—the most dreadful plan of universal conquest which was ever organised in a civilized age,—totally failed in its ultimate trial. It matters not, that its ruin may be ostensibly traced to the perfidious invasion of the Peninsula, or the presumptuous encounter with a Russian winter. Providence, as an accomplished writer has beautifully reflected, reserves to itself various means, by which the bonds of the oppressor may be broken; and it is not for human sagacity to anticipate the awful operations of its will. If Napoleon had subjugated the nations of the Peninsula; if he had dictated a disgraceful peace to Alexander, his projects of universal dominion would have remained but half accomplished. In the madness of his ambition, new enterprises, each more daring than the last, would perpetually have arisen to lure him to his destruction. The population of France was utterly inadequate to support the interminable drain of a warfare, which, from the very principles on which it was conducted, demanded so frightful a consumption of life; and the first moment of exhaustion, the first check in the impetus of victory, come when it might, would still equally have been the signal for the recoil of the world's hatred,—for the explosive vengeance of the oppressed and subjugated nations. The system failed, as any such system must, for it had in it the sure elements of failure: but the sum of human misery which it inflicted in its progress, should not the more be forgotten as one of the most awful lessons of history; and it is devoutly to be hoped, from the experience of the past, and the growth of constitutional

liberty among the people of Europe, that no future despot will ever be permitted to renew a similar career of desolation and slaughter.

We have entered at some length into this part of General Foy's work, which developes, from long personal experience, the real spirit of Napoleon's system, and its influence upon the character of his armies, because the whole essay is, beyond all comparison, the most important division of his volumes. His chapter on England need not detain us so long, for its matter can of course afford us no new information, and it is curious only as exhibiting the judgment of a competent, though hostile observer, on the merits of our military institutions, and the characteristics of our troops. Here, mingled with some exaggeration, and a strong desire to detract from the excellence of our army, in comparison with that of France, there is a great deal of truth, and a sufficient measure of just eulogy, the more gratifying, because evidently extorted by facts from a reluctant witness. He asserts, not altogether without reason, that our soldiery are inferior in intelligence and activity to the French; and that our officers of all ranks are in general less scientific, and less occupied with their profession, than the same classes of his own nation. The truth, perhaps, is, that we have never been, either by genius or passion, by our institutions or habits, so exclusively and wholly a military people as the French. But the public spirit, and the patriotic energy, the indomitable physical bravery, the moral intrepidity, the coolness in danger, and the contempt of death, which animate all orders of our population,—are higher attributes of character, than the mere love of military science and glory.

All these qualities, General Foy unsparingly allows to the British nation; and he also admits, that the British army, with these inherent requisites, was further wrought, during the late wars, to a high state of organization; that it already surpasses all others in discipline, and in some particulars of internal arrangement; that it proceeds slowly in the career of improvement, but never retrogrades. To enable the reader to appreciate the unwillingness of these forced admissions, it will not be unamusing to exhibit some of the passages in which the author has tempered his praises with a splenetic caricature of our national faults. After his confession that he knows no troops so well disciplined as the British, he proceeds to characterise our soldiery, and contrast them with his countrymen;

‘The English soldier is stupid and intemperate. A rigid discipline turns some of his defects to advantage, and deadens the effect of others. His constitution is robust, from the exercises of strength to which his youth has been accustomed. His soul is vigorous, because his father has told him, and his officers have never ceased repeating to him, that the sons of Old England, plentifully replenished with porter, and with roast beef, are each of them equal to, at least, any three individuals of the pigmy

racess which vegetate on the continent of Europe. Although of a sanguine complexion, he has no extraordinary ardour; but he stands firm, and when seasonably propelled, he keeps marching forward. When in action, he neither looks to the right nor to the left. The courage of his co-operators does not sensibly add to his own; their discouragement may diminish, but will not extinguish his ardour.

• It is impossible not to be struck with the contrast presented by armies in their animal economy, and their daily course of life. Behold the French battalions arrive at their bivouac, after a long and fatiguing march. As soon as the drums have ceased to beat, the knapsacks are placed in a circle behind the piles of arms, and they mark out the ground where the party is to pass the night. Coats are doffed: covered with nothing but their *capotes*, the soldiers run about for the provisions, for the wood, the water, and the straw. The fire is lighted; the camp-kettle is soon put on and boiling; trees are brought from the wood, and roughly shaped into posts and beams. While the huts are erecting, the air resounds, in a thousand places at once, with the blows of the axe, and the shouts of the workmen. You might fancy that it was the city of Idomeneus, built by enchantment, under the invisible influence of Minerva. While waiting till the meat is boiled, our young soldiers, impatient of idleness, are repairing their gaiter-straps, examining their cartouch boxes, cleaning and polishing the muskets. When the soup is ready, it is eaten. If there is no wine, the conversation is calm, without being gloomy; and they are not long in endeavouring to recover, by a sound sleep, the strength necessary to encounter the next day's fatigue. If, on the contrary, wine has been procured by the scouts who had been sent in search of water, and brought into the camp in barrels or skins, the night-watch is prolonged, the mirth-inspiring liquor goes round, and the old soldiers relate to the conscripts ranged round the fire, the battles in which the regiment has acquired so much glory. They still tremble with delight in expressing the transports of joy which seized them, when the emperor, whom they thought at a great distance, suddenly appeared in front of the grenadiers, mounted on his white horse, and followed by his Mameluke. "Oh what a defeat we should have given the Russians and Prussians, if the regiment on the right had fought like our's; if the cavalry had been at hand when the enemy began to give way; if the general of the reserve had equalled in bravery and talent the one who commanded the vanguard! Not one of those beggars,—not a man of them would have escaped!" Sometimes the morning drum has beat, and day begun to dawn, before the storytellers have finished. Meanwhile, they have frequently moistened their narrative, as may be easily seen by the countenances of the auditory. But the intoxication of the French is gay, sparkling, and daring; it is a foretaste to them of the battle and the victory.

• Turn your eyes to the other camp—look at those weary Englishmen, listless, and almost motionless; are they waiting, like the spahis of the Turkish armies, for their slaves to fix their tents, and prepare their food? And yet they have only made an exactly measured short march, and have arrived before two in the afternoon on the ground where they are to pass the night. The bread and meat are brought to them; the sergeant distributes to them the camp service, and their several tasks; he tells them

where they will find the water, the straw, and what trees are to be cut down. When the materials are brought, he shows them where each piece of wood is to be laid; he scolds the awkward, and punishes the idler. The lash is not well adapted to awaken intelligence, as is easily seen by the slowness with which the shapeless huts are prepared. Where, then, is the industrious and enterprising spirit of that nation, which has taken the start of all others in the perfection of the mechanical arts? The soldiers have no notion of doing any thing but what they are ordered; every thing that is out of the usual routine, is to them a source of perplexity and disappointment. Once let loose from discipline (can war be carried on without frequently relaxing it?) they give themselves up to excesses, at which even the Cossacks would be astonished; they get drunk whenever they can; and their drunkenness is cold, apathetical, and deadly. The subordination of every moment is the *sine qua non* condition of the existence of the English armies. They are not composed of men calculated to enjoy abundance with moderation; and they would disband themselves in case of scarcity.'—pp. 157—162.

This is the unfavourable side of the picture: we fear that the experience of every British officer must admit, that it is not without its truth. But turn to the British soldier in action, for the nobler spectacle of his qualities: turn to General Foy's own spirited description of the field of Waterloo.

'On the day of our disaster, we saw these sons of Albion formed in square battalions, in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mount Saint John. To effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their ranks several times. The cavalry which supported them was cut to pieces, the fire of their artillery completely silenced. The general and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops, were all flying in disorder towards Brussels. Death was before them, and in their ranks; disgrace in their rear. In this terrible situation, neither the bullets of the imperial guard,—discharged almost point-blank,—nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immoveable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy, that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sun-set, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington, that—thanks to numbers, thanks to the force of inert resistance, and a reward for having contrived to draw up brave fellows in battle,—he had just achieved the most decisive victory of our age.'—pp. 223—224.

In connexion with this last sentence, we are reminded to observe, that there is no unworthy feeling so conspicuous throughout General Foy's whole work, as his illiberal and malignant depreciation of the transcendant military talents of the Duke of Wellington. On this point, he indulges in a strain of rancorous, sneering invective, which has all the meanness of abusive personality; and the proceeding is the more contemptible from its obvious motive. It is plain, that the qualities which Foy and his companions cannot



forgive to his Grace, are precisely those which they are most anxious to deny to him : the Duke's unpardonable offence in their eyes is, simply, that he beat all the most celebrated leaders of their nation and school. The express and sweeping detraction which Foy has made against his military reputation, is of a curious nature. 'The officers,' says he, 'who have returned from the wars of Portugal and Spain, while they are loud and unanimous in doing justice to the prudence and intrepidity of their leader, allow him the possession of no quality which eminently distinguishes him from the other conspicuous generals of their nation.' But it is *not* the possession of any one quality of a great captain on which the military fame of Wellington will rest : it is on the union and concentration in his genius of all the higher faculties of military inspiration. His operations had seldom the rapidity of Napoleon's tactics ; because it was neither his system, nor that of his country, to subsist his army by rapine,—to destroy without compunction the whole resources of the theatre of war, and to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers by thousands and tens of thousands, to the inadequate object of a moment. Yet, upon sufficient occasions, he could astonish even the generals of the French imperial school, by the daring enterprise, the secrecy, and the electrical celerity of his marches. In the campaign of 1809, he threw his army from Lisbon upon the Douro, from the Douro upon the Tagus, with wonderful activity, cleared Portugal of its routed invaders in the north, and would inevitably have destroyed the army of Victor in the south, if he had not been paralysed, at the crisis of success, by the misconduct of his Spanish confederate. In the campaign of 1812, he successively captured the distant fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, by two master strokes of generalship ; in each case almost before his opponent, in superior force, was aware that he had sat down under their walls. In 1813, a rapid and mask flank movement had turned the French defences on the line of the Douro, while the enemy imagined that he was still in his winter quarters on the frontiers of Portugal. In his battles, as the assailant, his onset was as sudden, impetuous, and decisive, as that of Napoleon himself. The promptitude with which he seized the critical instant at Salamanca, to quit the defensive, and to break in upon the extension of the enemy's enfeebled line, has rendered his order of attack in that battle, one of the most beautiful strategical lessons, as it ensured also one of the completest victories, of our age. At Vittoria, his assault of a tremendous mountain position was audaciously planned and executed, and its ability justified by a rout of the French army, so total and so general, as to have been unexampled since the commencement of the revolutionary wars.

These achievements are sufficient to prove the Duke of Wellington in no wise inferior to Napoleon, in the masterly disposition of attack, or the rapid operations of an offensive campaign ; but it

is to be admitted, that the peculiarity of his situation, occasioned the more frequent development of talent of an opposite nature. For several years the salvation of the Peninsula, and with it, the whole of the European continent, hung upon his imperturbable prudence, his indefatigable watchfulness, his patient fortitude. The campaign of 1810, and especially the retreat to the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, would alone immortalise his consummate ability: but the whole war in Portugal, throughout several campaigns, was a Fabian defence. With a force, which was long under thirty thousand British, and which it behoved him anxiously to husband, he held at bay the vast numerical superiority of the enemy, and kept alive the patriotic flame of resistance in the disheartened population of Spain. Upon this nucleus of British troops, he organised the raw levies, and nerved the panic-stricken spirit of the Portuguese and Spaniards. By never committing his allies against the enemy, except under the most favourable circumstances, he gave them confidence in themselves and in him, and taught them to emulate the valour of his own troops; and finally, as the crowning proof of the genius and wisdom of his tactics, having successfully baffled all the efforts of the best generals who were opposed to him, he had no sooner wearied and exhausted their strength, and increased his own by his enduring resistance, than vigorously assuming the offensive, he drove their armies from one end of the Peninsula to the other, forced them through the Pyrenees, and closed his triumphant career in the plains of France.

Still, as the eulogists of Napoleon have staked his highest reputation on the direction of an offensive campaign, so we might, on the other hand, place the peculiar excellence of our own Great Captain in the conduct of a defensive war: here assuredly Buonaparte never equalled his rival in talent, or, at least, never (except, perhaps, in the short and disastrous campaign of 1814) found the opportunity for its equal display. The able conduct, indeed, either of offensive or defensive war, will not rest upon what General Foy calls 'an eminently distinguishing quality,' but upon the varied combinations of military skill. Yet, if we were required to name the *most* remarkable quality of the Duke of Wellington's genius, we should cite the opinion which a great authority—the greatest authority next to himself among all our military leaders, once delivered in our presence,—and point to his astonishing knowledge of ground, his intuitive and infallible perception, at a glance, of the strong and weak points of a position. This faculty explains alike his superiority in defence, his decision, audacity, and invariable success in attack; it is a distinctive type of his strategical system as opposed to that of the school of Napoleon:—a system formed not merely, like that of the French leader, for the onset and the victorious career, in recklessness of the wanton expenditure of life, of the havock and waste of countries, of the sufferings of humanity; but a system, applicable equally to adverse difficulties,

and to brighter prospects; inspiring fortitude, confidence, and strength in resistance; starting forth all powerful, energetic, irresistible, upon the befitting occasion, and at the well calculated moment of assault.

The incomplete narrative portion of General Foy's work does not, as we have already observed, conduct us through more than about one-half of the first year of the Peninsular war. The whole of this fragment, small as it is, is extremely valuable, as enabling the future historian to compare and reconcile the accounts, which the hostile parties have given of the same operations. But, otherwise, the often repeated tale of the Spanish insurrection, can here in itself possess little novelty, or remaining interest, for the general inquirer. One species of information, however, which General Foy has supplied, is both new, and even important. He has here for the first time afforded the world a detailed, and doubtless most accurate statement,—evidently copied from official returns,—of the amount and composition of the French armies, which entered the Peninsula before the 1st of June, 1808. They consisted, within a fraction, of 117,000 men, divided into five corps-d'armée, under Junot, Dupont, Moncey, Bessières, and Duhesme; with a reserve of the imperial guard; and the numbers which thus crossed the Pyrenees were followed, before the 15th of August, by above 44,000 reinforcements. But the manner in which the invading corps were completed is the most remarkable circumstance in the muster-roll. General Foy asserts, that this immense force of 160,000 men, was gathered from the refuse of the imperial armies, which 'still remained undiminished in the presence of Europe,' in Germany, and on the eastern frontiers of France.

It is easy to see through the design with which General Foy pointedly dwells upon this circumstance: his object, of course, is to palliate the disgrace of the French arms, in the capitulations of Baylen and Cintra, and in the repulse of the invading armies behind the Ebro, during the first campaign, by the undisciplined levies of the Spaniards. The urgency of the contest afterwards compelled Napoleon to pour the flower of his armies into Spain; but the minute items of the official returns which General Foy produces, really leaves no room to doubt the fact, of the heterogeneous and inferior composition of the French corps which first invaded the Peninsula. Both the cavalry and infantry consisted principally of provisional regiments, formed from the dépôts, and filled up with raw conscripts: the cavalry of the fourth, or recruiting squadrons of the old regiments; the infantry of detachments, and sweepings from all quarters, mingled in temporary battalions of unequal strength, and discordant disorganisation. The men and officers who served in the same ranks, were unacquainted with each other; and there could be no esprit-de-corps,—no proud communion of acquired glory in such broken fragments. The principal leaders and general officers, were, many of them, among the

most distinguished and experienced in the imperial school; but the troops wanted altogether 'the consistency and discipline necessary for great enterprises.' But this exposure will also suggest other reflections than those designed by its author: it will lead us to contemplate, with increased astonishment, the rash folly and insanity of that grasping ambition, which impelled Napoleon on a career, too extensive even for his gigantic power, with materials so inadequate and loosely collected, and while the whole real strength of his military resources, was barely sufficient for the maintenance of his dominion at the opposite extremity of Europe.

But, to the English reader, the most interesting division of the narrative before us, is of course, the history of that brief 'campaign of twenty days,' as the author styles it, which commenced with the first landing of our army in Portugal, and terminated with the convention of Cintra. It is told with great animation, and making some allowances for the soreness of defeat, and the usual disingenuousness of French military writers, with extraordinary regard to truth. The enumeration and force of the British troops—details which the publicity of all official records in our service, renders very easy of access—are given with unimpeachable exactitude: the strength of a French army may be veiled with far less possibility of detection. General Foy could not overrate the numbers of the British troops, without being at once refuted; in his account of the battle of Vimeiro, he has certainly laboured to under-rate those of the French; without any gross falsification, but evidently with the design of extenuating their defeat. Exclusive of 1600 Portuguese, the British army numbered 17,000 infantry, and 200 cavalry: this is Foy's own statement; and he admits that (p. 512) Junot had concentrated 11,500 men for his attack on the British position at Vimeiro, exclusive of a brigade which joined him at the close of the action. Colonel Jones, in his history of the Peninsular war, estimates the force of Junot in the battle at 12,000 infantry, and 1200 cavalry; and considering that the French army in Portugal, which capitulated by the convention of Cintra, still numbered full 24,000 men, after all its losses, the disposable force which their commander had collected for a general action, could scarcely have been so small. Its superiority of above five to one in cavalry, must be held to have gone far in counterbalancing its inferior strength of infantry: the French artillery was twenty-six pieces; ours twenty-four. Yet in the face of his own enumeration, Foy asserts, in the next page, that 'the English outnumbered the French in the proportion of two to one!'

The French loss, in reference to numbers engaged, was very great. Foy states it at 1800 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; that of the British was under 700. Thirteen pieces of artillery were taken by the victors: although our author, in the same spirit which we have noticed, lets the number pass unstated, and even leaves it doubtful (p. 525). whether the British possessed

themselves of guns which had been dismounted and abandoned. But the rout of the French army appears by his confession, to have been far more complete than our own authorities have suspected, or represented it. This admission, indeed, is coupled, according to his usual temper, with an ungenerous and strange attempt to detract from the reputation of the British general. He admits that our troops were 'skilfully posted and ably directed;' but he imputes it as a matter of blame to Sir A. Wellesley, that, although his superior officer, Sir H. Burrard, who came up during the action, left it to his discretion to improve the victory as he thought proper, 'he suffered the precise moment to escape, at which he might have pursued and crushed his enemy.' Now, as the translator has truly observed, if any one circumstance connected with that battle, is more notorious than another, it is, that Sir A. Wellesley did actually propose to pursue the enemy, and that Sir Harry Burrard, considering it inexpedient, from his deficiency in cavalry, and the enemy's superiority in that force, refused to adopt the suggestion. The proceedings of the Board of Inquiry, which were published at the time, and all the contemporary and subsequent accounts, afford the clearest evidence of the fact, so that it appears quite inconceivable how General Foy could possibly have overlooked it.

ART. IV. *I Promessi Sposi: Storia Milanese del Secolo XVII., Scoperta e Rifatta* da Alessandro Manzoni. 3 vols. 12mo. Edizione di Parigi, fatta su quello di Milano. London: Rolandi. 1827.

MANZONI was the first writer in Italy, who composed historical romance, in the full meaning attached to that appellation. He says, in his preface, that an ancient manuscript belonging to one who was a contemporary with the event he relates, fell by chance into his hands; and that it contained descriptions of manners (the truth of which he has ascertained, by examining the records of those times), related without order, unconnected, and in the pompous style so characteristic of that age of delirium, in which Dante, Petrarcha, Tasso, and Ariosto, were discarded for the extravagant compositions of the Chevalier Marino, and the Abbe Achellini. He further informs us that in altering the original, he has added to it some characters derived from the same source, and that he has given more connection and order to the distribution of the events, and more purity to the language. Whether the existence of this manuscript be real, or a mere invention for the purpose of veiling the modesty of the author, it is impossible to ascertain. It is sufficient to state, that he has fully succeeded in his object; and that the approbation of the public has in a few months exhausted three editions of his work.

The scene of this romance is in Lombardy, and the action is

supposed to have taken place in the seventeenth century. Three different nations were at that epoch contending for the dominion of Italy ;—France, Austria, and Spain. The latter power alone, reigned over Lombardy by means of its delegates ; but although the two other powers were in reality excluded from all participation in the government of that country, they were constantly on the watch, like famished lions, waiting for a favourable moment to spring on their prey and devour it. In the mean time, they seized every opportunity of sending their armies into Lombardy, under the pretext of supporting the claims of one or other of the petty independent states into which Italy had been partitioned, in order to ensure its tranquillity and happiness. Wherever these armies passed, they committed the most dreadful devastations, under the plea of claiming the rights of hospitality ; so that the small villages, particularly, were nothing more than wandering tribes, who, at a moment's notice, hastily collected all their valuables, and fled to the mountains, abandoning the remainder of their property, with impotent resignation, to the mercy of their invaders. The Austrians who, by their communication with the Ottoman provinces, had caught the plague, did not fail in their warlike excursions to carry the infection twice into Italy ; doubtless with the considerate idea of putting in practice the theories of modern economists, by preventing a superabundant population, and keeping a due proportion between that and the means of subsistence. Venice, which was at that time powerful, witnessed the desolation and degradation of her neighbours with that stoical indifference, which some consider a virtue, and which Montesquieu deems the principle of all republics.

It will easily be conceived, that the partizans of the Spanish government in Lombardy, were perfectly in unison with this state of things. The government was precarious, being contested by two distinct parties ; outwardly, by the ambition of France, and internally, by the sullen discontent of those unreasonable beings, who would not allow that Philip II. and his successors, were all heroes, nearly equal to Marcus Aurelius. A lieutenant-governor might each night felicitate himself for having added one day more to his reign, without being able to anticipate the events of the following day. This state of uncertainty made every one regardless of the future. The voluntary want of foresight in the administration, and the total want of security for the lower and industrious classes, necessarily occasioned the inevitable and dreadful consequences of famine, public commotions, poverty, and mortality ; and so filled up the measure of their woes. Laws were enacted which could not be enforced, and vengeance was denounced against crimes, without assigning determinate punishments for them. Thus the governor exercised an unlimited power of life or death, over the people ; he could order a citizen to be imprisoned, or beheaded, at his pleasure, without any other formality than that used at Constantinople.

The principles of religious belief existed in the hearts of none but the lower classes, who sought from that divine source, the consolation which was denied them on earth. When, either from want of power, or other causes, they were exposed to unjust persecutions, they appealed to ecclesiastical influence to defend them from oppression; and it must be confessed, that the different religious orders have never been so benevolent as they were at those unfortunate epochs. Most of them were animated with true piety and Christian charity; the mendicant orders particularly, whose hearts, uncorrupted by riches, rendered them the protectors and consolers of honest indigence. By their influence and their morality, they inspired veneration and fear; they relieved the poor, reconciled the most inveterate enemies, restored peace in families where discord had reigned, and frequently by their interference prevented the most fatal disasters. It was for this reason that they were so highly considered in those ages, and held that distinguished rank in society which they so highly merited.

At this epoch, and under all these circumstances, it is that Manzoni has placed the action of his romance, presenting to our view, scenes and descriptions that excite the most lively interest.

Renzo, a young artizan, full of simplicity and vivacity, was betrothed to Lucia, a young female of his own age and rank, who had been educated in the strictest principles of morality and religion. They had long loved each other, and the day for their union had been fixed, when Don Rodrigo, a powerful nobleman, living in the same town, became enamoured of the affianced bride. He laid a bet with a young libertine friend of his, that he would succeed in forcing Lucia away from her lover; and in order to accomplish this villainous plan, he sent two of his satellites, armed with poignards, to the curate of the village, to order him not to perform the marriage ceremony between Renzo and Lucia. The curate was such as was frequently found in small villages, a worthy, inoffensive man, but weak, and easily intimidated; he was besides well convinced, that to disobey the order of Don Rodrigo, was to doom himself inevitably to the poignard of the assassin. Irresolute and wavering between his duty and the danger that attended the performance of it, he experienced the greatest agitation, and lamented the unhappy fate that placed him in such a distressing situation. Timidity at length conquered: he delayed the solemnization of the marriage under various pretexts, in order to gain time; but Renzo, with his usual keen vivacity, soon discovered the real motive of this delay. Desolation and grief soon overwhelmed this unfortunate family, who not only saw that union endangered, which had promised so much happiness, but found themselves the object of persecution to a powerful villain, whose life was marked with every crime that could disgrace human nature. It occurred to Lucia's mother, that if they could get secretly married, they might escape from the impending misery

that awaited them from so inveterate an enemy, by removing to some distant country, and maintaining themselves by their industry. This thought brought on another, which was to endeavour to get them married by a subterfuge. A custom prevailed in those days, which, although most singular, was sanctioned by long usage and public opinion. To render a marriage legitimate, it was sufficient for the parties to appear with two witnesses before the curate, under any pretence whatever, and to declare themselves man and wife. Renzo applauded this idea with all the warmth of his character, but Lucia, whose religious scruples and ideas of morality were more delicate, refused her consent to what she considered a culpable falsehood. She wished to consult her confessor, Father Christoforo, a venerable capuchin, whose whole life had been devoted to the protection of innocence in distress. He uniformly supported by his countenance and advice, the feeble against the oppression of the powerful: and he was peculiarly grieved at the imminent danger to which this unfortunate and virtuous girl was exposed. Determined, at first, to try persuasive measures with an enemy so powerful, he presented himself before Don Rodrigo; feigned to believe, that those who had threatened the curate, had done Don Rodrigo an injustice, by falsely using his name in that disgraceful business, and humbly entreated that he would interpose his authority in favour of this injured family, and silence those scandalous reports so injurious to his character. Don Rodrigo not only received him with contempt, but drove him from his presence, highly incensed at being unmasked by the pious zeal of the worthy capuchin. He ordered his ruffians to carry off Lucia the same night, and convey her to his castle. Lucia's mother in the mean time, on hearing of the ill success of the capuchin with Don Rodrigo, was more than ever determined to put the plan into execution, and to get the lovers married by stratagem. The unfortunate Lucia, urged by the despair of Renzo, who threatened to destroy himself, and hoping after their marriage to escape from a country where she was threatened with such pressing danger, at length consented: but both their designs were defeated at the same moment. The curate, whom terror had rendered cautious, suspected the subterfuge in time to guard against it. He suddenly threw a piece of tapestry over Lucia's head, the moment she was going to pronounce the declaration they had agreed upon. He silenced her by his vociferations, ran to the window of his apartment and called for assistance, being convinced, that had she pronounced the fatal sentence, it would have doomed him to destruction. At the sudden alarm of the curate, some persons ran to the church, and rang the bells to summon the people, as if an assassin were to be pursued. The whole village was in commotion. The inhabitants ran from all parts to learn the cause of it, and during the confusion, the unfortunate couple, favoured by the darkness of the night, sought a refuge in the environs of the



village, at the convent of Father Christoforo. In the mean time, the emissaries of Don Rodrigo having proceeded to Lucia's house, burst open the door of her apartment, and not finding her there, on hearing the popular commotion, concluded that it was directed against themselves, and made a hasty retreat.

The good capuchin, who knew nothing of what had passed in the village, was overjoyed to see the lovers arrive in safety. He had been waiting for them at the door of the convent, which had been left open for the purpose. He earnestly advised them to quit the place immediately, and to travel separately in different directions, until the storm was subsided, and gave them letters of recommendation to some good friars of his acquaintance. Renzo walked towards Milan, and Lucia, with her mother, towards another town not far distant, all overwhelmed with grief, and still trembling with terror at the perils from which they had so miraculously escaped.

Don Rodrigo, enraged at the failure of his detestable enterprise, breathed nothing but the most cruel revenge against the worthy, but unfortunate, Father Christoforo, whom, by his machinations, he caused to be expelled from his convent, under the pretext of sending him to Romagna to preach, during Lent.

Renzo had unfortunately arrived at Milan during a popular insurrection, occasioned by a scarcity with which that town had been visited for some months previously. Having rather indiscreetly mixed among the populace, he was taken up as one of the ringleaders; but, fortunately, escaping from his gaolers, he took refuge in the house of his cousin, who resided in Milan. Don Rodrigo being informed of this event, took advantage of it, in order to obtain a decree of confiscation and banishment against Renzo; thus dooming him to poverty and exile. Lucia was received into a convent of nuns, under the protection of a young princess.

Don Rodrigo, well aware that an attempt to force his way into such an asylum would be useless, had recourse to another powerful villain, who promised to put him in possession of Lucia. This personage was a prince, whose name has not been handed down to us, but whose existence is not imaginary. By his undaunted courage, his immense riches, his powerful connexions abroad, and the ruffians whom he employed in the interior, he had rendered himself the scourge and terror of the surrounding provinces. Nothing seemed beyond his power to accomplish. When any atrocious crime was to be committed, he never failed to perpetrate it, in order to display the extent of his power, and the sovereign contempt in which he held public opinion. By these means, and according to his promises, he succeeded in forcing Lucia from the convent, and had her conveyed to his castle. But when he beheld his victim struggling in the agonies of death, and heard from

her cries of despair that would have created pity in the breast of a savage, his hitherto cruel and remorseless heart, for the first time, was touched with compassion. The sight of her sufferings awakened his mind to the most bitter recollections, and kindled in his breast a spark of humanity. He appeared to be at length satiated with that load of guilt, the excess of which crushed him to the earth. When repentance first takes possession of a heart, torn by agonising pangs of remorse, the most trifling impulse will sometimes restore it to virtue. This prodigy was accomplished by the persuasive eloquence of the virtuous and respectable Cardinal Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, who happened then to be visiting his diocese, for the purpose of regulating the different churches. The repentant and converted prince, instead of sending Lucia, as he had promised, to Don Rodrigo, restored her to liberty, and bestowed on her and her mother the most liberal presents. He then placed her under the protection of an illustrious family at Milan, in order to put her beyond the reach of any future attempt of Don Rodrigo, who was thus once more foiled in his detestable expectations.

The Austrians, in the mean time, who had entered Italy, in order to attack the Piedmontese, wherever they passed, carried with them devastation and pillage, and afterwards the plague, which also contaminated all Lombardy. These two facts are historical. Renzo had caught the infection at Bergamo, and having the good fortune to recover, he resolved to seek his beloved Lucia, whom, after so long a separation, he had entirely lost sight of; nor did he know where she resided. He concluded that, during the present calamities, he might shew himself, without being exposed to a renewal of the unjust persecution which had been directed against him. He began his journey with a heart tortured by the contending pangs of hope and fear. He arrived in his native country, where he learnt that Lucia was at Milan; but he could not discover whether she was living or dead, as all communication with that town was forbidden, on account of the plague. After the most persevering researches, he found her in the lazaretto, where, having caught the infection, she had been conveyed, according to the orders of the government, during that calamity. She was now convalescent, and he had her removed by the advice of Father Christoforo, who had been called in, with some other brothers of his order, to assist the dying. Here this truly pious and philanthropic being afterwards lost his life, in alleviating the sufferings of his fellow creatures. The lovers were married, and established themselves at Bergamo. Don Rodrigo could no longer interrupt their happiness. Having caught the infection, he expired in agonising convulsions, resigning his tortured soul on a heap of straw, at the door of the lazaretto, where thousands of victims, of all ranks, were incessantly struggling in the agonies of death.

This story, which in itself is simple, has been greatly embellished by Manzoni. He has added to it a number of interesting details, striking situations, and some very beautiful episodes. The portraits of the good capuchin, of the reclaimed prince, the young and illustrious nun, and of Cardinal Borromeo, are drawn with that energetic force, which denotes the hand of a master, thoroughly acquainted with human nature. His descriptions of the devastations occasioned by the incursions of foreign armies into Italy, and of the horrible effects of the pestilence that succeeded their passage through that afflicted country, are drawn with a brilliancy of style, which cannot be surpassed. The faithful picture which he gives of the morals, customs, prejudices, superstitions, and manners of that epoch, are strictly adherent to nature, and justified by all the historical writers of those days. The characters of the lovers are represented with that simplicity suitable to their humble sphere: nor do they, even in their habits and opinions, deviate from it, or exceed the limits which their humble and virtuous education had assigned to them. The most comic descriptions are sometimes followed by others that inspire the most horrible sensations, depicting crimes revolting to human nature. The style is pure, rapid, elegant, ingenuous, and unaffected; interspersed with salutary maxims of morality, which are conveyed with so much natural simplicity, that they seem to rise spontaneously to the mind of the reader. Although the description of the plague may, perhaps, be thought too minute, it is nevertheless detailed in a masterly manner. In short, this romance is worthy of being translated into every language, as an indispensable appendix to the political history of Italy in the seventeenth century.

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ART. V. *A Brief Notice of some Ancient Coins and Medals, as illustrating the progress of Christianity.* By the Rev. R. Walsh, L.L.D. M.R.I.A., &c. 12mo. pp. 36. London: Littlewood & Green. 1827.

THE contempt in which Christian coins are held by professed medalists, seems to have been a principal cause why they have not been made subservient to the purposes of history; though there are none that contain more striking allusions to the important events, which occurred at the period when they were struck. But they were considered of a quality so deteriorated, that few thought it worth their while to collect them. Pinkerton says, that these, with Jewish coins, are so utterly barbarous, that they are a disgrace to a cabinet; and Mionnet, the great standard of medallic orthodoxy, who has undertaken to fix the present value of heathen coins, has omitted to notice, with very few exceptions, any coins since Christianity became the recognised religion of the Roman empire; as if they then became of no value, and were utterly unworthy of notice. This affected contempt enabled the author to make a larger collection of those despised remains of antiquity

than he could otherwise have hoped for; and from this collection he has selected a few to illustrate some facts, in the early progress of Christianity, which do not seem the less important, because the impression on the coin may be rude, or the coin itself not difficult to procure.

The events of the lower empire, and the ecclesiastical history connected with them, seem to have been subjects as much despised by the historian, as the coins by the medalist; and no English writer of any celebrity undertook, till lately, to enlighten that obscure period, though the events which it comprised were of such deep interest to mankind—Christianity struggling for existence, and winning its way through the world, amid the fiery trials and tremendous persecutions which threatened its total extinction. Gibbon at length undertook to dispel the mists which hung over that period, by his splendid *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; but it is deeply to be deplored that his prejudices against Christianity, have rendered him an unfair reporter, and that he has endeavoured, on all occasions, to throw doubts on the veracity of the Christian historians, and to insinuate into the minds of others that contempt for their details, which he makes no scruple to evince was impressed upon his own. An attempt is made in the essay to convict Gibbon in some important particulars, and to establish the veracity of the Christian writers, by a comparison of the inscriptions found on marble, with the impressions on the coins; with what success we shall see by a reference to particulars.

The series consists of one medal and twelve coins, of whose rarity or value there is no estimation made; even the metal of which they are composed is not mentioned, except generally, that they are of gold, silver, bronze, or brass. The Essay, adverting merely to the impression, and its supposed historical allusion, any other notice would be irrelevant. There are four inscriptions in Greek and Latin, which are intended to illustrate the coins.

The first is a medal of Hebrew origin, having an inscription in that language, implying that “the Messiah came in peace, and being made the light of man, he lived.” It was supposed to have been struck by the early Jewish converts to Christianity, and worn by the early Christians as an amulet, or pious memorial of their divine master. This origin, however, is disputed, and adhuc sub judice lis est. It is first mentioned by Theseus Ambrosius, about the time of Julius II., in a work of great rarity, not to be found in the British Museum, and of which a copy was accidentally discovered a few years ago in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. After him it is described by Waserus, Alstedius, Holtingerus, Waggenseil, Leusden and others. Notwithstanding this, Jobert, a French medalist, says, “*quoi que elle eût pû être faite par quelque juif converti au Christianisme est cependant une de les medailles, dont les curieux ne doivent faire aucun état.*” But,

assuredly, what has been a subject of interest and inquiry to the learned of Europe for more than three centuries, must be of considerable value to the curious. As alluding to the first great event of Christianity, the resurrection, it is placed first in the series.

The next is a coin not in the collection of the author, but it seemed to him so exceedingly interesting and curious, that he procured a fac simile from one in the collection of the King of France, to illustrate the Essay. It was struck by Diocletian, to commemorate the total extinction of Christianity. It represents Jupiter striking down a prostrate figure, with serpent-like feet, with his thunderbolt, "*que centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,*" the same weapon with which he had struck down the Titans, who had equally, but as vainly, strove to dispossess him of heaven. This coin is accompanied by a similar one, which was made by Diocletian's colleague, Maximian, on the same occasion, and represents the same thing—Jupiter striking down and trampling on the prostrate figure of Christianity: these coins are accompanied by the following inscriptions.

DIOCLETIANVS IOVIVS ET  
 MAXIMIAN: HERCVLEV8  
 CÆS: AVG:  
 AMPLIFICATO PER ORIENTEM ET OCCIDENTEM  
 IMP: ROM:  
 ET  
 NOM: CHRISTIANORVM  
 DELETO QVI  
 REMP: EVER  
 TEBANT.  
  
 DIOCLETIAN: CÆS:  
 AVG: GALERIO IN ORI  
 ENTE SVPER8  
 TITIONE CHRIST:  
 VBIQVE DELETA ET CVL  
 TV DEOR: PROPAGATO.

Now, it was a great object with Gibbon, to represent the sufferings of the early Christians from the heathens, as comparatively trifling when compared with the sufferings which they afterwards inflicted on one another. He therefore reduces the lives sacrificed in ten years, in the whole Roman empire, to something under two thousand persons; affecting to discredit altogether the general statements of the ecclesiastical historians, and the particular accounts of Eusebius, who affirmed, that from sixty to one hundred were put to death every day in the province of Thebais alone. Here, then, are the proofs in brass and marble, of the veracity of the Christian writers. It appears from them, not only that the exterminating decrees were acted on, but that they were acted on with such unrelenting and effectual vigour, that coins were struck to commemorate the complete triumph of heathenism, and inscriptions set up to record the total extirpation of Christianity; importing that not only the superstition, but the very name of Christian,

was every where blotted out from the face of the earth. These inscriptions are preserved in the important works of the learned antiquary Gruterus, and it is remarkable that Gibbon, who quotes him for other cotemporary inscriptions, takes no notice of these.

The next coin displays the almost miraculous revival of Christianity, alluding to Constantine's conviction by the vision which he saw, or fancied he saw, in the sky, and his establishment of Christianity, for the first time, as the accredited and recognised religion of the empire. It represents Constantine holding in his hand the Labarum or Christian standard, which Eusebius affirms he made on the spot where he had seen his vision, having the monogram  $\chi$  Chi and Rho, the initials of Christ, marked in the centre; and he is standing and planting it on the prow of a galley, a ship being the common metaphorical emblem by which the Roman state was designated.

The next coin alludes to the schisms which now divided the Christian church, and which Gibbon loves to exaggerate. Though the Arian heresy had just before been condemned by the council of Nice, called by Constantine, yet it is affirmed that his own son, the Emperor Constantine, was a heretic and a deserter from the doctrine of the Trinity; but whatever his private opinion might be, he certainly acknowledged it in public; for here is his coin, on which he has placed, from the Revelations, alpha and omega on each side of the monogram of Christ, to intimate his belief of his identity with God, in having the same attribute of eternity.

The next are coins of Julian, the apostate. As deserting the doctrines of Christianity he naturally became the object of Gibbon's praise, and there is no character in his history which he seems to dwell on with more pleasure and satisfaction than that of the sage, unprejudiced philosopher, Julian; but it should appear from his coins that, whatever other qualities he might possess, philosophy, and absence of weakness and superstition, were not among the number. As his immediate predecessors evinced their belief by the emblems on their coins, so did Julian. He erased all allusions to the Christian religion, and he replaced them not merely with Roman, but Egyptian idols. One of the coins represents Apis, the Egyptian bull, surmounted with stars, to intimate his divinity. This idol, which had led the Israelites astray, the inhabitants of Antioch in particular, were greatly shocked that Julian should adopt, and they accordingly reproached him with it. The other represents the dog Anubis, which the very Romans, with all their superstition in the time of Augustus, were ashamed of.

The next alludes to a very important event, indeed, the re-establishment of Christianity by Jovian, after Julian's death. When elected emperor, he displayed again the Labarum or Christian standard, which Julian had laid aside, and ordered his army to adopt it as their banner. This historical fact is strikingly displayed upon his coin. The emperor is represented on horseback,

followed by a banner surmounted by a cross, and inscribed with the monogram of Christ, which a soldier is bearing before him, and to which he is earnestly pointing. Connected with this is an inscription, copied from a temple still standing in the island of Corfu, erected by Jovian, of which an erection, in its present state, is given as a frontispiece; and it is remarkable that no account of this temple, or inscription, appears to have ever been published before by any of the various tourists who have visited the island; as if the circumstance of their being Christian had made them unworthy of any notice, though they seem sufficiently classical.

From the time of Jovian no effort was made to abolish Christianity, though it was attempted to revive heathenism, a circumstance to which the next coin alludes. The senates at Rome wished to re-erect the altar of Victory; they were resisted by the Emperor Theodosius, who, at the same time, suppressed the adoration of Egyptian idols. This circumstance he commemorates on his coin. The globe was a common emblem of the Roman emperors, who surmounted it with a Victory. But Theodosius having refused the visionary deity an altar, displaced her also from the globe, and supplied her place, for the first time, with a cross, intimating that from henceforth Christianity should be the religion of the whole world, and this was the origin of the *ball and cross* which we saw at the last coronation, and which other Christian monarchs, as well as the King of England, use at this day on similar occasions.

The next coin commemorates the formation of what is partially called the Greek cross, which differs from the Latin in this, that it represents the three crosses at the Crucifixion: that of our Saviour in the middle, and those of the malefactors at each side. This form of the cross the modern Greeks are so attached to, that they have inscribed it on all their standards. It was devised by Justinian, on whose coin it first appears.

The introduction of images into Christian churches of the Eastern empire now commenced, and the emperors, to recommend the practice, placed them on the reverse of their coins. The first monarch on whose coin they appeared, was Justinian Rhinometus. His coin, with the image of Christ, is the next in the series.

The one which succeeds is that of Leo, with his son Copronimus, and alludes to the reformation now begun in the Greek church, from which the images were removed, as they were also from the coins of the empire, and replaced by the head of the reigning monarchs. At this time a sect called Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, went about, and like Cromwell's puritans and Knox's reformers, destroyed or defaced every monument of ancient art, as superstitious emblems; and this Christian zeal, no less than Turkish barbarism, has left Constantinople at this day with scarce a vestige of ancient art remaining. The odium excited by this fanaticism

was so strong, that Leo thought it necessary to explain his object. He caused to be sculptured in the front of his brazen palace, the representation of the Cross, and accompanied it with an inscription which is yet extant, and which has been thus transcribed :—

“The Emperor cannot endure that Christ should be sculptured, a mute and lifeless image graven on earthly materials. But Leo and his son Contantine have at their gates engraved the thrice blessed representation of the cross, the glory of believing monarchs.”

The last coin in the series exhibits the end of the reformation. John Tremiscos found, among some Bulgarian spoils, the image of the Virgin, and brought it to the city in triumph, where he placed it in the churches, and on his coins. She is represented with expanded hands, and her head encircled by a glory. It appears that this emanation, which in modern times is confined exclusively to saints, was formerly adopted by the profane; several of the emperors having placed it round their heads on their coins, where it seemed to be a modification of the rayed crown; but from this time it was first appropriated as a mark of peculiar sanctity, and so it has since continued.

**ART. VI** *The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; exemplified by a Series of Illustrations, with Descriptive Accounts of the House and Galleries of John Soane, Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy.* By John Britton, F.S.A. 4to. pp. 60. 3l. 3s. and 2l. 2s. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

THIS is a book of much curiosity and some value; not only as a description of Mr. Soane's remarkable house, and the treasures of antiquity and art, of which it is the appropriate receptacle; but also as suggesting many pleasing and useful ideas for the embellishment of domestic architecture. In this latter respect, Mr. Britton's volume is rendered in some measure a brief dissertation upon a subject of elegant taste; which has been too much neglected among us. The ingenious arrangement, and graceful decoration of the interior of private houses, is naturally the last branch of architectural study, which arrives at perfection in any country; and the general mind of a nation must have been thoroughly imbued with a passion for the refinements of art, before they are brought home by every man's feelings to his domestic retreats.

That this should be a desirable climax to the progress of civilization and wealth, can scarcely, we presume, admit of much doubt. The growth of luxury is a favorite topic of declamatory cant; but as, wherever there is public wealth, luxury must infallibly follow, it is surely better, that its indulgence should be made as far as possible intellectual, rather than be left wholly sensual and coarse. The days of rude simplicity, and its concomitant virtue—if indeed the union ever subsisted but in the poet's fancy—



are long since past; and in our advanced state of society, the cultivation of the fine arts opens, next to the occupations of literature, the most innocent sources of mental amusement. In a climate which compels us to seek our social relaxations and happiness within our dwellings, the improvement of interior architecture becomes also of the more importance; nor should the commodious disposition, and appropriate embellishment of our houses, necessarily demand any extravagant expenditure. These objects are not attainable only by wealth; but are equally within the reach of all persons of moderate income. By the hand of ingenuity and taste, much may be effected, even in a confined space, and with very limited means; and here elegant arrangement may be made true economy; since the simplest forms, and most unambitious ornaments are capable of affording more delight than costly, but meretricious decoration. Our national character is eminently domestic; and this salutary tendency of our habits, cannot fail to be strengthened by whatever enhances the attraction of our fire-sides. There seems, moreover, a natural association between purity of mind and tasteful pursuits; and the familiar communion with the beautiful and the chaste in art, harmonizes at least with the beautiful and the chaste in the moral affections and feelings. The study of artistical elegance has a kindred spirit with the influence of that feminine virtue and accomplishment, which form the living charm, the grace, and the holiness of our English houses; and it is well that the rational pleasures of taste should be inseparably interwoven with the higher and more heart-felt enjoyments of our domestic lives.

There is nothing more likely to encourage improvement in our domestic architecture, than such practical examples as Mr. Soane has afforded in his own house, and the publication of such illustrative works as the volume before us. It is not among the larger residences of our aristocracy, that specimens of architecture are to be sought for lessons of general utility. In the great country mansions of the nobility, where freedom of range and extent of space have been easily commanded, the less necessity has been felt for ingenuity in arrangement; and they generally exhibit only a succession of rooms, of magnificent dimensions, but spread out *en suite* in the same tiresome right line, with no effort at variety of combination or picturesque contrivance. In the interior construction of the apartments themselves, originality of design has seldom been attempted: here architecture, as Mr. Britton correctly remarks, is suffered to 'hold but a subordinate rank, and to rich hangings and draperies, with expensive and fashionable furniture, they are chiefly indebted for their effect. Vivid colours rather than beautiful forms, manufactures rather than art, constitute their attractions. The upholsterer and the decorateur have evidently contributed more to their fascination than the architect.'

These mansions on a great scale, even if more remarkable for

internal taste, would be too large ever to furnish examples applicable to general purposes of domestic architecture ; but there are a few ' middle-sized houses ' of individuals, and especially in the metropolis, which are well calculated to afford models at once of ingenious arrangement, and suitable ornament for the dwellings of the private gentry and middle orders of the country. We trust that Mr. Britton, with the industry and enterprise for which he has made his name proverbial in graphic illustration, will be induced to follow up the new course that he has opened in this volume. It is not so much the history of antiquarian museums and cabinets of art that is wanted, as the description of a few houses of moderate proportions which, from their mingled convenience and taste, are most worthy of being studied and imitated with different modifications of circumstance. A work thus illustrating half a dozen good examples, and deducing from them general principles of contrivance and embellishment, would be extremely serviceable both to professional students and lovers of art : it might be contained in a single quarto with plates, and would, we are persuaded, have a gradual and beneficial influence on the comfort and elegance of our domestic architecture.

The avowed object of our author in the present work, is to exemplify and recommend the ' union of architecture, sculpture, and painting,' in the dwellings of private individuals, of sufficient wealth. This idea seems borrowed, though without any acknowledgment, from an often cited passage in Sir Henry Wootton ; or, at least it is as old as the writings of that English worthy : " every man's proper mansion, house and home," says Wootton, " being the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortable part of his own life, the noblest of his son's inheritance, a kind of private principedom ; nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world, may well deserve by these attributes, according to the degree of the masters, to be decently and delightfully adorned. For which end, there are two arts attending an architecture, like two of her principal gentlewomen, to dress and trim their mistress—picture and sculpture."

Whatever may be thought of the relative precedency, which is thus quaintly assigned to the three arts, Mr. Britton has here chosen a very pleasing example of their union. Mr. Soane's house itself, his museum of architectural and sculptured antiquities, and his small cabinet of pictures, form altogether, perhaps the most valuable and complete compendium of art, within a reasonable scale, which any private individual, in this or any other country, can produce at the present day. The house, which is situated in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is composed, in fact, out of three originally distinct and adjoining houses ; Nos. 12, 13 and 14, though it appears from the square, to be bounded by the small centre front of No. 13, which forms a three-arched screen or por-

tico. It is, of course, difficult to give any clear idea of the ingenious arrangement of the interior without the assistance of a plan ; but the part of the ground floor, which has principally occupied Mr. Britton's attention, may be described as somewhat corresponding in shape to the letter T, with the base of the letter to the front. A side entrance with vestibule and staircase, two principal rooms, or rather one, divided only by pendant arches and forming a library and eating room ; a breakfast room ; a dressing closet and cabinet study ; and a cortile or interior court, which affords the principal light to three of these apartments, occupy the stem of the letter : a length only of about sixty feet by thirty-four in breadth. The top of the letter, which terminates this range at right angles, and extends across the whole back of the three houses—about seventy-six feet by twenty-two in breadth, constitutes the museum or galleries of art. All this range is of various elevation, lighted principally by domes or lanthorns, and roof windows, and not only occupying, in fact, to the extent of its horizontal space, the basement, and ground floors, but rising through the whole height of the original houses. Mr. Britton's subject, therefore, like Mr. Soane's house itself, may be separated, though he has not so divided it, into two distinct parts ; the description of the architect's dwelling apartments ; and that of the galleries which have been expressly appropriated for the display of his beautiful collection of art. This twofold order of illustration is not perhaps a point of any great moment in a work of the kind ; but we cannot help thinking, that it would have been by far a more natural and useful arrangement of the contents of Mr. Britton's volume, than the unmethodical manner which he has adopted, of mingling details of domestic architecture, with those of the construction of a professed museum.

As an example of the former kind—of domestic architecture—the interior of Mr. Soane's house certainly appears from the letter-press description, the ground plan, and the elevations which accompany it, fully to justify Mr. Britton's eulogium, that more elegant taste, ingenuity, and commodious disposition, were never exemplified within the same space. For the details of the arrangement and contrivance, we must be content to refer our artistical readers to the volume itself : but to give a general idea of the house, it is sufficient to declare that, although apparently adapted merely for spectacle and display, it evidently contains every accommodation and comfort for a small family. It is to be regretted, that Mr. Britton has confined his description chiefly to the ground floor, consisting of the eating-rooms, library, &c., which we have noticed. It appears that there are two drawing-rooms on the first floor, of which we should have been glad to have had graphic elevations, and a more particular account than our author has given. He merely observes, that ' they keep up the same character, and continue the same sentiment, that belongs to

the lower apartments;' but considering how much taste Mr. Soane has exhibited in the latter, we could wish that the illustrator had also given the details of the architectural proportions and ornaments of these upper rooms. Even the arrangement of the sleeping apartments might have furnished some useful hints, as well as the disposition of the kitchens and offices:—all, in the study of the comfort, health, and convenience of a family, objects of attention and judicious contrivance by no means to be despised, and indeed of the most indispensable importance. But these Mr. Britton has entirely omitted in his description.

By far the most *useful*, and in an architectural point of view, the most interesting part of Mr. Britton's volume, is the introductory chapter which, as a commentary on the principles of construction and embellishment displayed in Mr. Soane's house, should have followed, rather than have preceded the descriptive portion of the work. This chapter, which is entitled 'remarks on design, arrangement, and decoration, principally as relating to interior architecture, and its embellishments—painted glass, mirrors, ornaments, &c.' is filled with a mass of valuable though desultory observation. On general internal arrangement, Mr. Britton points out how much pleasing effect may be produced by increased attention in varying the form of apartments. It is surprising how little this has been attempted in ordinary English houses. Even an extensive and otherwise imposing suite of large apartments, if of the same size and shape, have a monotonous and wearisome effect; while on the other hand, a diversity of form offers a source of agreeable relief and surprise. Here there is considerable opportunity for the display of invention and contrivance. 'Circular and octagonal plans,' says our author truly, 'may be made very beautiful; and apartments thus constructed, admit of great variety of character, not only from their style of decoration, but from their greater or lesser extent; from the manner in which they are lighted; from the form of the ceilings, and from their height being more or less than their diameters. Even triangular plans, the acute angles being cut off so as to render them unequal hexagons, may in some circumstances be adopted with a good effect, especially if the lesser sides be filled up with mirrors. It might naturally be imagined that the segment of a circle must be any thing but an agreeable shape for a room, yet the library at Ickworth, the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, which is of this form, the ends being cut off, as it were, by columns, is a most elegant and pleasing apartment.'

On decoration, we have some tasteful suggestions for the use, the appropriate harmonious combination, and the judicious contrast of colouring. 'In the selection of colours and tints, whether for the walls, columns, draperies, ceilings, &c., there is room for endless variety; and by skilful management in this respect, by various shades of the same colour, great richness may be attained

with a pleasing chasteness, and unity without monotony. Even where strong contrasts of colour are admitted, there must be some principle of harmony adopted, or the result will be any thing but pleasing. Mosses of dark colour may occasionally be employed to produce an effect equivalent to that of positive shadow. The colours and materials of doors, and the various modes of panneling and decorating them, form essential considerations for interior decoration; and afford an opportunity for the architect to diversify these features according to the particular character of the several apartments. In vestibules, corridors, and galleries, bronzed doors have a classical appearance. These, again, may be either pannelled or merely studded: the doors to the picture gallery and vestibule, in Mr. Soane's house, are of the latter description, and must be allowed to constitute tasteful features in internal architecture.' The employment of painted ceilings, Mr. Britton strongly, and we think justly, deprecates, as generally in bad taste. He here ridicules the exhibition of 'figures sprawling about in clouds,' or groups which threaten to fall on the heads of the spectators; and he maintains that ceilings should always present a strictly architectural character. But he appears, after some examples afforded by Mr. Soane's constructions, very much to admire lanterned and domical lighted ceilings. We confess that we cannot here altogether agree with him. Rooms lighted from the roof may, as he contends, be well adapted for libraries and studies, where seclusion is sought: but for common purposes, so far from offering 'a picturesque effect,' they suggest only ideas of confinement, and have a prison-like gloom. Mr. Soane's breakfast-room, however, the elevations of which look extremely pretty, is *partially* thus lighted from above, and is described as a delightful apartment. In such situations Mr. Britton especially advocates the employment of stained glass; and the whole of his observations upon the use of this material are worth extracting.

'Little advantage has hitherto been taken by our modern architects, of stained glass, as if it were an absolute incongruity in classical design: we ought therefore to thank Mr. Soane for having, by his successful adaptation of this truly valuable accessory, done much to remove such a prejudice, and for shewing how it may be applied so as to create many picturesque effects. We are thus enabled to diffuse a sunny glow over halls and galleries that would otherwise have too chilling an appearance;—to rival the amber hue of a warm evening atmosphere; or to mitigate the sultry heats of summer, by tinging the light with a cool grey tint; or, lastly, by a luxuriant combination of colours, to shed the voluptuous charm of a mingled splendour on the scene around us. We do not mean to say that stained glass is so well calculated for sitting rooms as plain plate glass: but for vestibules, corridors, stair-cases, and rooms lighted from above, it forms a most beautiful decoration; and is more especially desirable whenever the windows open towards unsightly objects. From having been accustomed to behold it employed only in our ancient religious and baronial edifices, we are apt to consider it as inapplicable to modern build-

ings: and so it certainly would be, were we to adopt the same class of embellishment—to introduce heraldic blazonments, figures of saints, and monkish legends. When employed in lanthorn and sky-lights, or in side windows immediately beneath a ceiling, it will be sufficient if the glass be simply stained of such a hue as shall appear most suitable to the situation; but in other cases, the windows might either be of merely an ornamental pattern, Etruscan or Grecian, from ancient pateræ and vases, or might exhibit small groups in the style of antique bassi-relievi, or camaïeux, upon a semi-opaque ground of somewhat a darker hue than the figures. It would be advisable also in this instance, that either the squares of glass should be of considerable dimensions, or that the frame should be so delicate as not to interrupt the continuity of the design. Arabesques, or Mosaic patterns might be employed thus with excellent effect, so as rather to heighten than destroy the classical air of an apartment; and in that case, there might be as much variety of splendid colours as in Gothic windows. In a sky-light made to resemble either a flat or arched ceiling with caissons, stained glass might be used for the ground of each of these pannels, with an architectural rosette, either of a stone-colour, or so tinged as to have nearly the appearance of being gilt. A ceiling of this description, to a vestibule or staircase, would have a very classical and singular effect, as the apartment would be lighted without presenting any appearance of window whatever. A dome, too, lighted by windows so placed as to be entirely concealed, produces a striking effect. All rooms in which columns are employed should, if possible, be lighted from above; and although sky-lights are rarely ever introduced, except in galleries built expressly to receive sculpture or paintings, or corridors and stair-cases where side windows cannot be obtained, they contribute in a very high degree to picturesque effect. Hence we find that architects have produced more imposing architectural scenery in stair-cases and apartments thus lighted, than in any other.'—pp. 17, 18.

But a much more expedient plan of lighting rooms from above, appears to us to be suggested by another part of the design of Mr. Soane's house:—the employment of inner courts or cortiles, into which interior apartments with side windows may be made to look. These cortiles are to be considered as forming, in fact, an essential portion of internal architecture, and are capable, as remarked by Mr. Britton, of being rendered very beautiful and ornamental appendages instead of presenting blank and dismal walls.

The elegancies of architecture would certainly not be misapplied here, as viewed from the windows looking towards them, they would be constantly before the eye. It is in this part of his dwelling that the man of taste might form a beautiful classical scene from the purest specimens of ancient edifices, or from some tasteful original design. When he decorates the front of his house, he builds rather for others than for himself; but here he might introduce the riches of architecture for his own gratification. In this respect again, Mr. Soane has done much for the improvement of our domestic architecture, having exhibited some very beautiful examples of what may be accomplished in this way. The different cortiles at the Bank, must be admired by every person who has beheld them; and in his own house, within a very limited space indeed, he has contrived

to display no little taste; not that he has attempted to give that small court any regular architectural character, but merely by making it a repository for antique fragments, sculptural ornaments, &c. The hint, however, is a most valuable one, and deserves to be adopted and extended by other architects. Circular and semi-circular plans are extremely well adapted for this purpose, whether with peristyles and open corridors, or without; for even the simplest embellishment—a single feature, provided it be beautiful and striking, will be sufficient to impart a considerable degree of interest and picturesque effect; particularly if aided by a bold contrast of light and shade, as will generally be the case in such parts of a building, whenever the sun glances in. In some cases, an area of this kind may be covered with a glazed roof, leaving apertures near the top for ventilation. If the situation be such as to admit a garden beyond the court, an open colonnade will have a highly pleasing effect, and this may be so managed as to conceal the actual size of the garden itself, and convey the idea of greater extent. Many agreeable and picturesque scenes might be formed in a similar manner, by having recourse to a painted perspective, seen either through a colonnade, arch, or other aperture: and if depicted on a curved wall, after the manner of a panorama, and well lighted from above, would present almost a magic degree of illusion: whether the subject represented were landscape scenery, or an architectural interior. In other instances, the walls of the cortile itself might with great propriety be decorated with painting in *chiaro scuro*. These hints will, we hope, not be considered as entirely irrelevant: at least it is desirable that a part of a structure so well adapted to become an ornamental classical appendage to a town mansion, should display some little regard to taste, as by this means the back apartments of a house might be rendered even preferable to the others: which is rarely the case at present, for when they look into what is by courtesy termed a garden, it exhibits—at least during by far the greater portion of the year, little more than damp walks and stunted vegetation.

‘Wherever there is an opportunity of introducing it, a conservatory forms a very pleasing object at the back of a house; and in point of architecture may be rendered highly ornamental: its propinquity to the rooms fronting it, would admit much delicacy of detail, as it would be sufficiently conspicuous.’—pp. 20, 21.

To the propriety, however, of a part of this recommendation, we can by no means assent. Whatever savours of mere trickery, either in architecture, or, indeed, in any other branch of elegant design, can never be in good taste and feeling. The introduction of pointed perspective as an optical delusion, would be in place only in the box of the showman, or the scene of the theatre: it is objectionable in real architecture for this simple reason, which Mr. Britton himself, elsewhere, raises (p. 3) against the ‘extravagant conceit’ of painting interior walls in landscape, or architectural design: viz. that it chiefly tends to remind the spectator of what has not been accomplished. But the proposal of decorating interior or back cortiles with real architectural details, as points of view from the windows of back-rooms; and still more, where it can be done, of opposing conservatory plants to the eye from such positions, is very

well worthy of attention, and especially in town houses. Nothing is usually more gloomy, or more fearfully oppressive to the spirits, than the aspect of a London back-room, even in houses otherwise upon a commodious scale; and almost any objects would be a relief from the perpetual sight of dingy smoke-dyed walls, or vistas of dirty roofs, pot-crowned chimneys, and shapeless stables. Where such things cannot otherwise be concealed, even windows of stained glass have a less sombre effect on the air of an apartment, than the real prospect without them.

On the ornamental furnishing of apartments, there is less matter in the work before us than could be desired. We are surprised that Mr. Britton has here failed to comment on the present absurd and tasteless fashion, of cramming the whole area of a room with a mass of furniture, in an 'admired disorder,' which emulates only the confusion of an upholsterer's warehouse. Scarcely less preposterous is the custom, even in houses of persons of small fortune, of crowding whole tables and cabinets with indiscriminate loads of china and frivolous bijouterie, as if it were designed to assimilate the drawing-room as much as possible to the shop of the curiosity vender. A few vases and ornamental pieces of classical form, which are always within the means of every gentleman of 'elegant sufficiency' and moderate expense, yields more modest and quiet beauty to the general effect of an apartment, especially when its proportions are small, than all this elaborate, costly, and conceited decoration. It seems to be forgotten, how inseparable is the union between the appropriate and the elegant; or how indispensable it is, that for tasteful effect, some idea of utility should be blended with ornament.

With respect to that which we have characterised as the second part of Mr. Britton's design—the description of Mr. Soane's galleries and museum—it is not within our purpose to enter into its details. The mere enumeration of these pieces of art, would be no better than a common catalogue; and we should have no room for criticism upon their collective arrangement and individual characters, even if Mr. Britton had himself—which in general he has not—specified the articles, and commented upon them. The principal and most valuable antiquity in the whole museum, is the Belzoni sarcophagus, for which, on the strange refusal of government to purchase it for the British Museum, Mr. Soane, much to the honour of his public spirit and antiquarian feeling, gave 2000*l.*, rather than suffer it to be carried out of the kingdom, 'to enrich either the French, Russian, or Bavarian capitals,' from all of which offers were made for it. Besides this sarcophagus, which is certainly the most rare, curious, and precious of its kind anywhere known to be extant, Mr. Soane's galleries contain many other Egyptian antiquities: as well as an immense variety, in original fragments and casts, of Grecian, Roman, and what is called Gothic, sculpture and architecture. Many of the specimens of architec-



tural members are said to be of great value ; the sculpture consists of statues, busts, and bass-reliefs ; and the numerous collection of Greek or Etruscan vases, certainly seems to exhibit specimens of the highest rarity and value. Two of them, the Cawdor and Englefield vases, are particularly worthy of notice : the first from its extraordinary size and admirable enrichments ; the other for the peculiar and uncommon elegance of its shape.

Mr. Soane's picture gallery, which completes, in his house and museum, 'the union of architecture, sculpture, and painting,' is small, and, perhaps, not altogether equal, in the general character of its contents, to the treasures of the two sister arts, which his taste has more professionally led him to accumulate. But even this picture gallery, confined as it is, has some master-pieces ; and, among them, chiefest are the invaluable Hogarth's—twelve in number, forming the complete original series of the 'Rake's Progress,' and the 'Election.'—three Canaletti's, and Sir Joshua's 'Snake in the Grass.'

By the mention of the paintings which adorns Mr. Soane's house and gallery, we are reminded, lastly, to speak of the pictorial embellishments of the volume, which Mr. Britton has devoted to their description. These plates are in general very creditably executed ; and we cannot avoid to notice, in particular, one of the wood-cuts—a charming vignette group in the title-page, by Thompson, of nine Etruscan vases, in which both the forms of the vessels, and the workmanship of the engraver, are of exquisite beauty and delicacy. We cannot extend the same praise to the more elaborate frontispiece to the volume ; a view of 'the Monk's Room and Gallery' in Mr. Soane's house, which is most odiously coloured. But the outline drawings—principally elevations and sections—of the different apartments, museum, and galleries, are very pleasing delineations in themselves, and cannot fail to offer many useful hints for interior decoration and arrangement. In short, we may dismiss the volume altogether, with a strong recommendation of its artistical interest and beauty, to the notice both of the professed architect, and the dilettante amateur.

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ART. VII. *On some important Improvements in Lithographic Printing.*  
By C. Hullmandel. Private Circulation. 1827.

AN art that fifteen years since was scarcely known in this country, even by name—the very invention of which may be referred to a date but a few years anterior, although regarded with slight, or treated with contumely by some, and opposed from interested motives by others, has at length happily struggled through all opposition into importance, and is now considered as a regular source of internal commerce, and an object for the exercise (to a considerable extent), of national industry and capital. Most of our readers must have observed with admiration and surprise, the

various works continually emanating from our lithographic presses; works vying with the finest and most elaborate productions of the graver. There can be few, therefore, utterly indifferent to the course through which it has arrived at such perfection.

The origin of all improvements in art is generally hidden in oblivion. But fortunately, to supply the necessary information with regard to lithography, its inventor has lived to witness his own most sanguine expectations more than realised. Materials there are, moreover, in abundance, for tracing the course of his probation, his hopes and disappointments—his persevering and enthusiastic application—his failures and his success. Of an art, the practical department of which is so difficult, as lithography is now known to be, the first faint ideas required a peculiar temperament in its discoverer, to enable him to bear up against the continued mortifications to which he was subject, in his endeavour to give them a definite form. Such a temperament, lithography found in Aloys Senefelder, under whose auspices the principles of the art acquired a permanency which, however their application may have varied, is not disturbed to this day. Mild in deportment, Senefelder appears at the same time to have possessed the characteristics of all individuals, to whom Providence appears at times to have specially entrusted great changes, whether in politics, science, or the arts; a perfect and indomitable confidence in himself, together with a patient and enduring spirit, and a sanguine mind. Through the various ramifications into which his discovery branched, he appears to have pursued it without having even for a moment troubled himself with a doubt of success; and when borne down by difficulties and poverty, never to have relinquished the grand object, to the attainment of which he had directed all his energies.

In the earlier days of lithography, some discussion appears to have arisen between Senefelder and professor Schmidt, of Munich, regarding the priority of invention, but public opinion has long since settled into a conviction, that to Senefelder alone the honour is due. Of the chemical process, there appears never to have been any fair ground of doubt: the invention, if invention it might be called, of professor Schmidt, had extended no further than to the etching figures, in relief, on stone; an idea which he himself acknowledges to have derived from a grave-stone in the cathedral at Munich. This process, however, Senefelder had adopted long previous to his communication with the professor on the subject, but had abandoned it in consequence of having observed, in the course of his experiments, indications that led to an entirely new train of ideas, in which lithography had its origin.

Senefelder was himself an actor at Munich, to which profession he had been driven by the necessitous condition, in which he was left at the death of his father. He had received a liberal education, having been originally designed for the law. As early as 1789, he

had produced a comedy, which was attended with very considerable success. Disgusted, however, with the life to which he had devoted himself, he at length withdrew from a pursuit, which he designates emphatically, as one of "misery and disappointment," and once more renewed his attempts at authorship. But, so reduced were his finances, that he had not the means to procure the publication of his first work, and this circumstance it was that directed his attention to the discovery of some means of obviating so grievous a difficulty. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into every detail of his various, laborious, and generally unsuccessful attempts; at one time composing a page, and then transferring it to wax, or to some other soft material; at another, cutting matrices in steel, and then stamping them in wood; sometimes writing through an etching ground, with an elastic pen, on copper, and then again trying the same experiment on stone; until at length, accident gave birth to the idea which he afterwards followed up with the most unremitting energy. His first conception was crude, and not superior to the discovery, the honour of which was afterwards disputed with him by professor Schmidt. An instance, however, occurred, during the early progress of his experiments, that displayed the extreme ardour with which he applied himself. Being without the funds necessary for the manufacture of a press, and for the purchase of other necessary materials, he enlisted, in consideration of a gratuity of 200 florins, hoping to be able to proceed with his plans in the intervals of duty, and was actually marched with other recruits to Ingoldstadt, where he was rejected only in consequence of a discovery that he was not a native of Bavaria. This disappointment appears for the moment to have almost driven him to despair. Better hopes dawned upon him on his return to Munich, and in connexion with a friend, a piece of music was produced, for which, on being presented to the Elector, Charles Theodore, he was rewarded by a present of a hundred florins. Poor Senefelder now thought himself in the high road to prosperity, and a copy was immediately laid, together with a memoir, before the Academy of Sciences; great benefits being anticipated from its patronage and approval. His intercourse with the world had not then sufficed to teach him, that corporate bodies are always some centuries in arrear of individuals, as well in liberality as in knowledge. The academy having ascertained from the memoir, that the press had cost six florins, took credit to themselves for an act of considerable liberality, in evincing their approbation by a gratuity of twelve; a treatment somewhat similar to that received by Columbus, at the hands of the bishop of Ceuta, and the board of cosmographers of his Portuguese majesty, King John.

It is probable that on the first discovery of lithography, Senefelder had no conception of its application to any other purpose than to the printing of music, or to the rudest specimens of art and

to such his earliest efforts appear to have been principally directed. Not only had he to contend with the difficulties of the process itself, but obstacles insurmountable to any one less persevering and enthusiastic were continually presenting themselves to him in his management of it. The operations which terminate in the preparation of the stone for the press, were only the commencement of a series of new difficulties. Accustomed to contemplate printing in the various offices, by which his attention was continually engaged, he naturally at first regarded one or other of the old presses, as the medium through which his impressions were to be drawn from the stone. Failure after failure at length convinced him, that neither to the screw, nor to the roller press, was he to look for the accomplishment of this object; and his experience and ingenuity were to be again exercised, in order to devise some means exempt from the objections to which all others had been hitherto proved liable. The lever press now in use, with some slight alterations by Mr. Mitterer, and which has maintained its ascendancy up to this hour over every other attempt at improvement, was the result of his labours, and probably none could be devised more adequate to the purpose for which it was designed. But years passed on before he was enabled to bring it to its present perfection, and when finished, it was found to have lost in expedition what it had gained in precision; so that the principal object for which it had been originally intended, could be much easier attained by the old method. This failure of his expectations led him to consider how far his art might be rendered available for purposes higher than those he had hitherto thought of. A slight sketch, appended to a musical composition, led to a proposition on the part of a Mr. Steiver, to illustrate a catechism which that gentleman had then in course of publication, and these embellishments, rude as they were, met with such approbation, that he was encouraged to proceed with similar drawings on sacred subjects. In consequence, however, of his incompetence as an artist, he was soon led to relinquish that branch of the invention, and satisfied himself with supplying stones and materials to others of more skill and experience.

So far the art may be now considered as having assumed a new form, and as having attained that consistency, from which its present state of perfection may be dated; but the inventor had well nigh been deprived of the fruits of his laborious perseverance, by the very step to which its subsequent importance may be traced. It will be readily imagined, that an art, apparently of easy practice, would tempt many intruders on the right, which its inventor would appear to have so dearly earned. The necessity of supplying others with the materials, and of employing other hands at his presses, as his work increased, had given the secret out of his own keeping. It was, in fact, already lost, and much mortification and annoyance was the consequence:—opposed by his own brothers, and by others whom he had been obliged to initiate into

his operations; all benefit to himself would have entirely disappeared, had not his greater experience in the detail, and his competency to obviate unexpected difficulties as they arose, still preserved for him a superiority in the art. Yet, such was the liberality of his disposition, and such his ardent desire to see the benefits of his invention diffused, that, however much opposed to his own interests, he had long since ceased to conceal any part even of his improvements, until at length a just regard for his own interest required that he should take some measures for retaining to himself an exclusive privilege for Bavaria. This was granted to him in 1799, and with the same view, in 1800, a circumstantial description of the process was deposited at the patent office in London, which may be considered as the first intimation, in England, of the existence of lithography. In 1807, in conjunction with Mr. André of Offenbach, Senefelder's attention was engaged in endeavouring to render the process available for printing cottons and calicoes; at that time almost exclusively imported from England, and it is impossible to say to what extent he might have applied it to that purpose; he was himself very sanguine of eventual success, but the dissolution of his partnership with Mr. André, under very irritating circumstances, and afterwards, when he again made the attempt under the auspices of M. von Hartl, of Vienna, the promulgation of the Milan and Berlin decrees, by Napoleon, frustrated his intentions for that time. It does not appear that they were ever resumed. Indeed, experience has since induced a belief that they never could have been executed with any advantage to himself, or benefit to the community.

Successful as his efforts may now be considered to have been, in establishing presses at Munich and other parts of Germany, he attempted in vain to do so in Paris or London; for, independently of prejudices against every innovation, the early lithographers were ignorant and vain, and the high expectations they had raised, only the more readily prepared for mortifications in their eventual failure. Nor, indeed, until the publication of a work by Mr. Rapp, entitled "*The Secret of Lithography*," did the public of either nation appear to take the slightest interest in the matter. The unfortunate political circumstances of the time still rendered all attempts to establish a press at Paris abortive; the government refused its permission, and the design was abandoned; nor was it renewed until 1814, when M. Marcel de Serres, who had been deputed by the French government to examine the manufactories in Germany, made on his return, such a report of the progress of lithography in that country, and at the same time detailed the process with such perspicuity, accuracy, and talent, that the attention of men of science was attracted to the new art, and attempts were once more made to fix it on a firm footing.

Meanwhile, Senefelder had entered into a lucrative engagement with Baron Aretin, to whom lithography owes so much of

its excellence, and during four years they produced, conjointly, the most successful specimens that had hitherto appeared. Not, however, that they were much indebted to the government for its encouragement, for on application being made by Baron Aretin, to obtain the suppression of those presses which were now at work in direct contravention of his partner's exclusive privilege, he received the very satisfactory answer, that "the art was no longer a secret," and, therefore, no longer deserving of protection: as if the privilege could have been granted with any other view than to induce disclosures and protect the patentee from their consequences; or as if, to use Senefelder's own words, "keeping it a secret had been the condition of the privilege." The appointment of Baron Aretin to an honorable station at Newburg, necessarily dissolved a connexion which had been so beneficial to Senefelder; but he persevered with more or less prosperity, and under very trying circumstances, until the formation of a Board for a general survey of the kingdom, on an extensive scale, when it was decided that the numerous plans requisite for the survey should be printed from stone.

The appointment of superintendent was offered to Senefelder, at a very liberal salary, which at once placed him above want,—allowed him sufficient leisure to prosecute the speculations of his active mind, and afforded him a compensation in his declining years for all his previous difficulties and toil.

We have thus far traced the course of lithography and its comparative success in Germany only, and principally at Munich, the spot which may be said to have been its birth-place; we have now to follow it to Paris, as in that capital its progress was so rapid as speedily to excel in the specimens it was enabled to produce, all the productions of the German presses. To such a result, various circumstances concurred. The process, as explained by M. Marie, was satisfactory in theory, but in practice was found to be far from perfect; enough, however, had been proved to excite, as we have already observed, a strong interest amongst men of influence and rank. Some devoted themselves to experiments, and others to the attainment of information amongst the German practitioners; but the exertions of none were exceeded by those of Count Lasteyrie, who many times crossed the Rhine for the main purpose of attaining more certain knowledge of the art, entered into engagements with some of the most experienced practical men, whom he induced to join him in the formation of an establishment at Paris, and left no exertion untried to excite in the public mind an interest for the subject. Meantime, Mr. Englemann, the proprietor of a manufactory at Mulhausen, had settled in Paris, and as both himself and Count Lasteyrie were now fully possessed of all that was at that time known concerning lithography, and were daily making fresh experiments, an emulation naturally arose to excel each other by every means in their power; an additional motive of

excitement to those by which both had been already attracted, to attain every perfection of which the art was susceptible. Another, and perhaps a still more important, cause of their rapid success, must be sought in the peculiar state of art in France, and in the general system of study adopted in her schools. The practice of drawing from the life, and the rewards offered by national encouragement to those who succeeded in that department of art, had rendered almost every student more or less practised in the use of the crayon. Accustomed to finish highly, in detail, the Parisian pupil elaborates even the most insignificant objects with the minutest precision; disregarding of general effect, so that his work be finished to excess, and cautious only that no fault shall be discoverable in parts, whatever may be their appearance as a whole. The consequence was immediately evident. Lithography, on its first appearance, and its objects and capacity once understood, found two or three thousand students in that capital as competent to execute its details, as if their whole lives had been devoted to it. Each was desirous to excel in an art which should perpetuate his skill, without the slow process of the graver, with nearly the certainty that the print of his work should be the faithful transcript of his original design; and all this with no additional expense beyond the time which would be devoted to a drawing on paper.

Not so fortunate in London, lithography, in the hands of Ackermann, advanced slowly until it received its first impetus at the hands of Hullmandel. This gentleman, himself an artist, and possessing the necessary qualifications for success in an eminent degree, at once saw its importance; and to him we are principally indebted for any reputation which it may be said to enjoy in this capital. But here, more than in any other country, it is perhaps necessary that whoever wishes to profit by the advantages he may have procured for himself in any pursuit, whether by study, the adaptation of a lucky thought, or the result of long and patient investigation or experiment, should be himself the only repository of his own secret. Our patent laws only serve to facilitate the transfer of these advantages into the hands of every unprincipled adventurer, and every day's experience affords instances of their ingenuity at evasion. No sooner is the lucrative path thrown open, than a thousand intruders crowd and jostle their unfortunate victim from his course. Can it be therefore matter of surprise, that sagacious men should cautiously abstain from rendering the public participant in any project or improvement, from which they expect to derive emolument? This tendency in mankind to avail themselves of the labours of others, was felt by Lasteurie and Englemann in Paris; and it is felt by Hullmandel here: and were it not that M. Raucourt had been employed by the French government, to superintend an establishment for public purposes, the world, probably, would still be as utterly in the dark, with

regard to its mysteries, as on the day when Senefelder first scrawled a washing bill, for lack of paper, on stone, and first noticed the essential phenomena to which lithography is indebted for its existence. But M. Raucourt, acting as a public functionary, and attaining his knowledge for public use, having, moreover, no motive for concealment, as he had no interest of his own to serve, developed much of the mystery in which it had been hitherto shrouded. "The real secrets," however, as he, not very perspicuously observes, "exist in the process of printing; for, as in every other art, certain minutiae are observable in the practical part of it, which habit alone can give, and can be explained only by a person who has had the courage to become, himself, a printer."

To such minutiae it is not our intention to direct our observations, proposing no further than to supply a broad outline of the rise and progress of an important art, and to give some general ideas of the leading principle on which that art is founded. The tendency, first observed by Senefelder, in calcareous slate, for the absorption of all greasy substances, explains, in a few words, the basis of the art. This quality, founded on chemical affinities, invariable and unerring, like all the phenomena of nature, was the ground-work of his experiments; and to render it available, became, necessarily, the object of all his subsequent attempts. It is, therefore, sufficiently evident, that none but an experienced practical chemist can ever hope, in the present state of the art, to render himself master of it. Not only do the stones vary in their specific gravity, in their colour, and in their freedom from all extraneous matter, but variations of the atmosphere (particularly in a climate so uncertain as our own) operating on the material used for the designs, before the preparation of the stone, and the perplexing variety of the inks necessary for printing them afterwards, render a thorough knowledge of the *nature* of each indispensable to the printer, in order to accommodate his operations to the various exigencies that occur. Even, though the stone should be well ground, the different proportions of the ingredients used for the chalk well amalgamated, and the drawing-made, the process can hardly be said to be yet begun. To close the pores of the stone for greasy substances, and at the same time to open them to water, save on those parts which constitute the drawing (technically called etching)—and this without, in the slightest degree, injuring the finest tints that may have been traced on the stone by the most delicate hand, remains yet to be accomplished; and this is the triumph of the art. The mechanical skill necessary for the printing is of less difficult attainment; but even this is only to be acquired by long and continued practice.

Further, it had been hitherto believed, that this operation having been completed, every thing had been done of which lithography was capable; that, having been subjected to the chemical operation, by which the drawing was in a manner identified with the stone, all further efforts, in the case of failure from any one of the



many unforeseen caprices of the art, to remedy a defect, or to rectify an error, must prove abortive. Various plates, however, in the little pamphlet before us, afford irrefragable proof that Hullmandel has, at length, accomplished what had long been felt as a great desideratum, and hitherto considered impossible; and not only has he done this, but he has discovered a method of retouching stones long after many hundred impressions have been printed from them, and this in a manner so perfect, as to render the repaired subject equal to the original design. We can only refer such of our readers as are fortunate enough to possess it, to the little work itself, in evidence of this fact: its illustrative drawings are in themselves beautiful examples of the perfection which lithography has attained.

But the superiority of French artists in that particular department of study to which we have alluded, will ever operate in their favour, so long as the system of favouritism and cabal, and the illiberal prejudices existing against lithography, are supported by the more active members of our Royal Academy. That such a system has been long on the decline, we are well aware; and we are gratified to have observed, in confirmation of their having adopted more enlightened views, that Mr. Lane, who owes his well-earned reputation exclusively to lithography (although a first-rate engraver), has been chosen an associate of the academy. But the superiority of the French will prevail in that branch of art alone. In the practical department, they have never yet produced specimens excelling many which are daily issuing from the presses of Hullmandel, and which are silently establishing for him a reputation above that of all preceding lithographic printers.

It is only, therefore, in the abundance of their drawings, and the number of qualified artists, from the cause just stated, that the French have, up to a recent period, wholly excelled us. But, whilst we are disposed to admit this qualified superiority, it will not be irrelevant to mark the precise line at which it terminates; nor should we here pass over a circumstance, which tended, for a season, considerably to depress the exertions of lithographers in England. Acting always with a view to render every article of commercial intercourse, available to the necessities of the state, no sooner was it intimated to the government, that the stones necessary for lithography were to be obtained only from the continent, and were moreover, ponderous and bulky, than a heavy duty was immediately imposed upon them, operating almost as a prohibition to all speculation in such articles; an illiberal policy, which at once threw all chance of fair competition with our continental adversaries out of the question, as it required a fortune for the purchase of even such stones, as were absolutely necessary for experiments. Thus, whilst in France every facility was afforded for the exercise of the knowledge already acquired, and every encouragement held forth by the existing government, to such as were disposed to speculate on

further improvements, this duty was in itself alone sufficient to discourage the most sanguine here ; and but for the persevering resolution of one individual, it is probable that it would have sufficed to crush the art altogether.

In defiance, however, of even such obstacles, lithography has gradually, though slowly, struggled into importance, even here ; and the adoption of a more disinterested policy on the part of our government, was a signal for the annihilation of all superiority on the part of the French. The evidence of this is to be found in half the streets of this capital, in which lithography affords a maintenance to hundreds, who, if they do not profess an acquaintance with the more delicate refinements of their pursuit, possess a sufficient knowledge for the exercise of its ruder and least scientific details. And if the unfortunate tendency of Englishmen, to undervalue whatever is indigenous, require yet further proof of the perfection of lithography in this country, and of its equality, at the least, with that of France, let them examine some of the more recent and highly-finished specimens by Lane, and it must be a deeply-rooted prejudice indeed, that shall afterwards give the palm to our rivals. Let them examine the half tints, and those the most delicate, originally produced on the stone, and the deep, full shadows, pure and transparent in their very depth—the fleshy mellowness, and the identity with nature of all the accessories, and they will be satisfied that where we have failed, it should, in justice, be attributed to the artist, and not to the art ; for the instance of Lane will serve to prove, beyond all question, that where the artist is excellent, and perfectly master of the material necessary to his work, there can be no apprehension of a failure in English hands.

We would not be understood as acquiescing in the superiority claimed by French artists, farther than as we have qualified it—the adventitious circumstances already noticed, had their influence in producing artists who excelled in drawing the figure, but nothing more ; for in landscape, where the English artist is at liberty to give full scope to his knowledge of effect, and his deep feeling of the magnificent and beautiful in nature, he is without a rival. The estimation in which such men as Harding are held by those most competent to form a judgment on the subject, may be understood from the fact, that he is now engaged in executing many of the drawings for Baron Taylor's splendid work on France ; which is not to be executed by French printers, but to be prepared and delivered from Hullmandel's press. Whoever has had opportunities of comparing these with the greater proportion executed in France, will detect them as gems, even amongst the beautiful specimens by which they are surrounded. In landscape indeed, we remember to have seen specimens which no Frenchman could surpass. We have seen, too, a series of drawings of Eaton Hall, executed by Harding and Westall, for Lord Grosvenor, accompanied by, perhaps, the most elaborate specimen of ink drawing on stone,

ever produced : we have also seen a fine drawing of the Hitton Colliery, executed on the largest scale; and there are views in the *Britannia Delineata* (a production that never met with the encouragement it deserved), not equalled by any in Baron Taylor's great work, admirable as it is, and containing the best efforts of the concentrated talent of France.

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ART. VIII. *Espagne Poétique, choix de Poesies Castellanes depuis Charles quint jusqu'à nos jours, mises en vers Français.* Par Don Juan Maria Maury. Vol 2. Paris: 1827. Londres: Rolandi.

IN reviewing the first volume of this work,\* we have given a brief but faithful account of the progress of poetry in Spain, from the most remote period of its monarchy, until the end of the seventeenth century: we have exhibited it, in its beginning, simple and naive, in the poem of the Cid, assuming an harmonious and metaphorical character, under the empire of the Moors, and then developing itself, changed from the rather harsh style of Alphonso, to that of the chastened and sublime verse of Herræra, and of the brothers, L'Apercio and Bartome de Argensola.

Alphonso, Marcias, and the Marquis of Santillane, who lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, describe the age of Spanish chivalry. The productions of those times are characterised by a martial enthusiasm, a glowing melancholy, natural to the climate, and by that half-oriental character, which almost tends to a transition from Arabian, to European poetry. Boscan, Mendoza, and the brilliant Garcilazo, flourished in the reign of Charles V. Chivalric sentiments, and the laments of unfortunate love, occur less frequently in their works. They attempted a higher style, which, still unpolished in the works of these first two authors, was afterwards improved by Garsilazo, and carried to the highest degree of perfection by father Louis de Leon Herræra, Lope de Vega, and the two brothers, D'Argensola—the ornaments of Spanish literature during the reigns of the Philips of Austria.

Under the Austrian princes, Spanish poetry partook a great deal of the Italian style. When the Bourbons ascended the throne of Castille, the French poetical school became naturalised in Spain. The grandson of the ostentatious Louis XIV., Philip V., patronised the belles lettres, in his new dominions; he established academies and public libraries, and granted rewards to genius; but literature, still usurped by the votaries of Gongora and Quevedo, produced only contemptible effusions. Nor was it until the reign of Ferdinand VI. that Spanish poetry emerged from the obscurity which had enveloped it since the reign of Charles II., and assumed some degree of splendour.

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\* See the Monthly Review, vol. iii., p. 466.

It was at this epoch that the elegant and chaste poet Luzan, shone resplendent on the literary hemisphere. Educated in Italy, he had there imbibed the sound erudition and taste of that country: he became the reformer of Spanish literature, and his poetical works soon silenced the inferior rhymers of the old school. He was succeeded in the reformation which he had begun, by the witty Cadalso, who, like the Marquis of Santillane, was both a great poet and a brave warrior. His poem of the *Erudites a la Fleur D'Orange*, a satire full of wit and irony, levelled at the servile imitators of the pompous Villejas and his *Anacreonticks*, unite the graces of poetry to the highest refinement and feeling; and, although his letters from Morocco (in imitation of the *Lettres Persannes* of Montesquieu), do not rise above mediocrity, these defects are fully compensated by the beauty of his *Letrillas*, which abound in flowing and harmonious versification, and still live in the recollection of every Spaniard.

He was killed in the trenches before Gibraltar, and the enemy performed his funeral obsequies with military honours. Yriarte, the contemporary and friend of Cadalso, was the third poet, who ranked highest in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His writings are pre-eminent for taste, delicacy of irony, purity of diction, and elegance of style. In his poem on music, and his translation of the *Eneid*, he has proved himself rather a versifier, than a good poet; but he unites the qualities of both in his epistles, and particularly in his fables, of which we give the following, translated by Maury, with great facility.

EL OSO, LA MONA, Y EL CERDO.

- ' Un oso con que la vida  
Ganaba un Piamontes  
La no mui bien apprendida  
Danza ensayaba en dos pies.
- ' Queriendo hacer de persona  
Dixo a una mona "Que tal?"  
Era perita la mona,  
Y respondile; "Mui Mal."
- ' "Yo creo, replicó el Oso,  
Que me baces poco favor.  
Pues qué, mi aire no es garboso?  
No hago el paso con primer?"
- ' Estaba el cerdo presente,  
Y dixo: "bravo: bien va!  
Bailarin mas excelente  
No se ha visto, ne verá."
- ' Echó el Oso, al oir esto  
Sus cuentas allá entre si.  
Y, con adaman modesto,  
Hubo de exclamar asi.

“ Quando me desaprobaba  
La mona, llegué á dudar :  
Mas ya que el Cerdo me alaba  
Mui mal debo de bailar.”

‘ Guarde para su regalo,  
Esta sentencia un autor ;  
Si el sabio no aprueba malo ;  
Si el necio aplaude, peor.’

pp. 279, 280.

• L'OURS, LE PORC, ET LE SINGE.

‘ Un Ours, q'un Savoyard dressait,  
Pour vivre de cette entreprise,  
Sur ses deux pates repassait  
Sa leçon, pas trop bien apprise.

‘ Cependant le lourd animal  
Dit au singe avec suffisance :  
“ Comment trouves-tu que je danse ? ”  
—“ Mon ami, tu dances très-mal.”

‘ “ Je crois que tu me fais injure :  
Regardes-y bien : mon défaut  
Est-il de manquer de tournure ?  
N'ai-je pas l'aplomb qu'il me faut ? ”

‘ Se trouvant alors sur la voie,  
Un Porc cria : “ Bravo ! parfait !  
“ Il est impossible q'uon voie,  
Un damseur plus leste, et mieux fait.”

‘ La louange etait un peu forte ;  
L'ours fit ses comptes à part soi ;  
Ex, modeste de bonne foi,  
On dit q'u'il parla de la sorte :

‘ “ Le singe tout seul me blâma  
Je doutais encor ; je l'avoue :  
Mais, puisque le Cochon me loue,  
Je dois danser horriblement.”

‘ Amis auteurs ; en conscience,  
Je vous dois un conseil à tous :  
Le Gout siffle-t-il ? Patience.  
SOTTISE applaudit ? Pendez-vous.’

pp. 274, 275.

The restoring reign of Ferdinand VI., was succeeded by that of Charles III., still more propitious to the efforts of soaring genius. Moratin, the father of the comic writer, and author of the tragedies of Hormesinda and Gusman ; the curate Yglesias, a facetious writer, whose free compositions recal to our recollection those of the archpriest D'hita ; the Count Norona, famed for his

celebrated Ode to Peace; Cienfuegos, author of some pastorals, among which are distinguished for beauty, the Idil of the Tomb, El Tumulo, and the romance of the Old Man and the Oak, El Anciano y el Fresno, which, previously to Mr. Maury's pleasing translation of them, had already been imitated in the French and English languages; and also father Diego Gonzales, whose merit Mr. Maury does not sufficiently appreciate, having overlooked his finest composition, and that which gives him the greatest claim to celebrity—his eloquent Invective to a Bat;—all these authors equalled Luzan, Cadalso, and Yriarte; and were soon eclipsed by the gentle Melendez, the correct Moratin the younger, and the erudite Quintana.

The name of Melendez is cherished by the Spanish muses: he began his poetical career by a volume of poems, which, in native simplicity, resembled the style of La Fontaine, and equalled that of Anacreon himself, in elegance and grace. What talent! what spirit! what enchanting, harmonious metre, in those poems entitled, the Setting Sun, and more particularly, in the romance of Rosanna to the Bonfire, Rosanna en los Fuegos, of the beauties of which Mr. Maury has given but a faint idea in his translation. Youth is the season for poetry. Melendez composed his chef d'œuvres immediately after quitting the university of Salamanca. Less happy afterwards, although he evinced great talent and taste, in his imitation of Pope, Young, Thompson, Milton, Voltaire, and St. Lambert, he fell far beneath his usual standard. His Ode to the Lovers of the Fine Arts, which Mr. Maury has forgotten to notice, is almost the only chef d'œuvre which deserves our admiration, among the latest composition of this admirable author. Melendez was a magistrate, and his life is a melancholy instance of the instability of earthly happiness.

'After the revolution of Aranjuez,' says Mr. Maury, 'Melendez, whom the new, but still restoring reign, had recalled to Madrid, found himself in that critical situation, in which the absence of the sovereign generally places his adherents. The gentleness of his manners, which has gained our poet so many friends, rendered him inimical to the adoption of coercive measures for the preservation of his country. He, therefore, accepted from the lieutenant-general, a pacific mission. He departed for Oviedo; on his arrival there, this truly loyal and benevolent man, whose virtues in public and private were an ornament to society, and who, above all, was a Spaniard in every atom of his being, was branded with the name of traitor, accused of having sold himself to the enemies of his country, and imprisoned with his colleague, the Count Del Pinar. They were afterwards released; again imprisoned, and once more set at liberty. As they were setting off for Madrid, they were assailed by the populace, who broke their carriage to pieces, and were on the point of firing upon them. In vain did Melendez recite to the enraged populace, one of his romances, so well calculated to disarm their fury; they only delayed putting their threats into execution, by consulting whether they should shoot him in front, or from behind. During the discussion, the cross (which is

called the cross of victory) approached; the enraged populace instantly fell on their knees, and relinquished their intended victim. The accused were tried, acquitted, and at length arrived at Madrid, where Napoleon found Melendez.

‘The celebrity which Melendez had acquired as a poet and magistrate, could not fail to procure him a high employment; for it cannot be denied, that at this period, insignificance and mediocrity, alone remained unnoticed. The most distinguished characters, united in the two camps that were formed, one under the imperial standard, the other under the walls of Cadiz: both met with the same fate.

‘In expectation of the success of the combined armies, Melendez retreated into the French territories,—the shelter of those who were compromised by the ascendancy of France. Before he quitted his beloved Spain, Melendez fell on his knees, and repeatedly kissing the earth, “I shall tread thy cherished soil no more,” he exclaimed, as he rose from the ground, and the Bidassoa received his tears.

‘Like the great French lyrical poet, the brilliant Melendez, so long an object of envy, and afterwards of pity, ended in exile that life, which reflected honour on the country that gave him birth.

‘Don Juan Melendez died at Montpellier, the 24th of May, 1817.’

pp. 296—298.

Equal in celebrity with Melendez, and alike unfortunate, Moratin the son, died, a miserable exile in a foreign land. He was inferior to Melendez in lyric poetry, of which, in reality, he left but one chef d’œuvre, his *Canto en Language verso Antiguo*, addressed to the Prince of the Peace, in honour of his nuptials with the granddaughter of Philip the V. As a dramatic writer, he was never equalled; he restored comedy to its original design, that of correcting and instructing human nature, by exciting the passions. He banished bad taste from the Castilian stage; purified it from the Imbroglia of Calderon; and accomplished the reform begun by Jovellanos and Iriarte: the first, by his comedy, entitled the *Honest Criminal*, which was represented in 1770; the second, by his comedy of the *Spoiled Youth*, *Le Senorito Mimado*, which was performed at Madrid in 1778. The dramatic writings of Moratin are numerous; some are the creation of his own genius; others, are imitations of French plays; but it does not enter into Mr. Maury’s plan, to analyse their merits, and it would be a tedious task for us to attempt; we shall therefore only observe, that the comedies written by that author, depict faithfully the characters and morals of the epochs in which they were composed; that the language is always correct, the style pure, and the plot full of truth and interest.

Dignity, and strength of conception, a lofty and energetic style, noble and elevated sentiments, characterise the works of Quintana. His fine tragedy of *Pelayo*, ranks him on a level with Moratin the elder. His lyrical productions have caused him to be compared to Herrera. The celebrated discovery of the immortal Jenner, was still opposed by several European governments, whilst that of Spain ordered an expedition to America to disseminate vaccination

in the new world. Quintana recorded this event, in a superb ode, which Mr. Maury has translated with great effect. His *Stanzas to the Sea*, are also a noble composition, surpassed only by his *Lines to Beauty*, the translation of which does Mr. Maury great credit, but which, from its great length, we cannot insert.

With Quintana ended the second glorious epoch of Spanish literature, which commenced, as we have said, in the reign of Philip the V., improved under Ferdinand the VI., and having attained the highest degree of splendour under Charles the III., and the beginning of the reign of Charles the IV., sunk once more into sterility and bad taste.

‘What progress then,’ says Mr. Maury, ‘has the Iberian muse made during the last twenty years? What soil has it inhabited? Dispersed like withered leaves before autumnal blasts, the great poets and politicians of Spain have disappeared, an universal silence prevails, and with the exception of a few trifling compositions, not a vestige remains of twenty rivals in literature of the highest promise. The Tribune, so famed for men of the highest talents, is also silent: Spain suffers in every part of its organization, evils which time alone can ameliorate; this, however, is an infallible remedy, and will restore Spain to that relative height and brilliancy assigned by nature to a nation, on which it bestows in profusion the gem of all that is great and glorious.’

In reviewing the first part of this work, we have endeavoured to characterise the talents and defects of Mr. Maury. He is a good prosaic writer, and sometimes a good poet; in his translation, indeed, of poetry, he does not always conform to the numberless difficult rules of French prosody. But these imperfections ought to be overlooked in a Spaniard, writing in a foreign idiom, and particularly when he is as successful as our author, who, with the exception of the romance of the *Cid*, which he has horribly mutilated, generally gives the original with great felicity and truth. Witness the following epigrams and couplets.

#### EPIGRAMAS.

‘Veis esa repugnante criatura  
Chato, pelon, sin dienté y estevado,  
Gangoso, y sucio, y tuerto y jorobado?  
Pues lo mejor que tiene es la figura.

‘Remarquez, au haut de la salle,  
Ce bossu, bancal et boiteux,  
Borgne, édonté, camard, nassillard, chauve, sale.  
Eh bien! c’est ce qu’il a de mieux.

‘“Que venga mi confesor?”  
Dixo estando enferma Inés,  
—“Le llamaremos: quien es?”  
—“El padre Fray Salvador.”



‘ Asi que se le llamó  
Dixerón en el convento :  
“ Iria ” pero es el cuento  
Que ha diez años que murio.

‘ “ Faites venir mon confesseur,”  
S’ecrie Anne au milieu dun accès néphrétique.  
On demande son nom ; c’était le père Asseur,  
Du couvent de saint Dominique,  
On le requiert : sans doute ill se fût empressé ;  
Mais, depuis quatorze ans, il etait trépassé.

COPLAS.

‘ Suspiro, suspiro dulce,  
Quanto me hallàra feliz,  
Con llegar donde te envio,  
Quando te apartas de mi !

COUPLETS.

‘ O soupirs, soupirs si doux  
Je ne voudrais d’autre joie  
Que d’arriver, avec vous,  
Où mon âme vous envoie.’

This volume, like that which we have already noticed, is very elegantly printed.

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ART. IX. *The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Exeter: illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Views, Elevations, Sections, and Plan of that Edifice. Including Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops of the See.* By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. 4to. pp. 152. 2l. 10s. and 4l. 4s. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

It is not often that we are called upon to analyse in one month \* two elaborate works in quarto by the same author. But we are here, in some measure, bound by the courtesies of our vocation to notice, before the termination of the year, another offering which Mr. Britton has presented to the public since its commencement. The volume before us, forms the ninth in the series of those magnificent illustrations of our cathedral antiquities, for which the world is indebted to his indefatigable and spirited labours. The histories of the cathedrals of Salisbury, Norwich, Winchester, York, Lichfield, Oxford, Canterbury, and Wells, have already been published; and that of Exeter is now described historically and graphically upon the same plan, and with a splendour of delineation, which well maintains the character of the whole design. The plates, like those in the former numbers, are chiefly from the hand of Le Keux. They are, as usual, admirably executed, and in every way worthy of the reputation of that distinguished artist, who, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, is unquestionably

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\* Vide Art. VI.

the very first engraver, in his line, of our architectural antiquities. The principal share in the literary execution of this volume has, we believe, as in the earlier parts of the series, been entrusted to Mr. Brayley. The letter-press consists of a history, in three chapters, of the see of Exeter, from its foundation to the present time, with biographical notices of its bishops; and a fourth chapter is occupied with an historical and chronological account 'of the foundation and progress of the building of the cathedral, and a description of it in its present state,' as illustrated by the engravings annexed.

The episcopal history and biography of the see of Exeter, are perhaps less remarkable, than those of some of the bishoprics to which the earlier portions of this work are devoted; and the contents of the present volume are, in this respect, not equally interesting with several of the former numbers. The origin of most of the English sees is obscure; and it is singular that, as Mr. Britton remarks, there is, with the exception of the few established since the fifteenth century, scarcely a bishopric of which it is possible to give correctly, either the date of its foundation, or the succession of its prelates. Whitaker has confidently declared, that Exeter was the seat of a bishopric of the Western Britons, as early as the fifth century, of course before the conversion of the Saxons by St. Augustine: but there is not a tittle of direct evidence in any ancient writer to justify his assertion. Among the West Saxons, during some centuries later, Devonshire was included in the wide diocese of Sherborne; and on the division of that see into four, in the year 909 or 910, Crediton, and not Exeter, became the seat of the bishopric, which embraced the county of Devon. A charter of Edward the Confessor, forty years later, however, with the sanction of Pope Leo IX., permitted Leofric, the last bishop of Crediton,—the king's chaplain and chancellor,—to transfer his episcopal chair to Exeter, for its better security within the walls of that city; and the same instrument incorporated the old prelacy of Cornwall, with its churches, in one diocese with Devonshire.

This then (1050) seems the earliest authentic date of the present bishopric of Exeter. Leofric, a man of noble family, either Breton, or Burgundian, and distinguished for such learning as that age could boast, witnessed the Norman Conquest, and died a few years afterwards, in the peaceable possession of his enlarged diocese. His successor was, of course, a Norman, Osbern, who governed the see for thirty years, and received the praises of William of Malmesbury, for his good morals and liberality, and his preference of English manners and habits, to those of his own countrymen. It is not easy to understand why Mr. Britton, or his coadjutor, calls the latter circumstance 'a more direct attestation of the prelate's virtues.' This is a whimsical piece of prejudice: but it seems to be accounted, among some antiquaries, for a proof of honest nationality and patriotism, and of a genuine old English spirit, to

extol the Saxon, at the expense of the Norman character. Yet, upon all historical evidence, it might be concluded that the Normans were, by far, the superior race of the twain: more enterprising, imaginative, and high-minded, and, at least, every whit as estimable in their social qualities.

After the death of Osbern, the see of Exeter was kept vacant for a few years, owing to the dispute about investitures, between Pope Paschal II. and our Henry I. Mr. Britton speaks of this famous and universal contest between the papacy and the monarchs of Europe, as if it had been confined to our island; and he terms the conduct of Henry I. in the quarrel, 'a spirited resistance to the continued encroachments of the papal see.' A little deeper acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, might have taught our author, that the 'encroachments' were on the side of the temporal powers. The real origin of the quarrel, was the pretension of sovereigns to nominate to bishoprics; and the right of investiture by the ring and crosier, the acknowledged symbols of spiritual authority, which they had gradually arrogated to themselves, enabled them to dispose of ecclesiastical dignities, like vacant lay fiefs, to the unworthiest of their favourites. The councils of Nice and Constantinople, so early as the eighth and ninth centuries, had formally prohibited the appointment of bishops by lay authority; and the scandalous manner in which princes, in after ages, notwithstanding these general decrees of represented Christendom, extended the practice to the sale and barter of bishoprics, seems to justify the resistance of later pontiffs to the exercise of the usurpation. Among our English sovereigns, it is well known, that William II., in particular, delayed to fill some vacant sees, that he might pocket their revenues, and openly put up others to the highest bidders! And whatever may be thought of the merits of the quarrel on the subject, between the papacy and temporal princes, which agitated almost all Europe, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, there is at least nothing more certain, than that the original encroachment on the right of episcopal investiture, did not proceed from the Church.

The compromise by which Paschal II. yielded to Henry Beauclerk (as Pope Calixtus II. at the concordat of Worms did some years after, to the emperor Henry V.) the right of appointing bishops to the temporalities of their sees, while the sovereigns merely renounced the pretension of ecclesiastical investiture by the ring and crosier, left all the real advantage of the quarrel to the lay authorities. The Church retained the shadow, the princes acquired the recognised substance, of power in episcopal elections. Henry I. rewarded a Norman ecclesiastic of noble birth, William Warelwast, who had zealously served his cause in the dispute, with the vacant and wealthy bishopric of Exeter. To this prelate, a man of learning and munificent spirit, his see became indebted for the foundation of its present cathedral. He commenced, in the year 1112, the

building of an episcopal church, which was continued by his successors, and finished under bishop Marischall, about the end of the same century. The two towers of this original edifice, which still remain, and form the extremities of the transept, are among the finest existing specimens of the Norman style of our ecclesiastical architecture.

After this period, there is nothing remarkable in the succession of the bishops of Exeter, until the close of the thirteenth century, when Peter Quivil was placed in the episcopal chair. It was this prelate who, in the year 1288, commenced the magnificent design of constructing the cathedral anew, in its present extent and proportions; for the former church had been of far inferior dimensions. Walter de Stapeldon, the most remarkable personage who held the see during the fourteenth century, was a generous continuator of the undertaking. But Stapeldon, the founder of Exeter college, at Oxford, and other endowments, a man of "splendid ability," and of equal integrity, was yet more conspicuous, as one of the few faithful servants and upright ministers of Edward II., than in his episcopal character; and he is chiefly to be remembered in history for the tragical fate which was provoked by his loyalty to that unhappy monarch: he was dragged from his horse in Cheapside, by the populace of London, in the interest of the infamous Isabella and her paramour, and cruelly murdered. His successors continued the work of the cathedral; and under bishop Grandisson, to whom nearly all the nave is to be referred, and who died in 1369, the structure may be said, with a few exceptions, to have received its completion.

From that epoch, until the Reformation, there is little to arrest the antiquary in the history of the bishopric. When Henry VIII. commenced his spoliation of the church, the see of Exeter was held by John Veysey, or Harman, a prelate of distinguished learning and talents; but like most of the churchmen of that bad reign, too compliant and servile an instrument in the hands of a brutal and prodigal tyrant. Mr. Britton has here collected some curious, though well-known, particulars, of the different steps by which Veysey, at the arbitrary commands of the king, submitted to the plunder of his see, until from one of the most wealthy, it became among the poorest in the kingdom. The bishop himself, is quaintly accused by Fuller, of "not onely shaving the hairs with long leases, but cutting away the limbs, with sales outright:" but he seems to have had small choice in these proceedings; for,

"The king, in a letter to the bishop, dated at Hampton Court, 28th of June, 1542, signifies that his "trustye and well-beloved counsealer, Sir Thomas Denys, knight, had informed him that his lordship had a parke, called Crediton Parke, with iiii. water-mills, which parke conteynage by estimacon ooui hundrethe acres, lyinge very comodyusly for o' saide counsoulers, by reason whereof, he wulld gladlye obteyne the same," and therefore recommends him to accommodate the said Sir Thomas. This recommenda-

tion appears not to have been immediately acceded to; for a letter follows, from Lord Russell, expressing astonishment at the backwardness observed in complying with his highness's request, and requiring the bishop to "way and further the same, and to anymate the chapitre thereunto." In concluding, the baron states, that the king "is very earnest in it, and fully determined that Sir Thomas Denys shall enjoy that estate."—History of Exeter, p. 73.

'The same writer has also printed a letter from Edward the sixth, to bishop Veysey, dated at Westminster, December 1st, in his thirty-first year (?); requiring his lordship 'to give and graunte' the manors of Pawton, in Cornwall, and 'Bishops Teynton, Radway, and West Teignmouth,' &c. in Devon, to Sir Andrew Dudley, knight, 'in fee simple.'—Of the possessions dismembered from this see, by Henry and his successor, Lord John Russell had the grant of Bishop's Clyst and Bishop's Tawton; Lord Pembroke obtained Paignton; Sir Thomas Denys had a grant of Crediton Park; Sir Lewis Pollard had Nympton Episcopi; Thomas Bridges, Esq., obtained Chudleigh; and Sir Thomas Darcy procured Bishop's Morchard and Crediton town and manor.—*Ibid.* p. 72; and MS. In the 26th of Henry the Eighth, the revenues of the see of Exeter, amounted to the sum of 1,566*l.* 14*s.* 6½*d.* per annum.—pp. 51 52.

For a time, under Queen Mary, the bishops of Exeter recovered the manor of Crediton, and other parts of the spoliated property of their see; but these were again alienated in the reign of Elizabeth, in favour of Killigrew, groom of her royal chamber. The see of Exeter shared the ecclesiastical changes of the times; but between the age of the Reformation, and that of the total overthrow of the episcopal church, by the gradual triumph of the fanatical party, the series of its bishops is almost undistinguished; except by the name of the eminently pious and learned Hall, who held the see from 1627 to 1641, and was honorably characterised by his moderation and tolerant spirit, at a violent and polemical epoch. This amiable prelate shared the usual fate of men of quiet virtue and temperate opinions in troubled and intemperate times. For his praiseworthy attempts, in his diocese, to reconcile the sectarian disputants to the established church, he was thought too tolerant by those who 'sat at the stern of the church,' (Laud and others), and to give great encouragement to puritanism.

"The billows went so high," says Hall himself, "that I was three several times upon my knees to his majesty, to answer those great criminations; and I was under so dark a cloud, that I plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, that rather than I would be obnoxious to those slanderous tongues of his misinformers, I would cast up my rocket." Yet, at this very time, his zeal for episcopacy was unquestionably sincere; and even when its display became dangerous, from the increasing power of the puritan party, he published several able treatises in defence of the church liturgy and discipline, and was the powerful antagonist of the famous sectarian work, affectedly called *Smectymnuus*, from the initial letters of the names of its authors, S. Marshall, E. Calamy, T. Young, M. Newcomen, and W. Sparrow. Hall was also, subsequently, after his translation to Norwich, one of the twelve prelates who signed the famous protestation

against the proceedings of the Long Parliament, in their absence; for which [on the 30th December, 1641, and not, as it is observed, since minute accuracy is a point of antiquarian pride, on the 30th of January following, as Mr. Britton supposes] he and his episcopal brethren were committed to the Tower. Hall, on his release, withdrew to Norwich, and continued to exercise his episcopal duties, until, in 1643, he was expelled from his palace, and his diocese and property sequestrated. Surviving his deprivation thirteen years, he died in peaceful retirement, at a great age, and with the unblemished reputation of virtue and consistency. But Hall is less worthy of remembrance for his share in the political and religious dissensions of his time, than in its literary history, as among the earliest and most vigorous of our English satirists. For himself, indeed, although Lodge had anticipated him by a few years, and Donne and Marston had written about the same period, he boldly, in the preface to his satires (published in 1597 or 1598) claims precedence, in the order of time, over them all:—

“ I first adventure, with fool-hardy might,  
To tread the steps of perilous despits;  
I first adventure,—follow me who list,  
And be the second English satirist.  
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;  
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.”—p. 62.

When, at the close of the civil wars, Exeter fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces, ‘great, and, in many instances, irreparable injury was done to its cathedral and churches by the fanatical sectarians and iconoclasts of the period;’ and, according to Fuller, who, for about three months, in 1646, was Dr. Bodley’s lecturer in this city, thirteen of the parish churches were exposed for sale by the public crier, and only preserved from destruction by well-affected purchasers. But the most complete and lamentable account of the profanation and havoc which the cathedral underwent about this time, is afforded by Bruns Ryves, in his “*Mercurius Rusticus*.” We know not why Mr. Britton has pronounced his relation to be ‘grossly exaggerated, and wearing evident marks of misrepresentation.’ To us the detail seems, on the contrary, extremely credible, for it is sufficiently corroborated by the excesses committed by the fanatics in other places. There is more justice in the author’s remark, that ‘much of the sacrilegious devastation committed in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth, and even by ignoble hands of much later periods than the Interregnum, have (has) been so frequently ascribed to the partizans of the Commonwealth, that it has become the serious duty of the historian to be particularly guarded in his affirmations as to the mischief then done.’ Ryves’ account, however, is worth transcribing, as a picture of the times:—

‘Having demanded the keys of Exeter cathedral (their mother church), and taken them into their own custody, they presently interdict divine service to be celebrated; so that, for the space of three quarters of a year, the holy liturgy lay totally silenced. The pulpit was open only to factions

schismatical preachers, whose doctrine was rebellion, and their exhortations treason; so that the people might hear nothing but what might foment their disloyalty, and confirm them in their unnatural revolt from their duty and obedience. Having the church in their possession, in a most puritanical and beastly manner, they make it a common jakes for the exonerations of nature, sparing no place, neither the altar nor the pulpit. Over the communion-table, in fair letters of gold, was written the holy and blessed name of *Jesus*; this they expunge, as superstitious and execrable. On each side of the commandments, the pictures of Moses and Aaron were drawn in full proportion; these they deface. They tear the books of Common Prayers to pieces, and burn them at the altar, with exceeding great exultation, and expressions of joy. They made the church their store-house, where they placed their ammunition and powder, and planted a court of guard to attend it, who used the church with the same reverence as they would an alehouse, and defiled it with tipling. They break and deface all the glass windows of the church, which cannot be replaced for many hundred pounds, and left all those ancient monuments, being painted glass, and containing matter of story only, a miserable spectacle of commiseration to all well-affected hearts that beheld them. They struck off the heads of all the statues on all monuments in the church, especially they deface the bishops' tombs, leaving one without a head, and another without an arm. They pluck down and deface the statue of an ancient queen, the wife of Edward the Confessor, the first founder of the church, *mistaking* it for the statue of the Virgin Mary, the mother of God. They brake down the organs, and, taking two or three hundred pipes with them, in a most scornful, contemptuous manner, went up and down the street, piping with them; and meeting some of the choristers of the church, whose surplices they had stolen before, scoffingly told them, "Boys, we have spoiled your trade; you must go and sing hot pudding pies!" By the absoluteness of their power, they send forth their warrants to take away the lead off a conduit and a great cistern that stood in the midst of the close, giving plentiful supplies of water to many hundreds of the inhabitants; and, by virtue of the same warrant, they gave their agents power to take a great quantity of timber, which was laid up and designed for the repairing of the church, as also a great stock of lead, reserved for the same purpose; which warrants were accordingly put in execution to the full. They did enter into a consultation about taking down the bells, and all the lead that covered the church, to convert them into warlike ammunition. They took down the gates of the Close, which gates they employed to help forward and strengthen their fortifications. And now, having dispossessed the owners, the rebels find new employments for the canons' houses. Some of them they convert into prisons, and, in an apish imitation, call them by the names of Newgate, King's Bench, Marshalsey; others they employ as hospitals for sick or maimed soldiers: some they use as slaughtering houses; and for the bishop's palace, they might have called it Smithfield, for in and about it they kept their fat oxen and sheep, and all their plundered provisions. Other houses they set on fire, and burn down to the ground. They burnt down the Guildhall in St. Sidwell's, belonging to the dean and chapter, and as many houses more of their ancient inheritance and revenues as were worth 100*l.* per annum; making, however, great havoc and spoil of their woods and timber, maliciously in-

tending to disable them from re-edifying what they had most barbarously burnt down.'—pp. 66, 67.

After the joint restoration of the monarchy and episcopal church, the see of Exeter fell to the notorious Gauden. The mention of this prelate of course suggests to Mr. Britton the necessity of introducing a biographical sketch of him, and a dissertation upon the thread-bare question of the Icon Basilike. He arrives, however, on that much controverted point, at the only conclusion which is reconcileable with all the rules of evidence and common sense:—that the bishop must have been the author of the treatise. If we had not daily experience of the blind tenacity of party prejudice, it would be quite inconceivable how a doubt could be, for a single instant, retained on the subject. It would be only amusing, if all examples were as harmless, to observe how obstinately and fondly any extravagant opinions are cherished, which can be invested with the most remote application to a favorite political creed. At the distance of nearly two hundred years, and with no practical consequence deducible from the question, the belief in the authenticity of the Icon, as the work of Charles I., is still made the touchstone of party; and among a certain set of high churchmen and high Tories, the denial of the claim of the king to the composition of the treatise is held, ridiculous as it may seem, for a grievous political heresy. The needless object—to sanctify the memory of the 'Royal Martyr'—is obvious; and the degree of this anxiety may be measured by the vituperation, with which the character of Gauden, and his title to the authorship, are loaded. The "villanous Gauden," and that "infamous impostor," are the mildest epithets with which a well-known periodical champion of that party can clothe even the passing allusion to the bishop's name. Gauden seems to have been, sooth to say, neither exactly a villain, nor infamous, as an impostor at least, unless his palming his own lucubrations upon the world for the king's, should merit that harsh interpretation. But this is not the sense in which the charge of imposture is applied to him. Gauden's character, however, was far from respectable; and perhaps the dreaded alternative of believing the imaginary effusions of the monarch's piety to have proceeded from a man of such sordid and time-serving spirit, has not a little sharpened the rancour, with which the avarice and "imposture" of the bishop are visited.

To Mr. Britton's last chapter—containing his chronological and historical notice of the foundation and progress of the building of Exeter Cathedral, with a description of it in its present state—it would be useless for us to assign any great space: especially as we cannot illustrate its narrative, by a reference to the beautiful plates which accompany the volume. The whole of this chapter is, however, exceedingly interesting and curious; for the author has had access to the valuable "Fabric Rolls," or records, and pecuniary accounts of the building, which have fortunately been pre-



served in the archives of the dean and chapter. These Fabric Rolls, we should imagine, from the few extracts here given, would be worth separate publication, with notes, as materials of antiquarian research; were it only for the fresh light which they seem calculated to throw upon the prices of labour and workmanship, and the state of the useful and ornamental arts of construction, in the middle ages.

The cathedral of Exeter itself, though not perhaps among the very finest of our ecclesiastical edifices, is still a beautiful and magnificent structure. Its plan is regular, and suggests the conviction that it was built or enlarged on the same one grand and uniform design. It presents the usual shape of an elongated cross, with nave and side aisles, transept, and choir: with no less than thirteen appended and lateral chapels, and a detached chapter-house. Of the different parts and ages of the building, the two majestic towers, which form the extremities of the transept, are remarkable monuments, as we have already said, of the early Norman style; and the whole of the other portions of the cathedral constitute altogether a noble and continuous model, both of the first and second Pointed orders. The general effect of the exterior of the cathedral is imposing, and we can bear testimony that Mr. Britton has rendered as correct and lively 'a pen-and-ink sketch' of it, as his graphic assistants have given of its parts. 'It is the first object to arrest the eye of the traveller in approaching the city, and the principal one to claim attention upon his arrival there.' From some quarters it appears seated on an eminence, and overtopping the neighbouring churches and houses; but, as our author observes, 'it has neither the picturesque features, nor the lofty majesty of either *Lincoln* or *Durham*: nor can we make any advantageous comparison in its favour, by placing it, as a distant object, in competition with *Lichfield*, and its three lofty spires,—or *York*, with its noble towers and magnificent windows,—or *Wells*, with the mass of towers, turrets, and embattled mansions with which it is combined. Still the unique towers of Exeter, with the numerous crocketed pinnacles and connected flying buttresses, uniting with the high-pitched roof of the nave and choir, constitute a fine and prominent group, from many stations to the south-east of the city. In the meadows, to the north-east, it is seen to rise boldly and grandly above the surrounding objects; whilst the forest-like grove of Northernhay, is a fine feature in the scene.'

In addition to the correct picture of the general exterior aspect of the cathedral here given, we may add, that the west-front, with its entrance-screen and great window above, forms a superb object. The screen is of most elaborate and uncommon design, profusely adorned with sculpture and architectural minutiae and enrichments.

It may therefore be regarded, perhaps, as our author thinks, 'better fitted for an internal than exterior application;' but, placed as it is, its appearance is gorgeously splendid. Of this

western façade, with the Grandisson screen, as it is called, after the bishop who erected it, Mr. Britton has given us an exquisite engraving by Le Keux; of which we shall only use our recollection to observe, that it delineates the rich workmanship and tracery of the screen with a delicacy and finish of touch, and an elegance of expression, which has unavoidably given a far more beautiful effect to the sketch, than the original—harsh as it is in some points of execution, and now corroded and mutilated in its finer detail—will be found to realise.

The magnificent interior of the cathedral, justifies Mr. Britton's remark, that it is still more imposing in its character, finer in its effects, and more enriched in architectural details than the exterior. The nave, in its elevation, length, and general effect, is grand and spacious; the choir has a corresponding character, and exhibits among its details a handsome and picturesque episcopal throne; the lateral windows, and yet more the great one at the east end, as well as the western window already mentioned, are extremely beautiful, and present examples of various forms and periods of style, though regular in their general arrangement; and the organ screen, or entrance to the choir, is at once elegant in form, and richly ornamented in its tracery. Several of the lateral chapels are worth notice, for their light and graceful architecture; and the spacious chapter-house, with its curiously panelled oak ceiling and transoms, is a very remarkable specimen of the kind, of the age of the sixth Henry.

The historical account which Mr. Britton has given of the building of the cathedral, and of the architectural details and peculiarities of its construction, will be found both extremely interesting to the antiquary and valuable to the practical architect. Among these particulars, the immense mass and depth of the lower buttresses, and even of the flying buttresses, which surmount and link them with the clore-story of the choir, are most deserving of remark. But the reason for designing all these vast buttresses is obvious, on a careful examination of the whole structure. 'With a very wide nave and choir, and consequent heavy stone-arched roof, and another high-pitched leaded roof above, the outward pressure or thrust was immense; and had not a corresponding and adequate support, or resistance, been provided, the whole superstructure must have soon fallen in. The architect, however, here, as in most of our cathedrals, was a profound mathematician, as well as an artist: he calculated the quantity of weight, and adapted his supports accordingly; he designed his masses, filled up the enrichments, and foresaw the effect.' It is true, as our author remarks, that, externally, this edifice seems to be too much crowded, and even encumbered by buttresses; and as these are mostly mere masses of plain masonry, they both obscure and injure the appearance of the highly-enriched windows. But he should also have observed, that the graceful pinnacles, puffed and ele-

gantly tapering into the finial flower, which crown the plain masonry of all the buttresses, and form a distinctive mark of the second Pointed order, lend a very rich and picturesque ensemble to the exterior, which is greatly enhanced by the bold spring and open arching of the flying buttresses.

Another remarkable feature in this cathedral, is the use which has been made in it, of the two more ancient square Norman towers. When Bishop Quivil commenced the noble design of building anew the cathedral on its present grand scale, it was resolved to preserve these two towers as a part of the new structure, and to form the transept or cross aisle of the whole fabric by their connection. For this purpose, the perilous attempt was projected, and triumphantly accomplished, of piercing the towers, and taking down all the inner side of each to nearly half their height from the ground; and the remaining upper parts were securely supported by a vast and massive arch which was constructed in each. The old architect, who contemplated and executed this innovation, must have possessed a master-mind of invention and scientific daring in his vocation, which would astonish our timid professors of these days.

The general perfection of the whole structure, with the completing of the nave and external entrance-screen by Bishop Grandisson, may be dated about the year 1350: though some pieces of the workmanship are of later periods; and the beautiful east window of ancient painted glass, especially, is an instance even of the third and latest, or florid Pointed order. The general decoration of the interior, also, appears to have been prosecuted by the zealous care of successive bishops, almost to the epoch of the reformation: when these pious labours were first reversed by the work of fanatical destruction. Considerable havoc was then made in the statuary and decorative works of the altars; and an archdeacon commenced his visitation, some half a century afterwards, in Elizabeth's reign, by inquiring "whether all images and superstitious things were clean defaced, and rood-lofts taken down; and if not, through whose default it is so?" The "rood-loft," was the fine screen which now supports the organ; and by some happy accident it escaped the blind rage of this fanatic! We have seen how, in less than a century later, the work of profanation was renewed under the commonwealth. A partition wall of brick, was actually built up across the cathedral, to divide it for the use of two congregations, of Presbyterians and Independents; and this remained until the restoration. In a sermon, a few years later, a prebendary of Exeter, reminds his bishop, of "that monstrous *Babylonish* wall, which was raised here to divide this cathedral into two parts: a standing significant ceremonie, while it did continue, of the church-rending schisms and confusion of those times." There was an opposite meaning in this rhetorical figure: but it seems to have escaped the memory of the worthy preacher, that the wall

was equally a type of much earlier divisions and disfigurements. It is far easier to give the first impetus to religious separation, than to stay its fierce progress, or to assign any limits to its wanton and precipitous course. It was the first encouragement of fanatical demolition, which set the example; and who shall predict the extent to which it may yet remain to be carried? And deeply as we, in this age, venerate the precious monuments of the piety of the olden time, it is impossible to exclude the reflection, that the progress of the same fanaticism and sacrilege, which have defaced and profaned them, may one day yet be employed with still more ruinous energy, to level their sacred bulwarks, and heaven-directed spires, with the graves of the founders who sleep within them.

ART. X. *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. A National Tale.* By Lady Morgan. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1827.

LADY MORGAN, although a popular writer, is no weeping sentimentalist of the modern school of literary ladies; the self-immolated sisters of affliction, who sigh forth their imaginary grievances so musically to sympathising spinsters and incipient adorers. Be the success of the enterprise what it may, to Lady Morgan belongs the praise of having taken a practical part in the real business of life.

Those who persuade themselves that the field of political discussion is forbidden to the delicacy of the tender sex, or who, not going quite so far, condemn the principles which she has advocated, must yet be prepared to admit, that the consistency and disinterestedness of Lady Morgan are perfectly unimpeachable. Throughout her active career, she has ever taken the side of her country; and seeing with an unprejudiced eye what its true interests were, these she has asserted with an uniformity that is at once decisive of her honesty. Nor is it to the merit of political integrity alone to which Lady Morgan can lay claim; to her the higher distinction still must be awarded, of having maintained that integrity in Ireland, where, above all other countries, patriotism is a by-path that diverges from the road to honours, rank and opulence, and every worldly possession that makes life easy and happy. There, where political sins are punished by domestic penalties; where the doors of persons in station, are opened only to the tickets of fanatic cabals, it argues no small degree of moral courage in one of Lady Morgan's grade in society, to expose hypocrisy, to denounce the excesses of bigotry, and to be so bold in the vindication of the national cause, as to be identified with her country in the hatred and hostility of its foes.

A very slight acquaintance with the productions of this author, will enable the discerning mind to discover the reason, why the influence which she has exercised over the public opinion should be so small; as confessedly it is, compared with her reputa-

tion, which is indisputably extensive. Miss Owenson, whom, as a literary star, Lady Morgan has not been able to eclipse, imparted to her works all the charms of an enthusiasm, gracefully and timidly indulged, such as in highly gifted minds attends their first awakening to the emotions of passion: and she might long have continued to hold a flattering place amongst the popular dispensers of the most rational of mental enjoyments, if her ambition could have been contented with the progressive development of her undeniable talents. But in the *salons* of the French capital, she forgot the simplicity of her real character; she aspired to be on a level with the *esprits forts* with which Paris abounded; and, without in the least approximating to the majestic philosophy of a De Stael, or sharing the genius of those other women of modern times, whose influence forcibly affected the social and political condition of France, Lady Morgan adopted the masculine tone of their writings, and imitated all the freedom, or rather, license of thought and expression, by which they were characterised. In this gratuitous misapprehension of what her true capacity is, we shall find an adequate cause for the pervading error of her recent fictions, and especially of the tale which we are fresh from perusing. Lady Morgan appears to think it beneath the exalted destiny of her talents to write for mere public amusement, and she condescends to employ the machinery of a romance, only as a convenient vehicle for announcing a great 'moral lesson.' Wholly engrossed by her didactic purpose, she overlooks every other consideration; and hence we have plots, to the last degree improbable, characters not only inconsistent in themselves, but made to cooperate without the least attention to any rule of dramatic arrangement, and incidents quite at variance with the order of nature. A reference to the work itself will justify these observations.

It would seem to be the object of Lady Morgan, in the 'O'Briens and O'Flahertys,' to furnish an illustration of the habits and manners of two distinct classes of society in Ireland, as they existed about the time of that epoch when, animated by the spirit of volunteer associations, the country, to use the language of her great poet, for once touched the goal of liberty, and the most interested partisans of what was called the "English interest," with the Duke of Rutland at their head, were compelled to take a part in the national rejoicings. For this purpose, Lady Morgan has selected for her hero, the heir of an ancient noble family, whose brief history affords ample opportunities for the introduction of scenes, exhibiting the peculiarities of the respective classes which it is her purpose to describe. The young O'Brien is represented as being animated with all the feelings of a patriot Irishman; but he is endowed with a degree of discretion, in his conduct in general, and with a scrupulous conscience, in his tender negotiations with the fair sex—which have not been very common to the Irish

youth at any time. He is first presented to our view at the moment when he becomes the sudden object of interest to a lady of rank, the consort of the proud Lord Knocklofty. O'Brien, at this crisis, the consequences of which so deeply influence his subsequent life, appears at the head of a volunteer corps, called the 'Irish Brigade,' in the Phoenix park, on the day of a review. The account of the scene must be taken from the work itself:—

'Preceded by a fine band, and headed by a youth whom nature in her partiality had called out of the common roll of men, they presented, as they marched into the park, in quick time, a splendid image of precocious patriotism, *gaillard* as the "*Jeunesse dorée*" of the French revolution, and honoured as the "*gioventù armata*" of the best days of Florence.

"Why, then, who are they at all, Tim, dear?" demanded a Skerries fisherman, who had during the day consulted *Tim Doolan*, as his oracle.

"Why, then, I couldnt tell you thruly, barring I'd lade yez astray, Pat Doran," replied Tim, "for 'bove all the volunteer throops, in the Phanix, this day, thims the boys I don't know nothing about at all, at all; but thinks to the best of my belief, they are Lord's sons, or the College boys."

"Why, then, I wouldn't wonder," said the Skerries man. The question, however, repeated to another bystander, was suddenly, and it should appear, oraculously, answered like the druidical oracles of old, from the top of a tall and magnificent oak, which, rooted at the base of the acclivity, overshadowed its summit with thick and lofty branches. "O'Brien aboo," shouted with an echoing yell the respondent; and the cry, long, loud, and shrill, was taken up by Tim Doolan, repeated by Pat Doran, and reiterated by the imitative multitude. While yet but half pronounced, it had caught the quick ear of the young leader of the Irish brigade. He started—threw his eyes up to the oak, whence the cry had issued; then cast them suddenly down, and reddened, and grew pale—and gave the word of quick march! to his company. But the cry of "O'Brien aboo," found an echo from the popular voice, he seemed proudly to apply its meaning to himself, and saluted the multitude with his sword, and smiled with all the popular grace of a young Roman tribune.

"What does O'Brien aboo mane?" asked Pat Doran, hoarse with shouting it.

"Why it manes the same as *Crom aboo*, to be sure, what else would it mane;" replied Tim Doolan, "and often heard tell by my gossip in Fingal, that it was wid that same watch-word, that Brien Borru diffided the great pass of Bally-bough bridge agin the Danes, at the battle of Clontarf.

"Why, then, I wouldn't wondher if that comely young chap at their head there, was Mr. Brien *Bore-you's* own son, Tim Doolan, for he looks like a lad would head a ruction, bravely, as the father that bore him."

"Whooh, man! that's mortally impossible," replied the antiquarian of Fingal; "sure that battle was fit in the ould times, afore the battle of the Boyne, or Aughran, fifty years! aye, troth, a thousand (and more,) out of the memory of man, Pat Doran, dear.

"Why, then, sorrow ache their hearts ache, that fought at that fit, any how, Tim."

"Oh, thrue for you, Pat; sorrow ache, and never did, not all as one

as now; for th' ould times was the fine times, and will be ever more, amen, plaze Christ."

"It was not, however, from the clients of the Portran oracle, that the Irish brigade alone attracted notice, and awakened inquiry. Many bright eyes followed, and many bland smiles shone on the *élite* of "the Ladies' own." But none so bright or so bland, as those which emanated from the fair occupants of the splendid phaeton, already described; which had drawn up parallel to the halt made by the Irish brigade.

"O'Mealy," exclaimed the fair and noble charioteer, with a prettily lisped, but technical, "steady, now; steady, I tell you;" addressed to her horses—"O'Mealy, what corps is that with the green standard and uniform?"

"What corps is it, Lady Knocklofty? why then, give you my honour, I don't know any corps in the volunteer army; 'pon my honour, I don't! We, *reglars*, never know any thing of the train bands, and more particiklarly, we cavalry make it a point; besides there are some ugly customers among them, such as one's tailor, or shoemaker, upon my honour!"

"This answer was made by a handsome, flashy looking person, in military uniform, with large features, scattered at random over a broad face, with a leering smile, good bold eyes, high colour, and a perfect chevaux de frize of powdered whiskers. He had long been sidling his horse up to the phaeton, and had obtained, with some difficulty, a position which he maintained with some effort.

"What a fine young fellow that is," continued Lady Knocklofty, not attending to the assertions of O'Mealy, and keeping her magnificent eyes steadily fixed on the face of the young leader of the Irish brigade; who, perhaps, not quite unconscious of the gaze, either in the confusion of vanity, or under the oppression of heat, removed his plumed cap: as he displaced and scattered the dark unpowdered locks (then a mark of singularity, if not of disloyalty) which clustered round his high and intellectual temples, he exhibited one of those heads, which painters love to copy, and sculptors to model.

"What a handsome head, and what a singular one!" said Lady Knocklofty to the lady beside her.

"Yes, I have seen many such at Paris, this winter," was the reply; "it is called *tête à la victime*."

"Do, like a good soul, O'Mealy," (cried Lady Knocklofty) "find out who he is; I am sure it is some one I ought to bow to, for he seems to canvass a salute. Can't it be one of the Carrick, or Mount Garret Butlers?"

"He is one of the *mount garrets* I dare say," replied Lady Honoria, laughing. "Many of these volunteer heroes, I believe, descend from their altitudes to take the field; and exchange their leather aprons for their leather belts."

"What eyes!" continued Lady Knocklofty, keeping her own fixed; "those are what Hamilton, the painter, calls Irish eyes, large, dark, deep set, and put in, as it were, with dirty fingers; O'Mealy, do find out who that boy with the eyes is."—vol. i., pp. 166—172.

There is nothing very uncommon in the case of Lady Knocklofty thus far; but the contrivance by which Lady Morgan subsequently brings the parties together, is so particularly absurd, that if it did not occupy a considerable portion of one of the volumes in the

detail, it would be altogether unworthy of notice. O'Brien, having been engaged in a desperate row, falls into the hands of justice, and is placed in custody in the guard-room of the castle. The same night he is mysteriously conducted from this solitary abode into the drawing-room of the viceroy, and presented to her excellency the Duchess of Belvoir (Rutland), at the hour of half-past eleven at night. The agent in this ridiculous adventure is no other than Lady Knocklofty herself; and the motive for it is, the adjudication of her playmates of the court, who, during a game of forfeits, condemned her in the said penalty, as the only means of recovering her diamond necklace! But this conceit, extravagant as it is, is outdone by what follows. O'Brien, the prisoner-guest, is honoured and caressed by the good-natured duchess, and listened to by the high and the mighty of the land at supper assembled, whilst he argues with a learned bishop, in the character of an irritated Roman Catholic, and pours forth the audacious language of a thorough jacobin against existing establishments. The approach of the lord lieutenant interrupts this delectable controversy, and O'Brien, like a guilty thing, flits through the anti-rooms to the cold accommodation of his prison-house!

There are two other personages in the novel, very dissimilar indeed in their nature, who make it the business of their lives to superintend the fortunes of O'Brien. The one is a singularly fantastic creature of the gentle sex, an O'Flaherty, who, like a guardian spirit attends the person of the hero, and seems to be the invisible witness of his most secret actions. No place is inaccessible to her; she penetrates the castle and is present at the singular hospitality extended to O'Brien in the drawing-room; she is a guest of the masked ball, given by Lady Knocklofty, to which O'Brien had been invited; she performs as a lady abbess; plays a ghost, and terminates her irregularities by becoming the wife of him whom she had long so strangely protected. The other friendly power to whose unexpected services O'Brien was often indebted in moments of need, turns out to be a wild rapparee, who actuated by the sacred tie which binds *foster* brothers together, haunts the footsteps of his idol, and whether in the streets of Dublin, or on the mountains of Connemara, suddenly appears at O'Brien's side whenever dangers threaten, as if he had been conjured that moment from the earth. Prudent assistance was indeed necessary to O'Brien, for he had now been induced, by the persuasions of his generous friend Lord Walter, to enrol himself amongst the members of the society of United Irishmen. We extract with pleasure, the animated description of one of their meetings, as it presented itself to the young candidate just before his admission:—

'At the head of the table, which occupied the centre of the apartment, and in an arm-chair raised by a few steps from the floor, sat the president of the society of United Irishmen. He alone was covered, and though plainly dressed, there was an air of high breeding and distinction about



him; while in his bland smile were exhibited, the open physiognomy of pleasantness, and love-winning mildness, which still mark the descendants of the great Anglo-Norman Lords of the Pale, the Lords of Ormond, Orkerry, and Arran, the Mount Garrets, and Kilkennys,—in former times, the great oligarchs of Ireland, and in times more recent, the grace and ornament of the British court.

‘The president was the honourable Simon Butler: beside him, on a lower seat, sat the secretary. His uncovered head, and unshaded temples, received the full light of the suspended lamp. It was one of those finely chiselled heads, which arrest the imagination, and seem to bear incontrovertible evidence of the certainty of physiognomical science. A dress particularly studied, was singularly contrasted with the athletic figure and antique bearing of this interesting looking person. For though unpowdered locks, and the partial uncovering of a muscular neck, by the loose tie of the silk handkerchief, had something of the simplicity of republicanism, yet the fine diamond that sparkled at the shirt breast, and the glittering of two watch-chains (the foppery of the day), exhibited an aristocracy of toilet, which did not exactly accord with the Back-lane graces. The secretary of the United Irishmen, was Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

‘On the opposite side sat a small, well-formed, and animated person, who was talking with singular vivacity of look and gesture, to one of extremely placid and even formal appearance. The first was the gay, galling, and patriotic founder of the society, Theobald Wolfe Tone; the other was the celebrated and clever Doctor Drennan, a skilful physician, and an elegant writer, who might have passed in appearance, for the demure minister of some remote village-congregation of the Scotch kirk.

‘A tall, elegant, and sentimental looking person sat near to them, in an attitude of interested attention, listening to the speaker, to whom, it seemed, he was about to reply. It was Thomas Addas Emmet, the son of the state physician of Ireland,—then a young lawyer of great promise, and now the attorney-general of New York. The handsome and animated Dr. Mackenna, one of the most popular writers of the day, and Oliver Bond, the representative of the most reputable class of merchants, had grouped forward their intelligent heads; while one who brought no personal beauty to the cause\* (that letter of recommendation to all causes), James Napper Tandy, stood waiting with a packet of letters, which he had received in his former quality of secretary to the meeting.

‘While other leaders of the union, distinguished for their birth, talents, or principles (and it is remarkable that they were all protestants†), filled up the seats near the head of the table; more mixed groups less distinguished by the *beau sang*, which then came forth, in the fine forms of the

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\* ‘When Napper Tandy was mentioned in the House of Commons, as participating in the proceedings of the United Irishmen, a flippant young lawyer, then unknown to fame, got up, and in allusion to his ugliness, observed, “that he was sorry the society could not put a better face on it.” Such were the jokes which then had their value in the senate, and smoothed the path of the facetious utterer to nearly the highest judicial eminence.’

† ‘Of the twenty United Irishmen confined at fort St. George, four only were Catholics.’

genuine Irish gentry of both sects, were congregated in the obscurity of the bottom of the room. Here might be seen the square set forms, the strongly marked, but less noble features of the Scotch colonists of Ulster, the stern brow of uncompromising presbyterianism, contrasting to the mobile, varying muscle, of trodden down catholicism; the latter drawing forth its plaintive discontents, the former announcing its immovable resolutions.

'At the moment when O'Brien was taking a rapid glance at this singular and picturesque association, Lord Walter, who stood near Hamilton Rowan, was speaking, and in the act of pronouncing the following sentence: "Since this society is constituted for the purpose of forming a brotherhood and a community of rights among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, thereby to obtain a complete constitutional reform in the legislature, founded on the principles of civil, political, and religious liberty, I beg to propose one whose——"

'Here O'Brien instantly closed the door of the balcony, and reseated himself by the flaring tallow candle, that was now fast burning down into its socket, resumed his perusal of the transcendent dramatic merits of Captain O'Mealy, and got through the whole "Thoughts on Prudence," without one thought on the subject,—when a sudden burst of applause reached his ear from the hall; and the next moment Lord Walter entered the room, and shaking him heartily by the hand, said, "You have been proposed and received with acclamation. Our friend, Costello, was not here to second you as he promised; but Emmet is my fellow sponsor, for all the good things promised and vowed in your name. You have been elected without a single black ball, and nothing now remains but the form of taking the test."

'The two young friends, arm-in-arm, then descended the stairs, and entered the hall together: and never did two finer representatives of the Anglo-Norman and Milesian races of Ireland, present themselves at the shrine of national independence. All made way for them, as they passed on towards the president's chair; and there was a murmur of approbation and applause, so little consonant to the wonted sobriety and awful purpose of the meeting, that the president rose from his seat, and took off his hat. At this signal, silence and order were instantly restored; and the next moment all were seated, save the neophyte and his sponsors, who stood between the secretary and chairman, when the test was presented for O'Brien's perusal. On his assenting to its purport, the whole society arose and stood uncovered, while the candidate, stepping forward, read aloud as follows:—

"I, Murrough O'Brien, in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an impartial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in Parliament; and as a means of absolute and immediate necessity in the establishment of this chief good of Ireland, I will endeavour, as much as lies in my ability, to forward a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, and a communion of rights, and an union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions; without which every reform in parliament must be partial, not national, inadequate to the wants, delusive to the wishes, and insufficient for the freedom and happiness of this country.

'I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, nor punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform on, or give

evidence against, any member or members of this or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs done or made, collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation."

'O'Brien was then introduced to the principal members present, and having accepted the salutation of secretary to a baronial committee for St. Grellan, in the province of Connaught, he took his leave of the society for the night, with his friend Lord Walter.'—vol. iii., pp.107—114.

The scene is speedily changed from the gay region of the metropolis to the western extremity of Ireland, amongst the ancient possessions of the O'Briens: and in depicting the habits and manners of the people of that quarter, Lady Morgan need never be afraid to employ her pen. With the exception of the account given in the third volume, of the ecclesiastical establishment of Cong, and the puerile incidents of the cave, the provincial descriptions are perfectly unexceptionable: and we linger over this part of the narrative with pleasure, uninfluenced by any inordinate curiosity respecting the issue of our hero's fortunes. His story, indeed, is soon completed. By one of those extraordinary contrivances, which Lady Morgan never scruples to resort to, the Countess of Knocklofty and O'Brien are again brought together in the country; and as they began in guilt, poetical justice requires, of course, that they should end in shame. That the nature of the catastrophe may not afterwards be disputed, Lady Morgan has taken care to shadow it forth by means of a set of discreet, but intelligible stars. At this stage of the narrative, all our interest for the fate of O'Brien terminates, and here we naturally expected to have found, that he was either civilly or naturally placed beyond our cognizance for the future. But Lady Morgan, contrary to all dramatic rules, tacks a supplement to her hero's biography, and exhibits him in Dublin, about to be tried on a capital charge, from the consequences of which he escapes by flight; and afterwards introduces him into a theatre at Paris, as one of the most distinguished of the officers of the Consul Napoleon.

From what has been already said, the reader perhaps will be inclined to agree, that in its general structure—in the conduct of its fable—and in the manner of filling up the details and connecting them with each other, the tale before us is one of the most imperfect of Lady Morgan's fictions. It is almost obvious, we think, that this author is not alive to the necessity of exercising any particular care, before she begins the execution, upon the general design, and upon the principal materials of that edifice, so to speak, which is about to rise from her hands. She writes without plan or estimate, and committing herself improvidently to her task, trusts to her superior genius for the success of the execution. We need not say how ill-calculated such a process is to produce the desired conclusion, and the reader will anticipate, no doubt, that Lady Morgan sometimes unconsciously rushes into perplexities, from which it is impossible that she can extricate herself, except upon the hard

condition of violating all probability. Faults, such as these, imply not merely want of foresight and care :—they suppose, in our opinion, the absence of that original facility, or instinct, of acute and accurate observation of human affairs, upon the possession of which, we contend, the ability to manage successfully the details of incidents and characters is necessarily consequent. To these observations, it seems almost superfluous to add, that generally speaking, her personages are out of nature, and that they are incapable, in any instance, of exciting the slightest interest in their favour. We admit, at the same time, that the humorous eccentricities which characterise the lower orders of her countrymen, have met in Lady Morgan, no unworthy delineator. Captain O'Mealy is rather a well-drawn character in itself; but it is next to impossible that the ignorance and vulgarity of such a person, could be tolerated in the court society of the castle of Dublin, where open immorality would be much sooner encouraged, than ill-breeding endured. The happiest portraits in the work, in our estimation, are the Miss Mac Taafs, aunts to O'Brien, and to the very last moment they sustain their characters, and their peculiar dialect, with perfect consistency. The description of one of their entertainments is not less amusing than it is faithful. Dinner having been announced to the assembled guests,—

'O'Brien was permitted to lead out the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty—one of those noble representatives of Irish beauty, and of Irish gentility, which, down to the close of the last century, were to be found in the remote provinces of Ireland; and who, in their courtly manners and stately habits, preserved the dignified graces of the Irish court of those days, when the Ormonds and the Tyrconnells presided over its almost regal drawing-rooms. Supported by an high gold-headed cane on one side, and on the other, by the arm of Lord Arranmore, this venerable subject of many of Carolan's inspirations moved slowly on, followed by the O'Maillies of Achille, and Clare Island, the Joyces of Joyce's country, and others of the great aboriginal families of Connemara and Mayo. Then came the Darcys, the Dalys, the Skirrets, and the Frenches, with the Burkes, Blakes, Bells, and Bodkins, and all that filled up the list of tribes and half tribes of Galway of those who could and those who could not claim cousinship\*. The protestant clergyman of the parish of Bog Moy (a parish without a congregation), bowed out Father Festus, the priest of a congregation without a church, and the provost of St. Grellan gave the *pas* to the Mayor of Galway.

'Sixty persons to be seated, where there was not comfortable accommodation for half the number, required no little pains and ingenuity: and the horse-shoe table would have been very inadequate to the wants of the guests, but for the never failing aid of the side-board, side-tables, and window stools, which with "a plate on the knee," and a "bit in the

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\* 'The feuds of the *Bianchi* and *Neri* of Florence, were poor and cold types of the dissensions which long distracted the town of Galway, concerning the right to "call cousin;" a right claimed by the half tribes, and refused to them by the whole.'

corner," at last provided for all. After much crushing, squeezing, and laughing, (all in the most perfect good humour and courtesy), the whole company were finally seated. Lord Arranmore at the head of the centre table, between his elder aunt, and the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty, presided as the representative of the late Brigadier; while Miss Mable, supported by a Joyce, and a Blake, did the honours at the further extremity.

'Grace being said by the minister of the established church, (while the Roman catholic guests cast down their eyes, moved their lips, and crossed themselves under the table-cloth, with a bashful and proscribed look,)—Miss Mac Taaf stood up, and with a cordial welcome in her eye, said aloud, "Much good may it do ye all;" to which all bowed their heads. A rush of attendants of all sorts and sizes, ages and ranks, including the servants of the guests, liveried and unliveried,—and the striking up of the pipes and harp (the performers being ceremoniously seated at a table, on which wine and glasses were placed), on the outside of the door, announced that the "hour of attack" had arrived; and never did a more hospitable board offer to appetites, sharpened by sea and mountain air, a more abundant feast. No expected *relevés* (except such as were necessary to supply the place of the vanished contents of some favourite dish), kept the appetites of the *gustateurs* in suspense. Rounds of beef were the *pieces de résistance*, which none resisted. Haunches of venison and legs of mutton were *entrées* and *entremets*, that required no substitution. Pastry and poultry formed the *hors d'œuvres*; and a *dormant* of a creel of potatoes, and a bowl of fresh butter, left no wish for more brilliant or less substantial fare: while a vacant place was left for the soup, which was always served last. Jorums of punch were stationed round the capacious hearth; port and sherry were ranged along the tables; and the door opening into the withdrawing-room, disclosed to view the cask of claret, the idol, to which such sacrifices were to be made, on altars so well attended and so devoutly served. The Brigadier's tankard, brightened for the occasion by James Kelly, was now filled to the brim with "the regal, purple stream," and placed before Lord Arranmore; and before the palate was blunted by the coarser contact of port or punch, the new tap was tasted. The flavour, body, and odour, were universally approved, in terms worthy of the *convives du grand De La Reynière*; and it required no skill in augury to divine, that the claret would be out, before the company.

'All were now occupied with eating, drinking, talking, laughing, helping and being helped; while old-fashioned breeding disposed every guest to be cordially at the service of his neighbour:—"Allow me to trouble you for a slice of your round, rather rare;" was answered by, "Sir, the trouble's a pleasure." "Give me leave to call on you for a cut of your haunch, when you are at leisure," was replied to affirmatively, with "the honour of a glass of wine;" and a cross fire of "Miss Joyce, shall we make up that little quarrel we had?"—"Port, if you please, Sir,"—"Hand me the tankard"—"James Kelly, tell Miss Prudence Costello, I shall be happy to hob-and-nob with her, if she is not better engaged," &c. &c., continued without intermission; and exhibited a courtesy, which not long ago prevailed in the highest circles;—a courtesy which, however quaintly expressed, was well worth the cold and formal reserve of what is now considered refinement, in the school of modern egotism.—vol. iv., pp. 72—77.

It now only remains for us to notice some of the more glaring faults which occur in the execution of the work. Lady Morgan speaks of the observances and practices of the Roman Catholic religion, with the easy volubility of one who is convinced that she thoroughly understands them. But, in reality, her acquaintance with the subject is but slight and superficial. Thus she invests the child, Terence O'Brien, who acted as the sacristan to a rustic chapel in Connaught, with the *stole*, an article of sacerdotal costume, which even the deacon is not permitted to use; and a still more apparent error is to be found in the following passage:—‘In that awful moment, when the elevation of the Host images the hallowed presence of “God on earth”—when the altar bell tingled, and a low voice uttered the “Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,”’ &c.—vol. 4, p. 299. A reference to the Catholic Missal at once explains the mistake: The utterance of the ‘Sanctus,’ &c. has nothing to do with the ‘elevation of the Host,’ as it belongs to a previous part of the ceremony: and it would appear that Lady Morgan was led to confound the one with the other, from the mere circumstance of the bell being ‘tingled,’ as she calls it, on both occasions. We shall add one or two more of Lady Morgan’s misapprehensions, but in quite a different department of human knowledge from the last. We have already stated that O’Brien was indicted on a capital charge; but whether that accusation was murder or treason, we are left to conjecture. The day of trial being come, Lady Morgan informs us that the court was crowded to suffocation. ‘A silence,’ she continues, ‘the most awful followed. *The pannel being sworn*, and the clerk of the crown standing in readiness to read the indictment, a short pause ensued, which was succeeded by a low, buzzing whisper, while all eyes were directed to the still empty dock. The judge whispered an officer of the court below him, and then *desired the sheriff aloud to produce his prisoner*’—vol. 4, p. 236. Now in this brief account there are two signal mis-statements. In the first place, no one who has witnessed the proceedings of a crown-court but must have observed, that the pannel or jury, which is to try a prisoner, cannot be sworn, except in the full presence of the latter. In the second place, the *sheriff* is directed by the judge to produce his prisoner; whereas every body knows that, before trial, prisoners are in the custody of the gaoler, to whom the warrant of commitment is expressly addressed, and therefore he is the person who ought properly to have been required to produce his prisoner.

We are sorry to observe that Lady Morgan is still devoted to the tessellated style of writing, making every page a curious mosaic of English, French, and Italian. Now we did expect that, if this cabinet material were any longer to be employed by her ladyship, her national feelings would have prompted her to vary the aspect of the work, by introducing an occasional morsel of the Gaelic. We will venture to affirm, that the use of the Irish

vernacular in her pages; would be quite as acceptable to the mass of Lady Morgan's readers, as that of the wrought phrases of the continental salons, whilst the fair authoress would obtain all the glory of being exceedingly patriotic. Seriously, we cannot see any good reason why Lady Morgan should so continually supersede the employment of the English tongue; and were we inclined to prolong this article, we might readily prove that the language which she appears to be so anxious to disclaim, is not that with which she is the least acquainted, of all those numerous ones enlisted in her service.

These volumes will leave the reputation of Lady Morgan where they found it. Whilst they will not be able to dissipate the opinion, that she is a woman of more ambition than capacity, and that the affectations superinduced by literary vanity, prevent her from being one of the most pleasing female authors of her time, they will serve to confirm the impression, that she is a clever, spirited writer, and strengthen, if not raise, our admiration of her undaunted and truly virtuous patriotism.

ART. XI. 1. *The Literary Souvenir: or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.* Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 18mo. pp. 406. 12s. London: Longman & Co. For 1828.

2. *The Bijou; or Annual of Literature and the Arts.* 8vo. pp. 309. 12s. London: Pickering. For 1828.

In the preface to the *Literary Souvenir* now before us, Mr. Watts comments, in an irritated tone, upon some foolish and boasting assertions which have been put forward in an advertisement by one of his new rivals. It is not within our province to enter into any discussion upon the subject of their disputes—we shall only say, that the remarks to which he refers—illiberal, perhaps, as they must be admitted to have been—would not have been altogether without foundation, if no one of his former volumes had exhibited higher claims to praise, than that which he has last ushered into the world. When a suitor goes into court to seek redress for a personal injury, it is incumbent upon him to appear before his judges with clean hands. In the same manner, when the editor of a literary work complains of the vain-glorious puffs of his rivals in the same line, he ought to be pretty well assured before hand, that his own wares will bear, at least as severe a scrutiny as that, to which he wishes those of his opponents to be subjected.

It would be the mere empty sound of adulation, if we were to say, that Mr. Watts is at the present moment in any such condition. Had not the authenticity of the new *Souvenir* been unquestionable, we should have at once suspected that the title had been pirated, and that the book now before us was but an imitation, and a very poor imitation, of the beautiful productions which, in

preceding years, have attracted our attention, and have justified the applause we so willingly bestowed upon them. We should be equally happy to speak in terms of praise of each, succeeding work of the same nature; but this, of course, we can only do when it is equally deserving.

In point of embellishment, if we except the frontispiece, and the representation of a Greek city, with an army returning to it in triumph, we fear that there is nothing to be found in the present collection of illustrations, worthy either of the editor's acknowledged taste, or the established reputation of the *Souvenir*. We miss in every one of them, those master-touches of the Heath and the Findens, which gave such pre-eminence to Mr. Watts's former publications. The engraved title, by Greatbach and Lewis, is indeed prettily designed and executed; some words of commendation are also, perhaps, due to 'The Stolen Kiss,' painted by W. Allan, and engraved by J. Romney. But with respect to nearly all the others, we must express our surprise that they have ever found admission into a work, which we had been accustomed to consider as at least approaching to a standard for its class. 'The Ruby of the Philippine Isles,' may, in truth, be designated a monstrous performance, in every sense of the word. The figures are designed upon a scale large enough almost for a quarto size; and he must be a simpleton indeed, who does not discover in this plate, the real character of the lady at the first glance. 'Juliet after the Masquerade' is an interesting design; but the engraving is hard, metallic and disagreeable to the eye. The same observation applies, in some measure, to 'Psyche borne by Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure;' but besides the inferiority in the execution here, we must add, that the painting is altogether a failure. Psyche resembles a sick lady about to be placed on a couch by her attendants, rather than that fine soul of genius which the poets have fabled her. And as to the Zephyrs who surround her, we must remark, that if they be at all like those of which the ancient bards have sung, their ideas of soft breezes were extremely different from ours. Had these genii been engaged in breathing over beds of flowers, it appears, to us, that they would soon stir up a very stiff gale indeed.

Pickersgill's *Medora* is like all his works, rich and interesting in the conception; but the profile of the face is almost wholly devoid of expression. It looks unfinished. There is a nose, but no mouth, though we see the spot where that useful feature ought to be. The engraving is harsh. 'The Declaration' is but a mediocre performance in every respect, and with regret, we must observe, that the 'Thief Discovered,' 'and the Fete Champetre,' as well as the head and tail pieces, are scarcely fit to grace a German Almanack. They are out of all keeping with the usual style of the *Souvenir*.

In the literary department we perceive that the editor has got rid of a crowd of Misses and Esquires, who must have given him,



on former occasions, a world of trouble. But we must add that, generally speaking, the contributions to the present volume are marked by tameness and insipidity, as compared with those which we have been accustomed to look for from so respectable a quarter. Miss Landon has written nothing, in this collection, at all worthy of her genius. As much may be said of Mrs. Hemans, Messrs. Coleridge, Montgomery, Bowles, Cunningham, and of even Mr. Watts himself, who has put his name only to one or two compositions. One of these we extract; but the intelligent reader will scarcely need to be told, that we select it rather for its sentiments than for its poetry.

- ‘ For ever thine, whate’er this heart betide ;  
For ever mine, where’er our lot be cast ;  
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us love—till life itself be past.
- ‘ The world may wrong us, we will brave its hate ;  
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline ;  
Though bowed by cankering cares, we’ll smile at Fate,  
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine !
- ‘ For ever thine, when circling years have spread  
Time’s snowy blossoms o’er thy placid brow ;  
When youth’s rich glow, its “ purple light,” is fled,  
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now ;—
- ‘ Say, shall I love the fading beauty less  
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine ?—  
No,—come what will, thy stedfast truth I’ll bless,  
In youth, in age—thine own, for ever thine !
- ‘ For ever thine, at evening’s dewy hour,  
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline ;  
When balmiest odours from each closing flower  
Are breathing round me,—thine, for ever thine !
- ‘ For ever thine ! ’mid Fashion’s heartless throng ;  
In courtly bowers ; at Folly’s gilded shrine ;—  
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,  
My deep heart still is thine,—for ever thine !
- ‘ For ever thine, amid the boisterous crowd,  
Where the jest sparkles, with the sparkling wine ;  
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,  
But drink to thee, in thought,—for ever thine !
- ‘ I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound,—  
The depths of love could such rude hearts divine ?  
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,  
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine,—for ever thine !
- ‘ For ever thine, whate’er this heart betide ;  
For ever mine, where’er our lot be cast ;  
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us love,—till life itself be past !’

'The Dilemma of Phadrig,' by the author of "*Holland Tide*," is a tolerably good Irish legend. It is not, however, the work of a master. It displays, in many minute points, a want of that keen and intimate acquaintance with the Irish character, which is so extremely difficult to be attained, but without which, all attempts to represent that peculiar people easily deviate into mere invention, or degenerate into caricature. We were much pleased with the little fragment, entitled 'A day at Venice, forty years ago.' It is charmingly written. It strongly reminded us of Mrs. Radcliffe's enchanting description of that city, so dear to all the lovers of romance. We cannot afford room for any extracts from it, particularly as we intend to treat the reader to a real Irish story, from the pen, we presume, of Mr. T. Crofton Croker :—

'If you walk through the ruined town of Kilmallock, just outside of it you will see, hard by the big old oak, a dilapidated forge. In that forge the strokes of the sledge hammer have long since ceased to vibrate on the ear, and he who once wielded it so stoutly, now sleeps quietly under the east window of the old abbey.

'A pleasant fellow he was before he was laid where he is, and a clever fellow withal. But what made him most famous in his day and generation, was his power of breaking horses by a whisper; whence he went by the name of "The Whisperer," and his fame was spread over the six counties of song-abounding Munster. Give him the fiercest horse that ever broke a man's neck, and Terence O'Sullivan—for that was the Whisperer's name—boldly went up to him, clapped his hand upon his mane, applied his mouth to his ear, whispered something, God knows what, into it, and in two minutes afterwards, the animal was as quiet as a Quaker! Some said it was effected by this method, and some by that,—but it was all mere guessing, and to this day nobody knows the real truth, excepting his son Dennis, to whom the old man told the secret on his death-bed. But there is an old saying, that the world always goes on from bad to worse, and it is verified in this case; for Dennis does not manage the business half so well as his father. They say the reason is, that he does not go up to the horse as boldly as the old man (a dashing, off-hand fellow, who feared neither man nor beast), was wont to do; and it may be that there is something in it, for a man's horse in this respect, is like his sweetheart, and is not the worse for being approached with some degree of spirit.

'However, it matters not as to the precise way the Whisperer operated, the manner in which he originally acquainted himself with the art was this. Terence was one day at his forge, busily employed, as usual, in fashioning a horse-shoe, thinking of nothing at all, but barely whistling; when there came by a soldier, lame and way-worn, toiling along slowly on the dusty road, in the heat of a July day.

"The blessing of God and the Virgin be upon you," said Terence to the weary man.

"I am afraid," said the soldier, "I have little chance of either; thank you, nevertheless, for the kindness of your prayer. But add to the good wish a good deed. I am faint with thirst, give me a drink of water."

'So Terence answered him from amid the sparkles of the fire, as he still laboured at the iron :

“ I drink no water, except when I cannot help it, and I’ve no notion of doing to another, what I would not wish to be done to myself. The best of buttermilk from this to Dublin shall be at your service,” and laying down his sledge hammer, he went and brought some to the poor soldier.

‘ The traveller drank eagerly of the proffered bowl, and when he had finished it, said, “ you have done to me a kind service, and though you see me here, poor as the poorest, yet I know that which will make you rich. Come behind the forge, and I will let you into a secret.”

‘ Terence O’Sullivan wondered at the man’s language, but he followed him behind the forge ; and there the weary soldier told him his secret. Terence was somewhat sceptical, but promised to make trial ; and when at length he did so, to his very great amazement, every thing turned out as the soldier had predicted. After the soldier had told his secret, he shook the hand of the smith, and walking away westward, was never again seen or heard of in Kilmallock.

‘ Terence’s fame soon spread far and wide, and he broke every horse for twenty miles round. The only complaint was, that he broke the horses so completely, that they had no spirit after his whisper. Certain it is, that when they first heard it, they trembled from head to hoof, a cold sweat stood all over their bodies, and it was said that they never were good for either the chace or the race afterwards. And it became a saying in the country, when, as sometimes happens to be the case, a rattling and rioting young bachelor became a quiet and sober sort of man after his marriage, that he had endured the infliction of Terence O’Sullivan’s whisper.

‘ When his fame was at the greatest, it came to pass, that one of the finest young fellows in the parish, or seven parishes beyond it, a lad of the name of Jerry Ryan, fell in love with as pretty girl as you would wish to see, Mary Mulcahy, whose father had for thirty years kept the village school, and was now dead. Why Jerry Ryan fell in love with Mary Mulcahy, I cannot undertake to say ; but I suppose it was for the same reason that a young man falls in love with a young woman all the world over. It was his luck ; and when it is a man’s luck to fall in love, he may as well not make any bustle about it, for do it he must.

‘ But, as somebody says (and a clever body he was—I venture to say he was a gentleman of God’s own making):

‘ The course of true love never did run smooth.

And the rough spot in this love was, that Mary Mulcahy’s mother was second cousin to Jerry Ryan’s aunt ; which is a degree of relationship that prevents matrimony in the church of Rome. So Jerry Ryan went to the priest about it ; and as bad luck would have it, he went to him at a time when he happened to be cross, by reason of a dispute he had had that morning with his niece. There never is a worse time to ask a favour from anybody, than just such a time—and Jerry was accordingly refused.

“ Go, get ye gone out of my house, ye good-for-nothing fellow,” said Dr. Delany, (that was the priest’s name), “ get out of my house, and I hope it will be a long day before I see you in it again. What, do you want me to break the law of God, and the canons of the church ? to fly in the face of the holy decretals, to violate the orders of sacred councils, and marry you to Mary Mulcahy, who is second cousin to your own born aunt ? Jerry Ryan, Jerry Ryan, it is with sorrow I say it of your mother’s son, who was a decent woman, God rest her soul, you are not much better than a heretic.”

All this, and much more he said; and he roared and bawled so loud, that he got himself into a towering passion, and Jerry was fain to leave the house; which he did, looking melancholy enough, for he loved the girl too well to understand, why her being second cousin to his aunt, should hinder her from being his wife.

‘While he was walking down the road, sorrowfully sauntering along, the Whisperer rode by.

“ ‘What is it ails you,” said he, “Jerry Ryan, that you look as down as a bull that has lost his horns?”

‘So Jerry told him the particulars of his interview with the priest. “I wish,” said he, “Terence, that you had as much power over obstinate priests, as over stubborn horses, and that you could whisper old Delany into reason.”

“ ‘And may be I have,” said the Whisperer.

“ ‘I know,” said Jerry, sighing, “that I had rather than twenty pounds that your words were true.”

“ ‘Twenty pounds!” said Terence O’Sullivan, “are ye quite in earnest?”

“ ‘Perfectly so,” said the amorous bachelor.

“ ‘Well,” quoth the Whisperer, “have it your own way; a time may come, my boy, when you would give twenty pounds to get rid of a wife, as I know for a reason I’ll not disclose. But I was not joking in the least. Give me the twenty pounds, and if you are not married by this day week to Mary Mulcahy, may I never set foot in stirrup to the hour of my death.”

‘Jerry Ryan did not half believe the Whisperer, and yet his fame was great. At length he made up his mind, and gave Terence the twenty pounds, making him swear upon the mass-book, that if he did not succeed, the money should be put back again safe and sound in his hands.

‘Away went the Whisperer, but not at once to the priest. He knew the world better; and he waited until after dinner, when his reverence was over his tumbler of punch. Nothing softens a man’s heart so much, as Terence knew from his own experience.

“ ‘It is about the bay mare you are come to me, Terence, my friend? You’ll take a glass of punch, I am sure.”

“ ‘Aye,” replied the Whisperer, “or two of them if it would do any good to your reverence.”

‘So he sate down, and they talked away as fast as they could, about the heat of the weather, the potatoe crop, the price of whiskey, Squire Johnson’s last hunt, Catholic emancipation, the new road under the hill—every thing in the world. And at last, when the priest was in the height of good humour, the Whisperer brought in the business of Jerry Ryan, in the easiest way he could.”

“ ‘Don’t talk to me about it,” said the Doctor, “Terence O’Sullivan, but drink your punch in peace—it can’t be. They are too near a-kin. Its clearly against the law of the church.”

‘And he quoted Saint Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas, and Sardana-palus, and Nebuchadnezzar, and other fathers of the church; which he well knew how to do, being regularly bred in the famous University of Salamanca, where he took his degree of Doctor of Canon law, in the year eighty-one.

‘The Whisperer waited to the end of the Doctor’s speech, and then said :

“ ‘It’s a mighty fine thing, Doctor, to be so learned a man. How your head holds all that knowledge, is more than I can say.”

‘ On which the Doctor smiled.—

“ But,” continued Terence, “ there was not a Saint among them who would not listen to reason, and if you would just let me whisper one minute to you, may be you’d think better of it.”

“ Whisper to me, man,” said the priest, “ do you take me for a horse.”

“ God forbid,” said the Whisperer, “ that I should compare your reverence to a brute beast. But let me try.”

“ Well,” said the priest, “ this is one of the foolishhest things I ever heard of; but if you insist upon it, you may follow your own vagary, only I tell you its of no use, for I never——”

“ Don’t be rash, father Delany,” said the Whisperer, and putting his mouth close to the ear of the priest, he whispered something to him.

“ O !” said the priest, “ but you are a wonderful man, Terence O’Sullivan—that alters the case. I see the thing in quite a different light. The poor young creatures! Send them to me, and we’ll settle the matter.” And he buttoned up his breeches pocket.

‘ Now what did the Whisperer say?—I can’t guess. But whatever it was, Jerry Ryan and Mary Mulcahy were married that day week, and the Whisperer danced at the wedding.

“ It would be a quare (queer) thing,” said he, “ if I, who could tame the strongest horse in the country, would not be able to tame an ould priest.”—pp. 105—109.

We must refer the reader, who is in want of half an hour’s amusement, to Miss Mitford’s ‘ Last of the Barbers,’ and ‘ Mademoiselle Therese,’ neither, perhaps, quite equal to her best efforts, but both, nevertheless, highly entertaining in their way. Mr. Hood’s ‘ Stanzas to Tom Woodgate,’ are full of his peculiar humour. The only other pieces in the volume, which seem to us deserving of notice, are those entitled ‘ A Roland for an Oliver,’ ‘ La Fiancée,’ and ‘ The Little Brook and the Star.’ The latter, particularly, is a delightful composition; besides being elegantly written, we look upon it as one of the happiest allegories in our language. But here our praise must reluctantly cease. There may, perhaps, be some other compositions in the volume that ought to be excepted from the general character which we have assigned to them; but we feel justified in pronouncing the Souvenir for the new year a failure, as compared with its predecessors.

We now proceed to the Bijou, as it has been rather affectedly styled by its editor, Mr. W. Fraser. This publication, we had been led to expect, was not merely to equal, but to surpass all other works that had ever appeared of a similar kind. The promise so loudly announced in the prospectus, is repeated, though in a more subdued tone, in the preface. The editor, in the name of the publisher, there informs us, that, ‘ whether in respect to its graphic illustrations, or its literary merits, he feels assured that it will not be found inferior to any, even if it does not excel most, of its contemporaries.’ This self-sufficient assertion, is followed by several paragraphs of eulogy on some of the editor’s most distinguished and celebrated contributors, much in the style of those

established forms of praise, which dramatic authors are in the habit of introducing into the advertisements they prefix to their comedies and tragedies; and that, too, whether the said comedies or tragedies be crowned with success, or condemned to the prompter's lumber room. The terms in which Sir Walter Scott's family picture, and letter describing it, are mentioned in this preface, must be particularly disgusting to his high-formed mind. We know not how the other contributors like the incense which is offered them; but we own that we should entertain a very moderate opinion of their good sense, if they did not reject such fawning homage with contempt; more particularly as we do not find that more than two or three of them have any papers in the collection, either of verse or prose, that are at all worthy of their reputation. There are none of the annuals which we have yet reviewed, which are not at least equal in literary merit to the *Bijou*, and some of them decidedly surpass it. The subjects in the latter are for the most part chosen with little taste, and, with a very few exceptions, they are all treated with a very limited degree of ability.

Sir W. Scott's letter must, indeed, be admitted to be a very pleasant, good-natured, gossiping sort of an undress letter. The translations by his Majesty, and the late Duke of York, are also possessed of a certain degree of interest; though, after all, they are but the exercises of schoolboys. Some verses by Mrs. Hemans, and Messrs. Hogg and Carrington, and the story of 'Halloran the Pedlar,' which is told with admirable dramatic power, by the author of that charming book "*The Diary of an Ennuyée*," also deserve our especial notice for their superior merit. But we must fairly say, that the greater part of the text, beyond that which we have specified, is extremely dull and worthless. The verses of Coleridge, C. Lamb, L. E. L., the Rev. J. Blanco, A. Cunningham, and Dr. Southey, do not exhibit a single line worth remembering. As to Barry Cornwall, his muse seems quite exhausted. She has arrived at the last stage of a decline, and we recommend him to have an inquest held upon her, as we suspect that she is really dead. We hold the descriptive powers of Miss E. Roberts in great esteem, but we hope she will excuse us for looking upon her tale of the 'Suitors' Rejected,' as one of the least felicitous of her recent efforts. There is a tremendously long story, called '*The Ritter von Reichenstein*,' translated, or at least imitated, from some of the third-rate German romancers; and a sketch, entitled '*Marie's Grave*,' of nearly equal length and mediocrity. We were much disappointed in the latter, seeing that it proceeded from the animated and graphic pen of the author of "*The Subaltern*." We endeavoured to laugh at '*Tyro's Address to the lost Wig of John Bell, Esq.*' and at the history of '*Beau Leverton*;' as they are the only pieces in the whole collection (except Mr. Hood's *Lament*), in which any attempt is made at humour. But we found it impossible, with all our innate good spirits, to support the effort for

a moment. The two papers would hold a distinguished rank in a new Dunciad. As we have mentioned Mr. Hood's Lament, we must add that it is a mere specimen of mannerism. It has all the vices of his style, without a sufficient infusion of his wit to render them tolerable. The hits are very few, and not very pungent. The papers which bear Mr. W. Fraser's name, are all remarkably insipid. We shall now extract two or three of the best compositions which the *Bijou* contains, and close this article with a few observations on the embellishments. Mrs. Hemans leads the way with some delightful verses, illustrative of the frontispiece—'The Child and the Flowers.'

'Hast thou been in the woods with the honey-bee?  
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?  
With the hare through the copses and dingle wild?  
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?  
Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet  
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat;  
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells,  
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

'Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song  
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng;  
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,  
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim:  
These are old words, that have made each grove  
A dreary haunt for romance and love;  
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie  
A place for the gushings of Poesy.

'Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore  
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er;  
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep  
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep:  
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell  
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell;  
And the scent by the blossoming sweet-briars shed,  
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

'Oh! happy child in thy fawn-like glee!  
What is remembrance or thought to thee?  
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,  
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling;  
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—  
What if to droop and to perish soon?  
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou  
Never wilt prize its delights as now.

'For a day is coming to quell the tone  
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!  
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,  
Under the gloss of its clustering hair;

And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes  
 Into the stillness of autumn skies ;  
 And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,  
 Midst the hidden things of each human heart !

‘ Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?  
 Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !  
 Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look  
 With a reverent spirit, through Nature’s book ;  
 By fount, by forest, by river’s line,  
 To track the paths of a love divine ;  
 To read its deep meanings—to see and hear  
 God in earth’s garden—and not to fear.’—pp. 1—3.

From Mr. Hogg’s contributions we shall select the following  
 pathetic ballad : it is in the true spirit of Scotch poetry.

‘ O is he gane, my good auld man ?  
 And am I left forlorn ?  
 And is that manly heart at rest,  
 The kindest e’er was born ?

‘ We’ve sojourned here, through hope and fear,  
 For fifty years and three,  
 And ne’er, in all that happy time,  
 Said he harsh word to me.

‘ And mony a braw and boardly son,  
 And daughters in their prime,  
 His trembling hand laid in the grave,  
 Lang, lang afore the time.

‘ I dinna greet the day to see  
 That he to them has gane,  
 But O ’tis fearfu’ thus to be  
 Left in a world alane.

‘ Wi’ a poor worn and broken heart,  
 Whose race of joy is run,  
 And scarce has little opening left,  
 For aught aneath the sun.

‘ My life nor death I winna crave,  
 Nor fret nor yet despond,  
 But a’ my hope is in the grave  
 And the dear hame beyond.’—pp. 26—27.

We regret that the tale of ‘ Halloran the Pedlar,’ is much too long for our purpose ; and, indeed, we have so far infringed on our allotted space, that we can only afford room for a portion of Mr. Carrington’s classical and highly-poetical description of the well-known catastrophe, which occurred to Sir Cloudesley Shovel’s ship, “ The Association,” and other vessels under the command of that ill-fated officer, off the perilous rocks of Scilly.



' The blue wave roll'd away before the breeze  
Of evening, and that gallant fleet was seen  
Darting across the waters ; ship on ship  
Following in eager rivalry, for home  
Lay on the welcome lee. The sun went down  
Amid a thousand glorious hues, that lived  
But in his presence ; and the giant clouds  
Moved on in beauty and in power before  
The day-god's burning throne. But soon was o'er  
The pomp celestial, and the gold-fring'd cloud  
Grew dark and darker, and the Elysian tints  
Evanish'd swift ; the clear, bright azure changed  
To blackness, and with twilight came the shriek  
Of the pursuing winds. Anon on high,  
Seen dimly through the shadowy eve, the Chief  
Threw out the wary signal, and they paus'd  
Awhile upon the deep.\* Again they gave  
Their sails to the fresh gale—again the surge  
Swept foaming by, and every daring prow  
Pointed to England ;—England ! that should greet  
With her green hills, and long-lost vales, their eyes  
On the sweet morrow. Beautiful is morn,  
But, oh, how beautiful the morn that breaks  
On the returning wanderer, doom'd no more  
To live on fancy's visions of that spot  
Beyond all others loved ;—that very spot  
Now rising from the broad, blue waters, dear  
To him as Heav'n.

With fatal speed they flew  
Through the wide-parting foam. Again the deck  
Sloped to the billow, and the groaning mast  
Bent to the rising gale ; yet on that night  
The voice of the loud ocean rose to them  
In music, for the winds that hurry'd by  
So fierce and swift, but heralded the way  
To the lov'd island-strand. The jaws of death  
Were round them, and they knew it not, until  
Chilling the life-blood of the bravest, burst  
The everlasting cry of waves and rocks  
From stern Cornubia's isles. Alas, to them—  
The lost, there blazed no friendly Pharos' fire,  
No star gleam'd from the heav'n. The sailor heard  
The roar of the huge cliff, and on his brow  
Fell the cold dew of horror. On they came—  
Those gallant barks, fate driv'n—on they came—  
Borne on the wings of the wild wind, to rush  
In darkness on the black and bellowing reef  
Where human help avails not. There they struck

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\* 'A few hours before the ships struck, Sir Cloudesley Shovel hove out the signal to lie to, in order to ascertain the situation of the fleet.'

And sank ;—the hopes, the fears, the wishes all  
 Of myriads o'er, at once. Each fated ship  
 One moment sat in all her pride, and pomp,  
 And beauty, on the main ;—the next, she plunged  
 Into the "hell" of waves, and from her deck  
 Thrill'd the loud death-scream—stilled as it rose  
 By the dark sea ;—one blow—one shriek—the grave !'  
 pp. 92—94.

The embellishments to this volume were selected, we understand, by Mr. Balmanno, who is rather known in the world by his connection in many ways with the fine arts. He evinced much skill in placing, as the frontispiece, Sir Thomas Lawrence's exquisite picture of 'The Child and Flowers,' which is engraved in the best style by W. Humphreys. It is in itself a gem that cannot be too much admired. Wilkie's picture of Sir W. Scott and his family has not been at all done justice to by Worthington. There is a pettiness in his style of finishing, which is unworthy of the celebrated artist from whose canvass he formed the plate. 'Sans Souci,' is another instance of a good subject spoiled by the insignificance to which it is reduced by the engraver ; and 'The Suitors rejected,' is not in a much better condition. 'The Boy and the Dog,' and 'The Portrait of a Lady,' by Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by Humphreys and Worthington, deserve to go hand in hand with the frontispiece. We should perhaps add to them Pickersgill's 'Oriental Love Letter,' engraved by E. Finden—a beautiful conception, finished in all its accessories with the most refined taste. Westall's picture of the 'Dreams of the Infant Shakspeare,' looks very like a caricature. The idea of placing the pondrous Falstaff in the airy clouds, has something in it irresistibly whimsical. Yet, assuredly, this was not the effect which the artist intended to produce. The other plate, in which our bard is introduced in the presence of Elizabeth and Essex, is a still greater failure. Shakspeare appears more like a plodding country cow-boy, than a child of inspiration. The head-pieces are generally pretty, and much taste is displayed in the vignette title. In conclusion, we should say of *The Bijou*, that although it contains a few real jewels, they are for the most part badly set. The volume strongly reminds us of that sort of Bijouterie so common in France, in which one or two genuine stones are inserted, for the purpose of passing off a great quantity of vile paste and trumpery gold. To the unpractised eye, they all shine with equal lustre ; but now and then a critic will step in, to detect the difference between them, and even to record it, for the purpose of keeping the rules of good taste free from the debasement of a false standard.

ART. XII. *Memoirs of the Public Life and Administration of the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool*, K.G. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 649. London: Saunders & Otley. 1827.

THE anonymous author of this compilation, makes no pretence of having had access to any private sources of intelligence, or of having enjoyed any peculiar advantages for the performance of his undertaking. He declares, that he has no connexion with party, and expressly disclaims all other knowledge of Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, than as public men, on whose system he has 'come to a verdict of approval, because, in the midst of storms that have threatened us with all evil, it has preserved to us so much of political and personal good.' It has been his voluntary labour to follow the subject of the memoir, with which he has here presented to us, through his public life; and for 'the execution of what has been to him a very agreeable task,' he desires to receive only the praise of diligence and impartiality.

The candour, or unpretending modesty at least, of this declaration, bespeaks a favourable judgment for the author, and entitles his work to every indulgent allowance. The merit of 'diligence' may also be freely conceded to his plea; for he has put together a sketch of the political events of the last forty years, and of the share taken by Lord Liverpool during that period, in the conduct of our foreign relations, and the struggle of domestic parties, with sufficient carefulness and accuracy:—and so far his book is all that it professes to be. But we cannot equally assign to his opinions, the challenged praise of 'impartiality.' His general eulogy of Lord Liverpool's administration, might be questionable and uncertain, as a test of political principles; since the measures of government during the last years of that nobleman's premiership differed, "wide as the poles asunder," from those which marked the first ten years of his ministry. Praises loosely bestowed on the cabinet of which Lord Liverpool was the acknowledged president, might be designed for either of the two very opposite parties, who at different periods prevailed in it. But our author has, on the very first page of his volume, stamped the character of his own political tenets with abundant significance. He has inscribed his work to John, Earl of Eldon, as 'the colleague, coadjutor and friend' of his hero; and he has thus of course intended—not to applaud the more liberal measures of Lord Liverpool's cabinet in latter years—but to seal his volume with the type of all the despotic and un-English policy abroad—all the bigotry and narrow-minded prejudice at home, which disgraced the earliest and worst period of that administration.

Of Lord Liverpool himself, it is our wish to speak with respect and with charity, as of the recent dead: with respect, for the moral integrity, and the upright intentions by which, as a man, we

conscientiously believe him to have been actuated : with charity, of the errors of opinion and action, which to many passages in his public career are undoubtedly chargeable. The affecting example of a good man suffering under the heavy dispensations of Providence, should in itself disarm all other feelings towards him personally into kindness and sympathy : the spectacle of a mind in ruins, which has once swayed the counsels, and wielded the destinies of a great empire, suggests an occasion of more humbling and awful reflection. But in discussing the public measures of Lord Liverpool's life, there can be no intrusion on the privacy of a broken existence : to the voice of public applause or censure, he can never again be more accessible, than if the grave had closed over him ; and his character as a statesman has already become the legitimate property of history.

A brief sketch of the principal events of his lordship's political career, into which this volume is easily abridged, will afford materials enough for a candid estimate of his abilities and merits.—Robert Banks Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, was born on the 7th June, 1770, and is therefore in his fifty-eighth year. His father, then Mr. Charles Jenkinson, and a member of the House of Commons, was of a respectable Oxfordshire family, which had possessed a baronetage for about a century. As the direction of the present earl's political course was altogether influenced by that of his father, some notice of the parent is necessary. By accident, or electioneering intrigue, Mr. Jenkinson had become known to Lord Bute, and was introduced into parliament under the auspices of that minister. He was a person of literary, as well as political pursuits ; and in the former character he has, we presume, some title to an honourable record in our pages, since he is declared to have been a contributor to the early numbers of the *Monthly Review*. First obtaining office, as one of the secretaries of the treasury, under Lord Bute, in 1763, he was completely a disciple of that nobleman's school, and 'participated with him in the marked and personal attachment of his late majesty.' In other words, Mr. Jenkinson was well known as one of those confidential and personal servants of George III., who adhered in politics rather to the royal will than to any code of party ; and he may be characterised, perhaps, as long the principal person of that class of politicians, who, throughout the whole of the last reign, desired to be held, not so much either for Whigs or Tories, as for the 'king's friends : ' an unconstitutional, or to say the least of it, an invidious, distinction in their service to a free state and a constitutional sovereign.

The existence of this junto has been of late years strangely denied by some writers, though it was perfectly notorious at the time. Our biographer admits, that Mr. Jenkinson became, after Lord Bute's sudden retirement, one of the most conspicuous members of a party often denominated, as he says, *in envy*, the king's friends, —an imputation which Mr. Jenkinson 'ever considered as his

honour ;' nor is it easy to understand, why he afterwards proceeds to quote Bishop Tomline's question (in the Life of Pitt) ;—" If secret advisers did exist in the late reign, who were they ?"—" The favourites of princes," adds the bishop triumphantly, " are soon detected by the jealous eye of rival candidates, and are drawn into notice by riches, or honours, or some public mark of royal favour. Nothing of this kind occurred in the long reign of his late majesty." The history of Mr. Jenkinson's elevation, unluckily affords in itself a ready answer to the inquiry of the bishop. Besides the successive ministerial offices which he filled in his ostensible political capacity ; he ' was allowed in 1775, to purchase the patent place of clerk of the pells in Ireland : '—in 1786, ' the valuable appointment of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster being vacant, the minister readily met the king's desire that it should be bestowed on Mr. Jenkinson, who was at the same time called up to the House of Lords as Baron Hawkesbury : '—two years afterwards, ' when the baronetage of the elder branch of his family devolved on him, at the death of his cousin, Sir Banks Jenkinson, *his good fortune* enabled him to secure the continuation of the patent place of collector of the customs inward, which that relative had enjoyed : '—and finally, ' his personal honours were completed in 1796, by his advancement to the dignity of Earl of Liverpool.'

Whether these extra-political acquisitions did not come under the head of " riches or honours, or other public marks of royal favour," few will probably doubt. They assuredly were rather beyond the usual measure of good things which would fall to the lot of a second-rate statesman, of no high family connexions ; and they flowed confessedly in part from the personal grace of the king. Charles Jenkinson, however, was certainly an useful servant of the state, as well as of the monarch : a man of respectable political talents, who had attentively studied the commercial and financial system of the country, and had acquired great experience and practical knowledge of its business. His political writings are evidences of his industry ; and his " Letter to the King, on the Coins of the Realm," a quarto volume, published in 1805, and the last labour of his old age, deserves to be mentioned with applause.

Under such a parent, his only son enjoyed great advantages of political education, and was naturally destined for public life, which he was sure to enter under the best auspices of the royal favour. The present earl was educated at the Charter-house, from whence he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of A.M. in 1790 ; and he immediately afterwards obtained a seat in the House of Commons, before he had completed his twenty-first year. His first speech, in 1792, was made on the Russian armament, on the side of government, and he thereby declared his formal and hereditary enlistment under the banners of Mr. Pitt's administration. Having thus signified his intended adherence to the minister, he afterwards consistently and actively supported his

measures during the revolutionary war. From the commencement of that tremendous struggle, indeed, Mr. Jenkinson took a prominent part in combating the arguments of the opposition, and 'rapidly rose,' says his biographer, 'in the consideration of all parties;' though the confident tone in which he delivered his sentiments, and perhaps his youth, exposed him to the sarcastic supposition of Sheridan, that he must have an 'hereditary knowledge of politics, and that a deep insight into the secrets of cabinets ran in his blood.' As early as 1793, he obtained his first place under administration, as a member of the board of control; and during the eight subsequent years of Mr. Pitt's ministry, his name appears constantly in the debates of the period.

Although Mr. Jenkinson, or Lord Hawkesbury, to which title he had succeeded on his father's elevation to the earldom, was thus the strenuous supporter of Mr. Pitt's government, he shewed less deference for his authority on the two great questions upon which the minister appeared as the advocate of the cause of humanity and toleration. From the period of his first entrance into public life, it must be recorded, little to Lord Liverpool's honour, that he constantly avowed himself the opponent of the abolition of the slave trade and of Catholic emancipation. It is worthy of remark, that, on both these questions, his father strongly gave him the example of opposition; and it is to be presumed that, in the formation of these youthful principles, he was originally influenced by the weight of parental opinion. This submission, if such it was, to a father's sentiments, was perhaps natural enough in his outset; but his obstinate maintenance of the same course, with the benefit of the long judgment of maturer years, is neither equally excusable, nor at any rate demonstrative either of the enlargement or liberality of mind, by which his eulogists have laboured to characterise him. Throughout all the debates on the slave trade, in which Mr. Pitt's eloquent share will ever remain among the most splendid monuments both of his oratory and true glory, the high-minded arguments of the premier seem to have had no persuasive power over the prejudices of his follower. Our partial biographer vehemently strives to palliate this reproach, by the assertion, that 'Mr. Jenkinson never defended the principle of this enormous iniquity; he was only, as we shall see, an advocate for the gradual abolition of its wrongs and miseries.' But in what was this 'gradual abolition' to consist? In a mere futile project for improving the treatment of the slaves in the West India islands, in order to render them 'more prolific, so that in a short time no importation should be wanted, in which case the trade would cease of itself.' Even at that period (in 1792), his proposal was rejected by a majority of 234 to 87: yet twelve years afterwards we find him (in 1804), in the Upper House, engaged in defeating for a time longer the exertions of the abolitionists, by a successful motion for postponing the consideration of the question; and finally, even on the

actual suppression of that detestable traffic in 1801, he was still numbered among the bigoted remnant of the opponents of the measure!

To most men who are in the habit of studying the springs of human character, this pertinacious adherence of Lord Liverpool's mind to an inhuman cause and an exploded prejudice, will be received as an obvious solution of his immoveable repugnance to Catholic emancipation. This, too, descended to him as an hereditary piece of bigotry; and the strength with which his father had cherished it himself, and impressed it upon him, may be concluded from the monstrous parliamentary declaration of the first earl, that '*the Catholic disabilities were the main foundation on which rested the present establishment in church and state.*' To this liberal and logical tenet, his son subscribed in his political youth; to this he therefore adhered in the judgment of his old age. From the first period at which the Catholic question was agitated in parliament after he became a member, until its thread-bare discussion in the last year of his public life, Lord Liverpool remained the unmitigated enemy of emancipation. His arguments on the question were sometimes of the most strange and irrelevant character, as if they had partaken of the confusion of a mind, accustomed to think, but in which the elements of reason had on this topic been replaced by the jumbled fragments of worn-out prejudices. In a debate on the subject in 1805, (if his speech is here correctly reported, p. 259), he observed that, 'at any time and under any circumstances he must oppose a motion, which might lead to such alarming consequences as the abrogation of all the tests at present subsisting in the empire. Experience had shewn the desolation it (?) had occasioned, by a republic of Atheists established in the heart of Europe.' The French revolution and Catholic emancipation seem to have been at this epoch the joint bugbears of his imagination: but it would be difficult for a sane mind to perceive any connection between the two subjects. In what manner the imposition of religious tests could check the growth of Atheism, it is impossible to conceive: since it is precisely to men of no religion that the subscription to any such tests should be a matter of sovereign indifference. Oaths are a stumbling block to the conscientious alone. But we ought to be ashamed of opposing grave argument to such absurd premises. In 1807, in the same spirit, he seriously adduced, as a reason for withholding political rights from the Catholics, that an unauthorised individual of their persuasion in Ireland had contended for the equity of filling-up the sees of that kingdom with Protestant and Catholic bishops alternately! Finally, twenty years of experience and reflection had not improved the minister's conceptions of justice; and it was one of the latest declarations of his public life, that '*the Catholics of this country and of Ireland were not entitled to hold equal civil rights and immunities with their Protestant brethren*'!

While, however, we record with regret these violent obliquities of judgment in a man, otherwise of a mild and just character, it is due to the political memory of Lord Liverpool to observe, that his prejudices were far from amounting in degree to the blind, stern, and obdurate bigotry of the Colchesters and the Eldons. In his celebrated letter to Lord Wellesley, of the 19th of May, 1812, which closed the abortive negotiations for the formation of a new cabinet, there is this remarkable sentence: "With respect to myself individually, I must protest against its being inferred, from any declaration of mine, that it is, or ever has been my opinion, that under no circumstances it would be possible to make any alteration in the laws respecting the Roman Catholics." However difficult it may be to reconcile this protest, with his declaration on tests some years before, it may be received as evidence that he had not *intentionally* shut up his judgment from any future change of conviction; and it must not be forgotten that, in 1824, after the admission of some liberal principles into the cabinet, he strenuously contended for the measure of allowing the English Catholics to exercise the elective franchise, and to act as magistrates, though Lord Lansdown's bills for those purposes were lost at the time, by the efforts of the anti-liberal party in the cabinet, and the House of Peers.

We have brought these two great objectionable features in Lord Liverpool's political life—his hostility to the abolition of the slave-trade, and to Catholic emancipation—under one point of view, without reference to the order of time, that we might at once dismiss the least favourable part of his biography. Resuming our general sketch of his public career, we pass to the close of Mr. Pitt's administration, in 1801, as the epoch which first introduced Lord Hawkesbury into the cabinet. The avowed cause of Mr. Pitt's retirement from office at that period being his inability to carry the Catholic question, in consequence of the king's repugnance to the measure, Lord Hawkesbury, of course, did not share in the scruples which induced his leader to withdraw from power, and he accordingly accepted the post of secretary of state for foreign affairs, with a seat in the cabinet, in the new or Addington administration. In this capacity it fell to his lot to negotiate the preliminaries of the ephemeral peace of Amiens, and to defend the terms of that treaty in the House of Commons. A considerable portion of the volume before us is occupied with the particulars of these discussions, and of the subsequent rupture with France: but it is not within our purpose in this place to examine, for the hundredth time, the disputed policy and merits of that short-lived truce. Whatever might be the prudence of attempting a peace, at the time, it will now scarcely be questioned, from a dispassionate survey of the events which followed, that Napoleon's insatiable schemes of conquest and universal dominion, must have utterly prevented the establishment of any safe and durable pacification.



On the resignation of Mr. Addington, and Mr. Pitt's resumption of the premiership, in 1804, Lord Hawkesbury, now called up to the House of Lords by writ, as a peer's eldest son, retained his seat in the cabinet, merely exchanging the secretaryship of the foreign for that of the home department of state. The death of Mr. Pitt, in the beginning of 1806, was the signal for a more doubtful contest between the conflicting parties; and the Whigs, or Foxites, acquired their brief ascendancy over opponents weakened by the loss of their great leader, and numbering no one in their ranks who was worthy to succeed him. The king's repugnance to Mr. Fox and his principles, and his desire to retain the Pitt party in power, induced him to tender the vacant premiership to Lord Hawkesbury. But his lordship, after a few days' deliberation, declined the offer; and his rejection of the dangerous temptation, at that crisis, was perhaps the best proof of good sense and sound judgment which he ever evinced. He knew the relative strength of parties, and his own weakness. Mr. Fox and his friends could not, of course, have been induced to serve under him, perhaps not even with him, even if he could in decency have coalesced with *them*. Lord Grenville and his party, the moderate or intermediate part of the opposition, had treated him, says our author, with contumely, and besides, had already, two years before, refused office, even under Mr. Pitt's auspices, on any other conditions than the introduction of Mr. Fox; and the hazard of attempting to carry on the business of the state at that appalling juncture, with the powerful opposition of the united Fox and Grenville parties, was manifest. The genius and reputation of Pitt had formed the sole strength of his administration. As a mere ministerial party, his followers, without him, possessed none of the confidence of the country, and had none in themselves; and Lord Hawkesbury, as a leader, had neither weight nor ability to maintain their union and restore their broken spirit.

There could not, therefore, have been a stronger proof of the king's antipathy to the Whigs and their leader, and of the anxiety with which the royal mind clung to the shadow of hope for their exclusion, than this offer of the premiership to an individual who, hitherto, in any case, had acquired so inferior a rank in political life. The circumstance has also been construed into a signal mark of the king's personal regard for the son of his old favourite; and our author observes, that in declining the premiership, 'Lord Hawkesbury retained a decided proof of his sovereign's attachment, in the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, to which he was appointed on the death of Mr. Pitt.'

During the brief Fox and Grenville administration, Lord Hawkesbury was of course in opposition; nor did the death of Mr. Fox abate his hostility to the cabinet of "the talents." It is needless to remind the reader that, early in the following year (1807), the resolve of that administration to carry the catholic question, led to

their sudden dismissal by the king. The sarcasm of Sheridan against his friends, upon this occasion, is well known: "That he had often heard of people beating out their brains against a wall, but never before knew of any one building a wall expressly for the purpose." But with Sheridan virtue itself was but a jest, and all grave principle only an object of ridicule. The Whigs may have betrayed a defect of cunning policy in forcing on the question at that moment; but the honesty and consistency of their conduct in the whole transaction will be remembered to their honour, as a party, long after the possible results of its imprudence have ceased, under happier circumstances, to operate.

'The retiring ministry,' says our biographer, 'ascribed no small portion of the king's personal conduct and firmness at this time, to the influence of Lord Hawkesbury; and Lord Howick condescended to name his lordship and Lord Eldon as the king's advisers on the occasion.' The attempt to constitute the former premier of the anti-catholic administration, was not, however, renewed; and the Duke of Portland obtained the nominal presidency of the cabinet, in which Lord Hawkesbury resumed his post of home secretary. We can remember when it was generally believed, that this party could not retain the direction of affairs for six months, so little did its leaders possess of the public confidence: yet such is the caprice of fortune, and so much are politics a game of chance, that this weak administration—with no more for its head than the name of a nobleman, who never once appeared in his place in parliament, as a minister, and was little spoken of or thought of by the public—was composed of the same members, with little variation, who conducted the affairs of the state to the triumphant conclusion of a gigantic war, and retained the possession of their power for nearly twenty years!

The sentiments of a large party of the parliament and the nation, who judged the duty of supporting government in the war against Napoleon, to be superior to all other considerations, upheld the new cabinet; and the Portland administration continued until it changed its name by the quarrel and duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in 1809, and the consequent resignation of those two members, and the nominal premier. The rest of the cabinet, however, remained in their seats; and no change occurred in the character of their principles and measures. But Mr. Perceval was raised to the premiership; and Lord Hawkesbury (now become Earl of Liverpool, by his father's decease) still occupied only a secondary place in the rapid elevation of that minister. The overtures made at this epoch to Lords Grey and Grenville, to join the government, marked the weakness of the cabinet; but notwithstanding the contemptuous refusal of the opposition leaders to enter into any union with Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool, the 'Perceval administration' was successfully constructed; and it proved, contrary to all expectation, strong enough to maintain itself against its opponents.

It even survived the shock which it received within two years afterwards, from the confirmed malady of the king, and the inevitable appointment of the Prince of Wales to the Regency. On that event, the long connexion of his royal highness with the whig party, and his personal regard for several of its leaders, seemed to open the certain road for their entrance into power; and there can be no doubt that, as our author remarks, dissensions among that party, and their own mismanagement, alone prevented their succession to the government. The 'stately tone of dictation' assumed by Lords Grey and Grenville to the Prince, was sufficient in itself to disgust him with his old political friends; and the insidious suggestions of Sheridan, perhaps completed his alienation. The Whigs thus played their adversaries' game for them; and to their dissensions, the tottering Perceval administration was indebted for its safety and stability. A combination of circumstances, more unexpected in their influence, or more remarkable in the importance and duration of their results, is scarcely to be found in the history of party and political intrigue.

The assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812, at length prepared the way for Lord Liverpool's elevation to the acknowledged guidance of his party, and the premiership of the cabinet, which he was destined to retain for nearly fifteen years. But here again the direction of affairs was only bestowed by the Regent exclusively upon Lord Liverpool, and the party who were willing to recognise his supremacy, after the failure of all other efforts to unite a more enlarged and efficient administration. Lord Liverpool was first commanded by the Prince to communicate with Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning on the subject of forming a ministry. But his lordship's overtures to induce Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning, who had once been his colleagues, to join him in the new administration, were defeated, ostensibly upon differences relative to the Catholic question and the conduct of the war; but in reality, as it should seem, by the disinclination of Lord Wellesley to serve under him. Lord Wellesley himself then received the Regent's commands to "combine an administration on an extended basis;" and addressed in his turn, Lord Liverpool, as well as the Whig leaders, for the purpose. But this plan also failed, owing, as Lord Wellesley declared in parliament, in rather odd phraseology, to "dreadful personal animosities, and the most terrible difficulties, arising out of questions the most complicated and important." It was then only that the premiership fell, as if by default of all other pretenders, into the hands of Lord Liverpool, and the offices of government to those of the old Pitt party, who were contented to receive him for their chief.

Into any detailed history of the "Liverpool administration," as it is usual to term it, it is not our intention, or within the scope of our limits to enter. The measures which distinguished its long reign of power, must be still fresh in the recollection of most of our

readers. Some degree of false splendour has been conferred upon the memory of that original administration, from the circumstance that under its councils, the most arduous, extended, and glorious war, in which this country was ever engaged, was conducted to a triumphant consummation. But the honor of that struggle is due, not to the mere party who held the direction of affairs, but to the constancy and indomitable courage of the aristocracy, the mercantile classes, and the people in general, of Great Britain. To Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, belongs the merit only of having persevered in a contest, from which the popular spirit and voice of their country would never have permitted its government to shrink with dishonour. Nor can it for an instant be doubted, that the pride, conviction, and heart of the nation, were unanimously embarked in the resolution never to recede from a quarrel against the ambition of Napoleon, on which the independence of England, and all Europe, was desperately staked. Even the whig opposition, feeble as it was on this question, was confined rather to objections against the conduct of the war, than to the necessity of the war itself. At least, the real sense of any part of the nation went no farther with them than this ; and if the Whigs had continued in power in 1807, or returned to the guidance of the state at any subsequent period, they must equally have prosecuted the contest. Of this no stronger evidence can possibly be wanted, than the utter failure of Mr. Fox's zealous efforts to accomplish a peace just before the close of his life.

Whether the Whig leaders might have conducted the war more ably than their successful rivals, is a point of little import to determine : it will, of course, continue to be so asserted, as it has been, by themselves, and denied by the opposite party. But this country is indebted, under Providence, for her triumph, to circumstances, which no wisdom of the administration had the slightest influence in promoting. It was the insatiable ambition of Napoleon which worked its own ruin ; and the obvious advantage to be derived from the Peninsular insurrection, and the rupture of the French Emperor with Russia, must have been equally palpable to the common sense of a Whig or a Tory administration. Certain it is, that no counsels could have worse mismanaged our co-operation in the Austrian war of 1809, or dictated a more miserable effort than the Walcheren expedition.

It was the good fortune of Lord Liverpool and his colleagues to hold their power during the brightest epoch of our history ; supported, as they were, by the wonderful energy and the military talent and valour which the conflict elicited in this country ; and, favoured by the insanity of universal dominion in Napoleon, which at last roused the nations of Europe against their oppressor. The administration were not slow to arrogate to themselves the direction of events which they only followed ; but when the intellectual mediocrity of these men is weighed in the fair balance of history,

it will perhaps not be deemed the least extraordinary feature of our extraordinary times, that the British achievements of the war were gained under a cabinet, of which the Sidmouths and the Eldons, the Westmorelands and the Melvilles, the Vansittarts and the Bathursts, formed the conspicuous majority.

But, while we may hesitate to assert that the Whig party—containing, as it did, after the death of Fox, no great master spirit, no leader of transcendent ability—would have directed the war more skilfully to its close than the Liverpool administration; we are justified in the belief, that the influence of the liberal principles to which the Whig party were pledged, would have saved this country, after the general pacification, from the reproach of having favoured the conspiracy of the continental sovereigns against the cause of constitutional liberty. Why was it that every English traveller, for years after the congress of Vienna, instead of hearing his country honoured for her noble deliverance of Europe against one arch despot, found her government execrated in every private society in Germany and Italy, as the accomplice of a herd of meaner despots? Why, but because the people of the Continent had been taught, from the arbitrary and insulting tone towards the popular cause, always held by our minister for foreign affairs—from his intimate and ostentatious connexion with the courts of the Holy Alliance—from the ministerial defence of the principle of that league in our parliament—to identify the spirit of our cabinet with that of their own despotic governments?

In this respect, Lord Londonderry was the means of bequeathing a heavy penalty of continental hatred to his country, which the enlightened and liberal policy of his lamented successor, in withdrawing from that close union with the despots of Europe, had scarcely time to redeem; and even the author before us, with all his partialities, confesses (p. 608), in noticing Lord Londonderry's decease, that 'the prolongation of the close union (between England and the Continental Courts), it was not desirable, perhaps, that this country should attempt; at any rate, his Lordship's death was the signal for its being no longer attempted.' It has been argued, that our government had no power to interfere between foreign monarchs and their subjects; but was it, therefore, necessary or honourable, that England should even *appear* to favour the despotic system of those sovereigns? Or, can it be pretended, that the moral influence of true English principles would have been without its weight in the settlement of the continental governments? The effects of Mr. Canning's policy, during its too brief exposition, upon the conduct of foreign states, and the public opinion and feeling of Europe towards this country, have been too apparent for contradiction, and form a sufficient answer to both these questions.

For all the measures of the administration which bore his name, Lord Liverpool is, in a rigid judgment, to be held immediately

accountable ; or if, in a more liberal construction, his own political principles should be separated from those that, at different epochs, acquired the ascendant in the cabinet over which he nominally presided, the measure of his own dignity and supremacy must in the same ratio be lowered. And the truth seems to have been, that he either never attempted, or never was able, to exercise that commanding and decisive influence over the counsels of his administration, which would have marked the great master-genius and ruler of a dominant party in the state : there was not, in his character, a particle of that imposing elevation and towering weight of authority, which distinguished a Chatham, a Pitt, a Fox, or a Canning ; which brooked no compromise in their sway with inferior spirits ; and which rendered those great names a watch-word and a designation for principles and parties. The minds with which Lord Liverpool acted were, for many years, of the commonest and most vulgar stamp ; yet he was suffered to be, in fact, no more than the colleague, not the real leader, of such associates. Hence his administration, as it was still called under opposite measures, had no character of unity or consistency. When the system of commercial restrictions was obstinately maintained against the reasoning of modern economists, it was the Liverpool cabinet that clung to the dogmas of antiquated prejudice : when the principles of free trade were suddenly and violently substituted for those cumbrous restrictions, the change was still sanctioned by the name of the same premier. While the financial measures of government were the ridicule and scorn of the city, Lord Liverpool was First Lord of the Treasury : when a new Chancellor of the Exchequer vigorously threw aside the maudlin shifts of his predecessor, Lord Liverpool was still the nominal head of the executive department of finance. In fine, while Lord Londonderry was chaining this country to the chariot wheels of the Holy Alliance, and advocating and promoting the cause of despotism in the old world and the new, Lord Liverpool represented the counsels of the country ; and when the bold and generous policy of Canning broke these disgraceful shackles, put the last stroke to the emancipation of America, upheld the cause of rational liberty in Europe, and restored this great and free nation to her proper rank, as the advocate and protector of free principles, lo ! Lord Liverpool—*idem et alter*—was still, by courtesy, the director and president of the cabinet.

On the general characteristics of Lord Liverpool's mind as a politician, we have little to add to the obvious conclusions deducible from the candid review which we have endeavoured to take of the principal circumstances in his public life. For the high station which he preserved during so many years, it is evident that he was not indebted to any striking superiority of genius. But the estimation which his lordship unquestionably enjoyed in the opinion of his country, was perhaps, in one respect, still more honourable to

him, than if it had flowed from mere confidence in his talents : that estimation was founded upon a general conviction of his moral integrity and personal worth. Doubtless he derived part of his support from the selfish views of the Tory aristocracy, who had engrossed all political power in the country, from the epoch at which the atrocities of the French Revolution, and the terror of jacobinical principles, enlisted the great mass of the middle orders of society on the side of their government. That high aristocratic party, who had so long possessed the ascendancy, that they began to imagine the direction of affairs to be their common birth-right and property, were ultimately contented to take Lord Liverpool for a leader, because he agreed with them in general principles, and formed a respectable agent for their monopoly. But the body of the nation were reconciled to his continuance in office from better motives : because they saw in him a good man and a well-intentioned minister. His unblemished private character, his religious sincerity, and the conscientious manner in which, as far as his influence availed, he distributed the patronage of the established church and promoted the charities of the country, all assisted this favourable estimate of his personal virtues, and justified its application to his public conduct.

That his views were often narrow, and his judgment blinded by early prejudices, cannot the more be denied. The only two great questions of internal policy, on which he was consistent throughout, were opposed to extended benevolence and true humanity. But this was the fault, not of his heart, but his mind : it is more an impeachment of him as a statesman than an individual. His talents for business were respectable ; and he closely resembled his father in his industrious application, his acquired knowledge, and his practical experience in public affairs. In parliament, his eloquence, which his biographer has not attempted to characterise, was of a piece with his mind ; it was temperate, circumstantial, and without lofty assumption. Education and practice, had rendered him in his line, a considerable debater ; and his speeches were remarkable for arrangement and clearness of detail. But, neither in the exposition or the employment of principles, does he ever seem to have risen to philosophical grandeur in his views : he was an experienced and able man of business, but has no pretension to be remembered for any one quality of a great and enlightened statesman.

## NOTICES.

ART. XIII. *Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce Works: with Biographical and Illustrative Notices, including Original Poetry.* By Thomas Lyle. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 262. 7s. London: Lupton Relf. 1827.

WE are penetrated with a very lively respect for the genuine ballad antiquary; for his occupation bespeaks, if not a heart in unison with the best feelings of our nature, at least great innocence of purpose. He is the most industrious of purveyors—the most delighted of labourers.—His friends are put in requisition, and join the chace after old ballads with various success.—He can write the politest note of inquiry imaginable to a stranger, who is reputed to be the lord of some rare literary archives.—He will stop the humming ploughman on his way, to extort the remainder of the snatch that has just arrested his ear.—His periodical returns to the old stall in search of metrical discoveries, are as certain as the monthly renewals of the moon.—He will lay waste a library to secure the latent madrigal, of which no copy can else where be found. And with what joy at last, in some corner of the octogenarian manuscript, does he fall upon the expected quarry; not a stanza missing, not a line seen to falter of that song, which Ritson could do no more than allude to as an invisible treasure. He is too happy to find that the penmanship is half illegible, his rapture being inversely as the orthography is abstruse:—an insurmountable abbreviation will complete his satisfaction.

But the rock on which he splits, is his own credulity, which lays him open to all manner of imposition:—he will pique himself on a discovery of what is already pretty generally known—he calculates too little on the enterprise and industry of his predecessors, and fancies, that because a composition is new to himself, it must be new to all the world beside. We fear that Mr. Lyle has not been able to pilot himself altogether safely through this danger. Why else should he, in a volume purporting to be a collection of novelties, dedicate no inconsiderable portion of its pages to songs which are, as to a very great number at least, to be found in every school-book of poetry? It is a perfectly gratuitous delusion in Mr. Lyle to think, that the pieces which form the contents of the first of his four sections, are now for the most part to be only found sprinkled over the pages of a few rare or expensive works.

The second section of this volume consists of specimens of the poetical compositions of Sir W. Mure, of Rowallan, an almost extinct poet of Scotland. The bard appears to have been a copious writer, and to have been much esteemed in his day, not so much, perhaps, for the merits of his verses, as on account of their subserviency to the popular prejudices of the time. Mr. Lyle, fairly enough, leaves the claims of Sir W. Mure to be decided upon by the public, appearing to treat the samples here produced as worthy of preservation, rather from their antiquity and rarity, than on account of any intrinsic value which he supposes them to possess. The following strikes us as being the best of his productions to be found in this selection; and the reader will not fail to observe in it, a kind of measure which was very unusual in the poet's time, and which, in our day, has been long preferred by the most admired masters of the lyre.



‘ A REPLY TO “ I CARE NO WHETHER I GET HER OR NO.”

‘ To plead but where mutual kindness is gain’d,  
And fancy only where favour hath place;  
Such frozen affection I ever disdain’d,  
Can ought be impair’d by distance or space.  
My love shall be endless where once I affect—  
Even though it should please her my service reject :  
Still shall I determine, till breath and life go,  
To love her whether she love me or no.

‘ If she, by whose favour I live, should disdain,  
Shall I match her unkindness by proving ingrate?  
Oh no ! in her keeping my heart must remain—  
To honour and love her more than she can hate.  
Her pleasure can no ways return to my smart,  
Whose life in her power, must stay or depart :  
Though fortune delight in my overthrow,  
I’ll love her whether she love me or no.

‘ To lose both time and travel for a frown,  
And change for a secret surmise of disdain ;  
Love’s force, and true virtue, to such is unknown,  
Whose faintness of courage is constancy’s stain.  
My loyal affection no time can diminish :  
Where once I affect, my favour shall finish :  
So shall I determine till breath and life go,  
To love her whether she love me or no.’—pp. 119, 120.

The contents of the third section of this volume, are entitled ‘ Songs and Ballads, Traditional and Selected ;’ the traditional part, Mr. Lyle tells us, having been snatched during his boyhood, as they floated on the wings of memory over the shires of Renfrew and Ayr.

After Mr. Allan Cunningham had given his copious collection of Scottish songs to the world, we had concluded, in our simplicity, that the old lyrical muse of his country had been fairly delivered of her “ last dying words.” We were not a little disconcerted however, in the course of the last summer, by the appearance of a confident octavo of “ more last words,”\* to which Mr. Lyle now purposes to add, in the nature of a codicil, a small contribution of lyrical curiosities, recovered personally in the shires just mentioned. Even of the ballads stated to have been drawn from tradition, the number is very small indeed, which the editor ventures to affirm he has not already seen in print: the merit claimed for the great majority, being only that of a superior correctness in the version. Mr. Lyle is restrained, he informs us, by delicacy, from presenting a more enlarged collection of the curious remnants of Scottish minstrelsy. We are only surprised that a tissue of grossness, like that of ‘ The Auld Wife O’Lauderdale,’ should have escaped his pruning knife.

But whatever be the origin of these songs, they really appear to us to be destitute of the least claim upon our interest or curiosity. The best of them does not rise above mediocrity: whilst the average merit of all together is exceeded by that of the ordinary class of nursery rhymes. The

\* See M. R. vol. 5, p. 402.

annexed ballad, is by far superior to most of those which, according to Mr. Lyle, had before his publication, remained amongst the decaying traditions of his country :

‘ THE EWE LAMB.

- ‘ I’ll gie thee jewels, an’ I’ll gie thee rings,  
I’ll gie thee pearls, an’ many fine things,  
I’ll gie thee silk petticoats fringed to the knee,  
If thou’lt lea’ve father an’ mother, an’ marry wi’ me.
- ‘ I’ll nane o’ your jewels, I’ll nane o’ your rings,  
I’ll nane o’ your pearlins nor ither fine things,  
Nor skyrin silk petticoats fringed to the knee,  
But I’ll lea’ father an’ mother, an’ marry wi’ thee.
- ‘ But my father’s a shepherd, wi’ his flocks on yon hill,  
Ye may gang to the auld man, an’ ask his gude-will :  
Indeed will I, Jeanie, an’ bring answer to thee,  
Sae, amang the berry-bushes ‘gin gloamin meet me.
- ‘ Good-morrow, old father ! ye’er feeding your flock ;  
Will you grant me a ewe-lamb to bring up a stock ?  
Indeed will I, Jamie, says he, frank an’ free :  
Sae, amang the berrie-bushes, my Jeanie met me.
- ‘ How blyth look’d young Jamie, as he took her by the hand,  
Syne up before the old man this young couple stand ;  
Says, this is the ewe-lamb that I ask’d of thee,  
’Twas amang the berry-bushes this young thing met me.
- ‘ O foul fa’ thee, Jamie, thou hast me beguill’d,  
I little thought the ewe-lamb thou ask’d was my child ;  
But since it is sae, that in love you agree,  
My blessing gang wi’ ye, my dochter, quoth he.—p. 140.

There is a hearty rustic gaiety in the following ballad, which bears a close affinity to the lyrics of the Ettrick Shepherd. After a laborious search amongst collections of song, Mr. Lyle is of opinion, that he is entitled to the praise of first putting it into print :

‘ UP WI’ THE WIDOW.

- ‘ Welcome, my Johnny, beardless an’ bonny,  
Ye’re my conceit, though I’m courted by mony ;  
Come to the spence, my ain merry ploughman,  
Make it your hame, ye’ll be baith het an’ fu’, man :  
Baith het an’ fu’, man, baith het an’ fu’, man,  
Make it your hame, ye’ll be baith het an’ fu’, man.
- ‘ Gin ye be tentie, ye shall hae plenty,  
Year after year, I hae dotted a renty,  
Byres fu’ o’ horse an’ kye, barns fu’ o’ grain, man,  
Bukes fu’ o’ notes, an’ a farm o’ your ain man ;  
At market or fair, man, ye may be there, man,  
Buying or selling, wi’ plenty to ware, man,  
Dress’d like a laird, in the bravest an’ warmest,  
On a guide beast, you’ll ride up wi’ the foremost.

' Taupie young lassies, keeking in glasses,  
Wasting their siller on trinkets an' dresses,  
Think wi' yoursel', Johnny tak wha ye may do,  
Ye may do war than draw up wi' the widow,  
Up wi' the widow, up wi' the widow,  
Ye may do war than draw up wi' the widow.'—pp. 150—151.

Upon the whole, we think this publication affords a ground for congratulation, for it affords pretty strong evidence indeed, that the mine of old Scottish minstrelsy, is now completely worked out. There is not a spark of poetical ore now remaining, we would fain believe, in the traditions of ' the North Countrie ' to attract the industry of the most determined delver in antiquarian lore.

The fourth and last sections, contain the production of Mr. Lyle himself. They shew him to be skilled in versification, and to be possessed of genuine poetical feeling.

ART. XIV. *A Practical Treatise on The Use of the Blow Pipe in Chemical and Mineral Analysis, &c.* by John Griffin, Author of *Chemical Recreations*. 12mo. 4s. pp. 307. Glasgow: Richard Griffin. 1827.

IN this pretty little volume, the mechanical execution of which confers credit on the press of Glasgow, we find collected substantially the information respecting the uses of the Blow Pipe, which lie scattered in numberless volumes and treatises, inaccessible either to the artist or the scientific amateur. The history of this marvellous instrument, (marvellous on account of the contrast which exists between the simplicity of its construction, and the prodigious force of its power,) is traced from its first introduction, down to the present moment, when its utility is attested by the universal consent of men of science. Ample and minute instructions, such as the most uninformed can carry into practice, are next furnished for the immediate employment, both of the simple instrument, and its more complex varieties. The student will be enabled to appreciate the power of the blow pipe thoroughly, when he peruses the account of the phenomena produced on mineral substances, by the medium of this instrument. And to facilitate his progress an arrangement of minerals is added, which will have the further good effect of enabling him to distinguish their species with ease and certainty.

ART. XV.—*Immortality or Annihilation? The Question of a Future State discussed and decided by the Arguments of Reason*. 8vo. 8s. 6d. pp. 260. London: Treuttel & Wurtz. 1827.

FOR powerful reasoning to convince, and eloquence to captivate, we have seldom seen a work more worthy of the vital subject of a future state than the one now before us. Proceeding altogether independently of the assistance of Revelation, the author's argument is of the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*, and infers that it would be a palpable inconsistency in the Power which governs the universe, to destine man for annihilation after this life, and yet to endow him with the faculties and instincts that are peculiar to his nature.

If death were to be the end of man's existence, it was a cruel mockery to inspire him with a longing after immortality; to give him reasoning powers that enable him to anticipate that death, which *then* would be his punishment, and to give him talents which, in such a case, it would be useless for him to cultivate or exercise. As an elegant piece of composition, for we would fain persuade ourselves that the arguments in it are not needed by many, this work deserves to be extensively known.

ART. XVI.—*The Exile; a Poem.* By Robert Haldane Rattray, Esq. The Third Edition [! !]. London: printed from the Calcutta Second Edition. Cr. octavo, pp. 189. Kingsbury & Co. 1826.

THIS *poem* may be considered as a luminous document of the state of Anglo-Oriental taste; for it had gone through two editions in Calcutta before it came, with "all its Indian honours thick around it," to claim our critical assistance, in helping it through a third in England. We are really ashamed of having so long delayed so important a duty. However, better late than never; and, as the best atonement in our power, we will make quick work of it, now that we have taken it in hand.

After a pathetic description of a funeral procession, and a sublime one of the horrors of war, we come to understand that the *Exile* is one of those unfortunate persons, not who have been transported from our own shores to Botany Bay, for any differences of opinion on the rights of man, or of property; or driven from those of the counter-revolutionized continent, by the triumphant justice of legitimacy,—but who has been tempted by "lying Fame, fell Ambition, and pale Avarice," to quit the 'fairy garden' of Vecta, where he and 'maidenly Contentment' whilome wont to dwell, and go to the East Indies, 'in search of *undesired* wealth;' and who, while there, was tempted again by some of the said allegorical divinities—the first, we suppose—to write *undesired* verses upon the subject of his voyage, and the adventures of himself and shipmates, &c. &c. How he has executed this task, as the merit seems to be pretty equal throughout, a single quotation may perhaps suffice to show:—

'Hear, ye bless'd Shades! th' unequal lay attend!  
Turn to surviving Sorrow's record! bend  
In pleased attention, to the minstrel's tale;  
And smile approval—tho' the effort fail  
The lyre to wake to life, in music's breath;  
Or sweep its wild notes to the scenes of death;—  
As Memory wanders to those happy hours,  
Those short but blissful days, that once were ours;  
Or points to when Destruction rode the wave,  
Blasting Affection's bold attempts to save!'—p. 32.

If the reader be not satisfied with this taste of its quality, we recommend him to the perusal of the whole poem, notes and all, in which he will find much elaborate geographical information, about the length and breadth, &c. &c., of that hitherto unknown country, the Isle of Wight, with nautical and other information equally curious and original.

ART. XVII.—*The Life of Carl Theodore Körner, (written by his Father,) with selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas.* Translated from the German by G. F. Richardson, author of *Poetic Hours*. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Hurst & Co. 1827.

WE are at a loss to discover the inducement of the translator to undertake this labour, for the tame beauty and idea-less elegance of Körner's productions is not likely to appear to advantage through the always dim medium of translation. In a prefatory eulogium, Mr. Richardson introduces us to a sort of "Admirable Crichton," whose variety of accomplishments, however, seems to neutralise their effect. Indeed, a young man who, at the age of twenty-two, had composed, martial and miscellaneous poems, prose tales and dramas; had attempted farce, opera, comedy, and tragedy, and succeeded *alike in all*, (rather equivocal praise, by-the-bye); and who, 'in addition to his academical career, also discharged the duties of a military life,' must either be more than mortal, or, what Körner appears to have been, very clever, and possessed of sufficient energy to plan, and skill to execute, in a respectable manner, a series of literary compositions, that drew upon him the flattering encomiums of his friends, and the applauses of the wonder-loving multitude. Like all universal geniuses (the Prince Prettymans of a family), he was all that is virtuous, amiable, noble, and patriotic; and his joining the army is pronounced by his translator to have been 'an act of heroic self-devotion, which may vie with the brightest records of the historic page—or of the serjeant's muster-roll, might have been added.

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ART. XVIII.—*Sylvia; or the May Queen: a Lyrical Drama.* By George Darley. 12mo. pp. 217. London: Taylor. 1827.

THIS volume contains some very pleasing poetry, the pretty conceits and quaint witticisms of which are quite appropriate to this species of romantic drama, as they harmonise with the scene without obstructing the progress of the incidents. The spirit of the several characters is well sustained, and the elves are in admirable keeping. The author evinces considerable comic power in the person of Andrea, a sort of Sancho-Falstaff, some of whose sayings, if rather too elaborate, are nevertheless original and highly-ludicrous. We shall indulge the reader with a short extract from one of the scenes in verse: it describes, very happily, that mystic sound, which dreamers imagine they sometimes hear at the close of a spring or summer evening.

‘ Have you not oft, in the still wind,  
Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,  
That rose one moment, and then fell  
Swooning away like a far knell?  
Listen!—that wave of perfume broke  
Into sea-music, as I spoke,  
Fainter than that which seems to roar  
On the moon's silver-sanded shore,  
When through the silence of the night  
Is heard the ebb and flow of light.

O shut the eye, and ope the ear!  
 Do you not hear, or think you hear,  
 A wide hush o'er the woodland pass  
 Like distant waving fields of grass?—  
 Voices!—ho! ho!—a band is coming,  
 Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,  
 Or ranks of little merry men  
 Tromboning deeply from the glen,  
 And now as if they changed, and rung  
 Their citterns small, and riband-slung,  
 Over their gallant shoulders hung!—  
 A chant! a chant! that swoons and swells  
 Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells;  
 Now brave, as when in Flora's bower  
 Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet-flower;  
 Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,  
 Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer;  
 But mixt with whoops, and infant-laughter,  
 Shouts following one another after,  
 As on a hearty holyday  
 When Youth is flush, and full of May.'—pp. 135, 136.

ART. XIX.—*Notices relative to the Early History of the Town and Port of Hull, compiled from Original Records and unpublished Manuscripts, and illustrated with Engravings, Etchings, and Vignettes.* By Charles Frost, F.S.A. 4to. pp. 150. London: Nichols. 1827.

ALTHOUGH this work possesses interest only for the antiquary, or those connected with the town of Hull, it deserves notice for the manner in which it is got up. The engravings, both on wood and copper, are beautiful; particularly the fac-similes of ancient grants, &c. with their seals, by Howlett, and the tomb and effigy of Sir John de Sutton, by Le Keux. The latter is a fine specimen of that artist's skill. We have seen no etchings that at all approach those of the Messrs. Le Keux, in delicacy and fidelity, especially when employed upon ancient structures. The effects of the crumbling touch of time are delineated with the most minute accuracy, and the character of defaced sculpture admirably preserved.

ART. XX.—*A Natural History of the most remarkable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, Reptiles, and Insects.* By Mrs. Mary Trimmer. 2 vols. 18mo. Chiswick Press. London: Tegg. 1827.

A VERY pretty and useful present for young people, consisting of lively and succinct accounts of the animal creation, illustrated with popular anecdotes, and embellished with correct representations of three hundred different animals, most beautifully engraved on wood by Mr. S. Williams, in a style of excellence rivalling the productions of the celebrated Bewick. The execution of the whole work reflects great credit on Mr. Whittingham's press. If the name of Mrs. Mary Trimmer in the title-page be intended to induce a supposition, in the public mind, that the work is written

by Mrs. Sarah Trimmer, to whose exertions both parents and the rising generation are so deeply indebted, it is a disingenuous proceeding, and in the present instance needless, as the little publication recommends itself sufficiently.

ART. XXI.—*The Christian Poet; or, Selections in Verse on Sacred Subjects.* By James Montgomery. With an Introductory Essay. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 440. Glasgow: Collins. 1827.

IF we are to understand the term 'Religious Poetry' to mean sacred subjects, devotionally treated in poetical language and rhythm of verse, then does this volume contain, comparatively, but a small portion of it. Indeed, there is very little that is purely of a religious character; and, without entering into the arguments which Mr. Montgomery has set forth in his introductory essay on the nature of sacred song, we may just remark that the present selection is a proof of our assertion, for the serious, or moral, greatly predominates over the pious, or devotional, in the productions of which the volume consists. It, however, contains much that is excellent in the graver cast of composition, and that will be new to the general reader; and the selection does credit to the taste and discrimination of its highly-gifted editor, who will doubtless receive the thanks that are his due from that numerous class for whom it is principally intended.

ART. XXII.—*Prize Essay, on the State of Society and Knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland, particularly in the Northern Counties, at the Period of the Rebellion, in 1745.* By John Anderson, W. S. 8vo. pp. 176. Edinburgh: W. Tait. London: C. Tait.

THIS is an able essay upon an interesting subject, and is worthy of notice, from the circumstance of its being the first-fruits of a society, called the "Northern Institution," established at Inverness, in March, 1825, for the purpose of forming collections of information and relics, principally illustrative of the history and antiquities of the Highlands. The society appears likely to become the nucleus of much that is valuable to a district rapidly advancing in commerce and civilization; but which, from its distant locality, would otherwise be tardy in its progress towards literature and science. A brief statement of the objects of the institution, together with lists of its members, their communications, and the contributions to its museum, are appended.

ART. XXIII.—*Memoires de Michel Oginsky sur la Pologne et les Polonais, depuis 1788, jusqu' a la fin de 1815.* Vol. i. & ii. Paris et Geneva. 1826.

THESE are the eventful Memoirs of a Polish nobleman, who acted a conspicuous and honourable part in the vicissitudes of his distracted country, at the time of the iniquitous partition of that ancient kingdom. He was proscribed in consequence of his patriotism, and during eight long years, he wandered from place to place, from the shores of the Euxine to those

of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, seeking, like the Carthaginian of old, to stir up fresh enemies against the invaders of his country. At last, weary of useless efforts, and seeing no chance of assistance from pretended friends, he chose the lesser of two evils, and preferred confiding in the proffered generosity of those into whose hands the destinies of his native land had irrevocably fallen. Nor does he seem to have had occasion to repent of his choice. Count Oginsky is now advanced in years, retired from the busy scene of life, and enjoying *otium cum dignitate* under the milder climates of France and Italy; he has seen much of the world in the full sense of the phrase; he is well acquainted with court and camp, and what is still more, he appears to have a tolerably correct insight into the hearts of men. His work contains a sensible, calm narrative of interesting and melancholy events, written in a sober unaffected strain, such as befit his age and station. Some interesting personal incidents are blended with, or rather sunk into, the story of the paramount events of his country. That lamentable tale has been often told already. In describing the last catastrophe, the storming of the suburb of Praga, Oginsky has stated facts impartially, without casting useless obloquy on the name of the Russian Conqueror. The memory of that wild and eccentric Russian soldier has been treated perhaps, with too much severity, by prejudiced writers. The chief blame attached itself to the authors, and not to the instrument of that unjust war.

We expect, with some anxiety, the appearance of the third volume of these Memoirs, which the author has promised, and which will continue the narrative of Polish affairs, to the end of the late war, and the establishment of the present kingdom of Poland, under the sceptre of Russia. When that volume makes its appearance, we shall probably give a detailed account of the whole work.

ART. XXIV.—*Friedrich August, König von Sachsen.* [*Frederic Augustus, King of Saxony; a biographical Essay.* By A. L. Hermann. *With a Portrait and a fac-simile of the King's hand writing.*] 8vo. pp. 178. Dresden: 1827.

LITTLE of truth can be expected in a work of this description, which is rather a panegyric than a history. Yet the career of the late king of Saxony would have furnished many materials, for an instructive and interesting piece of biography. It was a life crowded with events, as few princes had experienced so many vicissitudes of prosperity and misfortune. After seeing his palace at Pilnitz, become the scene of the signature of the treaty against France, and in favour of the dynasty of the Bourbons, he became the ally of Napoleon, and was raised by him almost to the rank of king of Poland; while hostile armies were fighting in his dominions, he was wavering between France and Germany. Napoleon granted him only two hours to make his decision; and whether that decision was to be one way or the other, it was sure to be attended with danger. He resolved on joining Napoleon in his own capital, but he had scarcely made up his mind when the emperor retreated from thence, and it only remained for the king to follow him.

The battle of Leipzig completed his embarrassment. Declining to attach his fortunes any longer to those of Napoleon, he was made prisoner,



and sent to Berlin, and at the congress of Vienna, the King of Prussia made the most strenuous efforts to have Saxony added to his dominions. But such an arrangement did not suit Austria, and Prussia was obliged to be contented with the acquisition of some fine Saxon provinces. It is the object of M. Hermann, to defend the conduct of the late king, on these and several other points of historical interest; but we are afraid that posterity, neglecting his ingenious arguments, will only remember Frederic Augustus as a prince, whose political character rendered him utterly unfit for the situation which he held. In private life he was an amiable man; temperate in his habits, and remarkably attached to order and economy. By his prudence, he succeeded in repairing all the disorders, which the wars between Napoleon and the allied sovereigns had created in the finances of his country.

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## LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### *Domestic and Foreign.*

Our table is loaded with novels of various descriptions, which we shall endeavour to dismiss en masse, in our next number.

Viscount Dillon, who has been for some time in Italy, is said to have nearly ready for the press, a poem on that country.

The noble Author of "Matilda," is about to publish another Tale of the Day, entitled "Yes and No."

The Author of "Granby," who has been residing abroad for the last two years, has also nearly ready for publication a new novel, to be called "Herbert Lacy."

"Angelo's Reminiscences" are in the press, and will very speedily appear, consisting of the Memoirs of the Elder Angelo, his Friends and Connexions, from his first arrival in England in 1750; and continued by his son, Henry Angelo, to the present time.

The Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," &c., has in the press a new work, called "The Red Rover." It is said to be another tale of the sea.

A short series of Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner, the Professor of Mechanical Philosophy in the new University, is announced for publication.

The "English in India," by the Author of "Pandurang Hari," and the "Zenana," will appear in a few days.

In the press, the Lady's Monitor, or Letters and Essays on Conduct, Morals, Religion, &c., addressed to young Ladies. By Lady Jane Grey, Queen Catherine, &c., &c.

In the press, the Process of Historical Proof explained and exemplified; to which are subjoined, Observations on the peculiar Points of the Christian Evidence. By Isaac Taylor, jun.

M. M. Segato and Massi, of Leghorn, have published a series of sketches on the geography, hydrography, statistics, and agriculture of Egypt, (dedicated to Charles X.) in five numbers, each containing six plates. M. Segato

had previously published a map of the Beheer, or canal, and other improvements, which Mehemed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, has carried into effect at Alexandria.

In the course of the last twelvemonth, Italy has lost several distinguished literary and scientific characters. Besides the astronomer, Piazzi, and the surgeon and anatomist, Vaccà, of Pisa, who died last year, the Italian journals record the death of the celebrated naturalist, Volta. He was the inventor of the well-known Voltaic pile, and made other discoveries in natural philosophy, and especially in the science of electricity. The next on the necrologic list is Brocchi, an eminent geologist and mineralogist, who has published several works illustrative of the nature of the soil of several parts of Italy, and one especially on the extinct volcanoes of the Roman states. Brocchi had gone to Egypt, at the invitation, we believe, of the Pacha; but his love of science having led him on beyond the cata-racts, he died in the wilds of Sennsar, in Nubia. Nearly about the same time, another professor of geology and mineralogy, Breislak, died at Milan. And lastly we see announced the death of Azuni, a native of Sardinia, a distinguished writer on jurisprudence, and particularly on the mercantile branch of that science. At the epoch of the French revolution, Azuni published his "Universal System of the Maritime Rights of Europe." He also published, in 1801, at Paris, a "Geographical History of the Island of Sardinia," in 2 vols. 8vo.; and, lastly, a Dictionary of commercial jurisprudence, in Italian, which is highly valued, and was reprinted at Leghorn, in 1822.

The series of illustrations of the richest collection of antiquities in the world, that of Naples, which is in course of publication, under the title of 'Museo Borbonico,' has given rise to several dissertations and comments upon particular divisions of that vast storehouse. The Canon De Jovio, a well-known Neapolitan archæologist, has published an account of the gallery of painted vases, which are 2200 in number, and fill up eight rooms of the National Museum. He has also published the "Officina de' Papiri," or a description of the collection of Papyri, and of the mode of unfolding them. It results, from this account, that out of nearly 1800 papyri, there is not one remaining absolutely entire; about 400 are nearly so, out of which *eight* have been thoroughly decyphered, viz.—three on rhetoric by Philodemus, two *de natura* by Epicurus, one *de Providentia* by Chrysippus, and two *de vitiis atque oppotitis virtutibus*.

Dr. Splitz, of Milan, has for the last two or three years published an annual short review, or rather *catalogue raisonné*, of books printed in the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, or Austrian-Italy, in the course of the preceding twelvemonth. Those for the year 1826 are chiefly reprints, or translations from the French; there is a sad scarcity of original works. The Philosophy of Statistics of Gioia, a treatise of Rosmini on Providence, the Philological Works of the Abate Romani on the Italian Language, Romagnotti's Juridical Works, and a few tragedies, such as *Ines di Castro*, by Bertolotti, the *Beatrice Renda* of Tedaldi, the *Sergianni* of Cristoforis, the *Guido* of Count Spinelli, and the plays of Count Gambara, are the only new productions worthy of being mentioned. Among the works illustrative of the fine arts, we find the description of the principal Italian churches and the Italian families of Zitta. There are several collections or encyclo-

pedias, undertaken by the Milan booksellers, besides Manuals of Natural History, Geography, and Mythology, and the *Biografia Universale*, by Missiaglia of Venice, of which thirty-two volumes are already published. In short, the Italian presses seem to be employed chiefly in reprints, extracts, collections and illustrations of old writers, which however shews that a taste for instruction is fast spreading. The Almanacks, or New Year's Books, seem to prosper; last year there were about one hundred thousand copies of them printed in Lombardy alone.

A new edition of Martini's Italian Bible has been recently published by the bookseller, Silvestri, of Milan, in 12 vols. 12mo. It professes to follow the text of the Roman edition of 1784, which was dedicated to Pope Pius VI. There have been numerous reprints of it at Florence, Turin, Venice, &c. It cannot therefore be said, with any justice, that the Bible is not accessible to the Italian people, as it has been reported by ill-informed persons in England.

The *Giornale agrario Toscano*, a new periodical, for the use of farmers and country people in general, is proceeding with great success in that fine province of Italy, where agriculture has always been in high repute.

Monti, the well-known poet and the Nestor of Italian literature, has inserted a letter in the Milan gazette, in reply to some remarks concerning him, which had appeared in the *Diario*, or Journal of Rome. It appears that Monti, in his now advanced age, has been noticed as having become very assiduous in his spiritual duties, upon which some wiseacres spread the report, that he had been converted to religion, by the Barnabite Fathers of Monza, where he had taken up his residence. The poet answers by observing, that he has not been converted nor reclaimed by any one's persuasions, but merely by the dictates of his own conscience; that feeling his health to decline, he seriously thought of preparing for the last awful crisis, by resorting to the assistance and consolation afforded by that religion in which he was brought up, after the example of his father, who died, Monti states, in the odour of sanctity, *in opinione poco men che di santo*. "If my pen," continues the poet, "has in former times strayed from the maxims of that faith, my heart never rebelled against its authority. And lastly, I may observe, that it is not with the Barnabites, but with a Milanese clergyman, my particular friend, that I have deposited the secrets of my conscience." It is strange that people should be so fond of prying into the hallowed recesses of a man's mind, as to intrude thus rudely between him and his creator! Truly, the spirit of the Inquisition is by no means confined to the congregation of that name.

In a late work on the Statistics of the Kingdom of Naples, by Petrani, we find that the population of that state has been of late years increasing, being in 1825 above five millions and a half; whilst in 1823, it amounted only to 5,386 thousand individuals. The number of marriages however, has been declining; in 1823, there were 48,269; in 1824, 42,725; and in 1825, 37,776; nearly ten thousand marriages less in the latter year than in each of the two years before! The births were in 1824, 222,307 legitimate, and 9,629 natural children; and in 1825, 227,679 legitimate, and 9,398 natural. The deaths were, in 1824, 161,310, and in 1825, 145,937. The increase of population is much greater in some provinces than in others; in those of Basi and Basilicata, it is in the ratio of one to fifty, whilst in the capital, it is only as one to 139.

Time's Telescope for 1828, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack; containing historical, biographical, and antiquarian notices, together with the Natural History and Astronomy of every month in the year, is to be embellished with a finished engraving of Sofonisba Angosciola, a celebrated female painter.

Mr. Canning's Parliamentary Speeches, so long announced, are now, we hear, on the eve of publication. They were undertaken, we are assured, with the sanction of Mr. Canning, and had the signal and exclusive advantage of his revision and correction.

Mr. J. P. Thomas announces for publication, in the ensuing season, a Compendium of the Laws of Nature and Nations.

The Historie of the damnable Life and deserved Death of Dr. Faustus will form the sixth part of Mr. W. J. Thoms' Early Prose Romances.

An edition of Cowper's John Gilpin will soon appear, with six illustrations, designed by George Cruikshank, and engraved on wood by eminent artists.

A Translation into French of the Epicurean has been announced at Paris.

A new American Novel, to be called Hope Leslie, or Early Times in the Massachussets, by the Author of Redwood; a New-England Tale, &c., is immediately forthcoming.

A third edition of Mr. Bakewell's Introduction to Geology, greatly enlarged, will be published early in January next. This work will contain all the recent Discoveries in Geology, and numerous Geological Observations, made by the Author in various parts of the Continent and in Great Britain, since the publication of the last edition.

A new work from the fertile pen of Madame de Genlis, is said to be forthcoming.

M. Meud estimates the numbers of authors now living in Germany, at 12,500! What a quantity of paper and ink they must consume! In that country, the learned men do not crowd into the capitals, as with us; they are found in the smallest villages, and in the most retired situations. Germany, though still in Madame de Stael's language, "the country of thought," can no longer be reproached as the land of folios and quartos. She has now abridgments, resumés, dictionaries, almanacks, essays, and *pensées*, as well as her more lively neighbours.

A correspondent wishes us to correct a paragraph which appeared in our last number, relative to the domes of several European churches. He justly states, that a French metre is not 39.371 inches, but 39.371 inches or 39  $\frac{1}{1000}$  inches, consequently not 3280 feet 11 inches, as is there asserted; and that *grandeur superficielle*, is not superficial height, but superficial size or square measure, or area.

# MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

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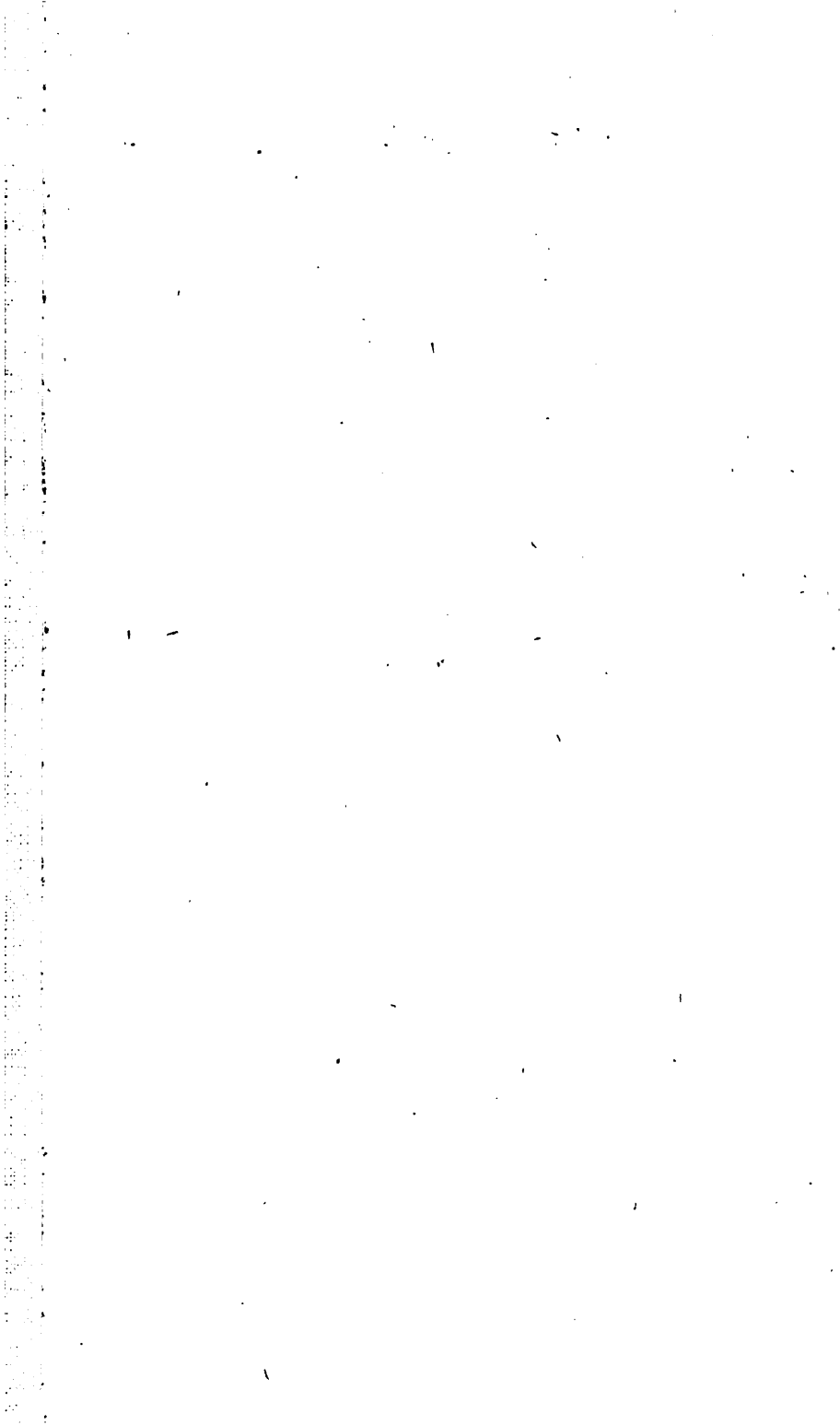
# ERRATA.

- Page 149, line 12, for *ad is tincthead*, read *a distinct head*.  
 182, 24, for *does*, read, *do*.  
*Ibid*, 42, for *criticisms*, read *criticism*.  
 196, 3, for *reared*, read *reversed*.  
 210, 14, for *l'histoire*, read *l'Histoire*.  
 223, 22, for *St. Francis the First*, read *Francis the First*.  
 263, 12, for *St. Gaul* read *St. Gal*.  
 267, 31, for *Hesectius*, read *Hevelius*.  
*Ibid*, 32, for *Stall*, read *Stahl*.  
*Ibid*, 35, for *Ireinschemus*, read *Freinschemus*.  
*Ibid*, 47, for *Peignits*, read *Peignits*.  
 268, 1, for *Lupio*, read *Leipsc*.  
 269, 10, for *componetur*, read *componitur*.  
 290, 20, for *are only puerile*, read *are not only*.  
 331, 12, for *another*, read *an author*.  
 436, 8, for *Couroutssme*, read *Couroutsture*.  
 416, 7, for *notices*, read *notions*.  
 477, 28, for *looks*, read *look*.  
 482, 2, for *productionis*, read *productions*.  
 494, 28, for *composition*, read *compositions*.









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